

TRAVELS IN THE EAST,
INCLUDING A
JOURNEY IN THE HOLY LAND

BY
ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

FROM THE FRENCH:
A NEW TRANSLATION FOR THE PRESENT EDITION.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

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MEMOIR OF M. DE LAMARTINE.

ALPHONSE MARIA LOUIS DE LAMARTINE, the author of the present work, was born on the 21st October 1791, at Maçon, in the department of the Saône-and-Loire, in the eastern part of France. His family had long held a distinguished place among the provincial nobility of France, and still retained a considerable portion of the seigniorial possessions that had in early times belonged to them. The father of the subject of our memoir was a captain of cavalry, and a chevalier of the order of St Louis. Alicia Desroys, the mother of Alphonse, was the daughter of a gentleman high in the service of Philip (Egalité), Duke of Orleans, with whose children, one of whom now reigns in France, Mademoiselle Desroys was brought up in infancy. With these connections, and the prejudices resulting from rank and birth, it was natural that the Chevalier de Lamartine should favour the royal cause at the commencement of the revolutionary troubles. He suffered severely for so doing, being imprisoned at Maçon in 1793, together with his father, and almost the whole of his relatives. His wife alone was left at liberty, and this she made use of to solace, as much as lay in her power, the distresses of her husband and his partners in confinement. She hired rooms immediately opposite to the prison, that she might at once be near the chevalier, and might daily gratify him by holding up her little son before his eyes, as he gazed through the bars of his dungeon. The youthful days of Alphonse were thus clouded by the misfortunes of his parents; but fortunately, ere the crowning blow could be given to these evils on the scaffold, the death of Robespierre opened the prisons of France, and the family of de Lamartine were permitted to retire to a small estate, named Milly, which formed part of their remaining property.

At Milly, Alphonse de Lamartine passed the years of his boyhood, and there he received his early education. His mother, an accomplished as well as beautiful woman, was his first tutor. Having been acquainted personally with J. J. Rousseau, she had adopted some of his less fanciful notions respecting education, and applied them to practice in the case of her only son. He was allowed to ramble at will on the hills, or among the woods, and to acquire vigour and hardihood of frame by the exposure of his naked feet and arms to all varieties of weather. Hence sprang, doubtless, much of his enthusiastic admiration of nature, if not, also, the grace and symmetry of person which afterwards distinguished him. But while thus pursuing the maxims of Rousseau, regarding the physical training of youth, Madame de Lamartine's sound sense and fervent Christian piety prevented an injurious and too close adherence to the rules of the same writer respecting intellectual and moral tuition. She instilled into the mind of Alphonse so warm a love of religion, that the sentiment tinged all his future life and thoughts. Many more benefits he owed to the care of his tender parent, to whom he frequently alludes in the narrative of his travels. He subsequently received instruction at the college of Bellay, and afterwards made a journey to Italy, where he stored his mind with images and recollections, which, at a future period, came before the world in verse.

His mind had received its poetical bias at a very early period, or rather, his temperament was naturally so enthusiastic and imaginative that his thoughts very soon resolved themselves into song. From the age of seventeen, he had privately continued to pour forth his soul, at the will of the moment, in verse; and by the time he had attained to confirmed manhood, a numerous collection of pieces had accumulated in his *escritoire*. He had spoken little of these to any one, but he was at length induced to read one of his short poems, entitled "The Lake," to a company of professed critics. The unqualified approbation of the judicial circle was the consequence; yet de Lamartine's modesty might ~~not~~ have kept him in obscurity, had not his funds at the moment been less plentiful than was convenient or agreeable. He was unwilling

to resort to his parents, and he therefore ventured to address a publisher. The answer was encouraging; the poems went to press, and shortly after issued under the title of "Poetical Meditations." The success of the work, which consisted of odes and other short poems, was immense, and the author at once took rank among the first living poets of France. The successive productions which came from his pen after this period, may be enumerated here. Besides the "Poetical Meditations," of which there was a second series, de Lamartine has given at intervals to the world four books of "Poetical" and "Religious Harmonies;" a poem of considerable length, entitled "The Death of Socrates;" an addition to Byron's great work, entitled "The Last Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage;" a "Coronation Chant for Charles the Tenth;" "Epistles, and other pieces;" "Jocelyn," a lengthened fragment of a great unfinished poem; and "The Angel's Fall," an episode from the same unpublished work. These productions form altogether a body of poetry, scarcely inferior in amount to the collected effusions of any poet of the age.

While on a visit to Savoy in 1819, he first beheld Miss Birch, an accomplished English lady, to whom he was afterwards married. At the restoration of the Bourbons, he had been enrolled in the royal body-guard, but after his marriage he entered on a diplomatic career, and was employed in that character at Naples, Florence, and, finally, in Greece. The revolution of 1830 terminated the poet's diplomatic service, as his attachment to the deposed family led him at once to resign the post he held. Oppressed in spirit by these political changes, and also by the death of his only and infant son, which followed shortly after that of his mother, M. de Lamartine now resolved to fulfil his long-cherished intention of visiting the East. His wife, and his sole remaining child, a girl of extraordinary beauty, accompanied him thither.

While in the East, M. de Lamartine was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies by the town of Bergues, and, since his return to France in 1833, has sat successively for that place, and for his birth-place, Maçon. As a politician, he has become a supporter of the monarchy of 1830, and of the dynasty of Louis Philippe, probably considering that the elder branch of the Bourbons cannot be restored without so violent a convulsion, that the ultimate prize would not compensate the intermediate desolation. We cannot omit to mention, also, that one of his leading peculiarities as a member of the French legislature, is a narrow jealousy and dislike of Great Britain, though from what cause it is difficult to comprehend. It is unfortunate for his own fame that he ever stepped out of the region in which he is certainly transcendent—deep and thoughtful poetry, sublime and captivating sensibility, a love and "an eye" for nature, such as even Scott or Wordsworth has scarcely equalled, with a power of embodiment at once diversified and concentrated, and with a taste for simple illustrations, yet such as induce in the mind that charm and inward voluptuousness, which beautiful, graceful, and happy pictures, always spread within it. There is sometimes an egotism in his writings which is painful to the reader; but it is soon lost and forgiven; for in depth of thought, in warmth and earnestness of feeling, in eloquence and beauty of diction, his pieces are surpassed by those of no contemporary writer. Still in the prime of life, his summers are devoted to his old country chateau, and to verse, while his winters are given to Paris, and his legislative functions. His aged father, and the wife of his affections, still live to cheer and solace him for what he has lost, and to enjoy with him the esteem and love which he has earned from his country.

The present work, published originally under the title "VOYAGE EN ORIENT—1832, 1833," is the chief, if not almost the only, prose production of M. de Lamartine, and has been made favourably known in England by a translation, published a few years ago in London. The present, which is a new translation from the last French edition, has been undertaken with the view of carrying the work into those channels from which it

It has been attended, in consequence of the high price of the book. A more fitting accession to the libraries of the less affluent members of the community, it will readily be allowed, could not well be made.

Where it has appeared necessary for supplying deficiencies in the author's descriptions of places, explanatory notes have been added from the latest and best sources of information.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THIS is neither a book nor a journey; I never thought of writing either the one or the other. M. de Chateaubriand has composed a book, or rather a poem, on the East; that great author and poet only passed over that land of prodigies, but he has imprinted for ever the marks of genius upon that dust which so many ages have stirred. He went to Jerusalem as a pilgrim and a knight, the Bible, the Gospel, and the Crusades in his hand. I visited it only as a poet and philosopher; I have brought from it profound impressions in my heart, high and awful precepts in my mind. The reflections I have there made upon religions, history, manners, traditions, the different phases of humanity, are not lost upon me. Those reflections, which expand the narrow horizon of the thought, which bring before the reason the great religious and historical problems, which force men to turn upon themselves and scrutinise their previous hastily-formed convictions to change them for new ones; that grand and inward improvement of the thought by the exercise of thought itself, by localities, by facts, by comparisons of eras with eras, manners with manners, creeds with creeds, nothing of all this is lost to the traveller, the poet, or the philosopher—they are the elements of his future poetry and philosophy. When he has amassed, classed, arranged, elucidated, and digested, the countless throng of impressions, images, and thoughts, which the earth and men arouse whom he studies—when he has matured his mind and his convictions—he also gives them vent; and whether good or bad, just or false, he utters his thoughts to his generation, either in the form of a poem, or a philosophic summary. He speaks his word, that word which every man who thinks is called upon to speak. This moment will perhaps occur for me; but it has not yet come.

As to a book of travels—that is to say, a complete and faithful description of the countries I have traversed, the personal events that have befallen me, or the effect of the impressions made upon me by places, men, and manners—I have still less intended to compose. It is already done for the East in England, and is now progressing in France at this moment, with a faithfulness, talent, and success, which I could not hope to surpass. M. de Laborde writes and designs with the talent of the traveller in Spain, and the pencil of our greatest artists. M. Fontanier, consul at Trebisonde, gives us, in succession, exact and living portraits of the least explored parts of the Ottoman empire. And the Eastern Correspondence supplied by M. Michaud, of the French Academy, and by his brilliant fellow-labourer M. Poujoulat, leaves nothing to curiosity, as to the history, morals, or landscapes of the East, to desire. M. Michaud, an experienced writer, an accomplished and classical historian, enriches the description of the places he visits with all the recollections, so vivid to him, of the Crusades. He exercises his criticism upon localities by historical illustrations, and clears up history by an examination of the scenes themselves; his ripened and inductive mind pierces the obscurity of the past equally with the manners of the people whom he surveys, and spreads the salt of his piquant and graceful intellect over the usages, customs, and religions, he investigates; he is the man advanced in years and wisdom, leading youth by the hand, and showing to him, with the smile of reason and irony, new scenes. M. Poujoulat is a poet and a painter; his style, conveying the impression and hues of the very places, reflects them all sparkling and warm with the local brilliancy. We feel that the Asian sun still shines upon and heats his young and teeming mind whilst he writes to his friend; his pages are portions of the very country itself, which he bears to us all radiant in their native splendour. Such two varied

talents, acting in conjunction, render the Eastern Correspondence the most complete work that we could desire upon this admirable country, as well as presenting the most varied and attractive information.

We have not hitherto effected much as to geography; but the labours of M. Cailliet, a young staff-officer whom I met in Syria, will be doubtless shortly published, and will give us a complete picture of that part of the world. M. Cailliet has passed three years in exploring the Isle of Cyprus, Caramania, and the different parts of Syria, with that zeal and intrepidity which characterise the enlightened officers of the French army. Having shortly ago returned to his native land, he brings with him information that would have been extremely useful to Bonaparte's expedition, and which may pave the way for others.

The notes which I have here consented to give to the public, have none of these merits. I yield them with regret; they are merely in the shape of recollections for myself, and were destined for that purpose alone. There is nothing of science, history, geography, or manners in them—the public was far from my thoughts when I wrote them—and how did I write them! Sometimes at noon, during the mid-day repose, under the shade of a palm-tree, or under the ruins of a monument in the desert; more often in the evening, beneath a tent, beaten by the wind and rain, by the light of a torch of resin; one day in the cell of a Maronite convent on Lebanon; another amid the rolling of an Arab boat, or upon the deck of a brig, in the midst of the shouts of sailors, neighing of horses, interruptions and distractions of all sorts by land and sea; sometimes eight days without writing at all; at other times losing the scattered pages of an album, torn by jackals, or steeped in the brine of the sea.

When returned to Europe, I might have, doubtless, revised these fragments of impressions, collected, arranged, and prepared them, and, like another, made a book of travels. But I have already said, to write travels was not in my mind. It would have needed time, freedom of spirit, attention, and labour; and I had none of all this to give. My heart was broken, my mind was elsewhere, my attention distracted, my leisure destroyed; it was necessary either to burn the notes, or let them go forth such as they were. Circumstances, which it is not requisite to explain, have induced me to adopt the latter alternative; I repent of having done so, but it is too late.

Let, then, the reader close the book before casting his eyes over it, if he seeks any thing but the most fugitive and superficial impressions of a traveller who marches without tarrying. There can be a little interest only for painters—these notes are almost exclusively picturesque—it is the look, the glance of a passer-by, seated on his camel or on the deck of a brig, who sees landscapes float before him, and who, in order to remember them on the morrow, throws a few colourless pencil-marks on the pages of his journal. Sometimes the traveller, forgetting the scene which surrounds him, turns upon himself, speaks to himself, listens to himself thinking, enjoying, or suffering; he then records a word of his distant feelings, so that the wind of the desert or the ocean may not bear away his whole existence, and so that there may remain some trace of then, at another time, when returned to the solitary hearth, striving to reanimate an extinct past, give heat to frozen remembrances, and to link again the chains of a life which have been snapped in so many places. Such are these notes—of interest, they possess none; of success, they can expect no portion; of indulgence, they have too much reason to claim a considerable share.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

MARSEILLES, 20th May, 1832.—My mother had received from her mother, on her death-bed, a fine bible of Roy-aumont, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. This bible had engravings of sacred subjects in all the pages. There was Sarah, there was Tobit and his angel, there was Joseph or Samuel; above all, there were those fine patriarchal scenes where the solemn and primitive nature of the East was mingled with every act of that simple and marvellous life which was led by the early men. When I had correctly recited my lesson, and read nearly without a fault a half page of sacred history, my mother uncovered the engraving, and, holding the book open on her knees, made me contemplate it, while giving me its explanation as my reward. She was endowed by nature with a soul equally pious and affectionate, and with an imagination of the most sensitive and graphic order; all her thoughts were sentiments, all her sentiments were images; her fine, noble, sweet countenance reflected in its beaming physiognomy all that was glowing in her heart, all that was painted in her conceptions; and the silvery tone of her voice, so affectionate, solemn, and impassioned, imparted to her every word an emphasis of such force, and interest, and love, as still, at this moment, vibrates in my ear, alas! after six years of silence! The view of these engravings, the explanations and poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me from my tenderest infancy with scriptural tastes and inclinations; and, from the love of these representations to the desire of seeing the places where the events represented had taken place, there was but one step. I burned, then, from the age of eight years, with an eager wish of visiting those mountains where God descended; those deserts where the angels came and pointed out to Hagar the hidden spring from which to reanimate her poor banished infant that was dying of thirst; those rivers that issued from the earthly paradise; that heaven where the angels were seen to descend and to ascend on the ladder of Jacob. This longing had never been extinguished in me; I mused continually on a journey to the East, which formed the one great act of my intellectual existence; I was eternally constructing in my thoughts a vast, religious epic, of which these beautiful localities were to form the principal scene; it seemed to me also, as if my spiritual doubts and religious perplexities were there to find their solution and their pacification. In a word, I was from this source to find colouring for my poem; for life always presented itself to my intellect as a great poem, while to my heart it breathed of love. GOD, LOVE, and POETRY—these are the three only words I should wish engraved on my monument; should I ever deserve a monument.

Such was the origin of those notions that now impel me to the shores of Asia. Such is my reason for now being at Marseilles, and for my taking so much pains to leave a country which I love, where I have friends, and whence some fraternal feelings will pursue me with regret.

Marseilles, 22d May.—I have freighted a vessel of 250 tons, with a crew of sixteen. The captain is an excellent man. His physiognomy pleases me. His voice has that grave and sincere accent that denotes firm integrity and a pure conscience; there is a gravity in

the expression of his countenance, and his look has that lively, frank, and direct beam, which is so sure an index of a prompt resolution, energy, and intelligence. He is, besides, a mild, polite, and well-bred man. I have examined him with all that carefulness which one must naturally bring to the selection of an individual to whom he is about to confide not only his fortune and his life, but the lives of his wife and only child—thus concentrating three existences, as it were, into one alone. May God protect us, and grant us a safe return!

The vessel is named the *Alceste*. The captain is M. Blanc of La Ciotat. The owner is one of the worthiest merchants in Marseilles, M. Bruno-Rostand. He overpowers us with attentions and kindnesses. He has himself resided a long time in the Levant. He is a well-informed man, and capable for the highest employments, and, in his native city, his probity and talents have gained for him a consideration equal to his fortune. The latter he enjoyed without ostentation, and, surrounded by a charming family, he is entirely occupied in diffusing among his children the traditions of loyalty and virtue. What a noble country, where such domestic spectacles are to be met with in every class of society! And how amiable are those household institutions that protect, preserve, perpetuate, the same sanctity of morals, the same nobility of sentiments, the same traditional qualities, in the cottage, in the counting-house, or in the lordly mansion.

May 25.—Marseilles welcomes us as if we were children of her own beautiful clime; it is a land of generosity of heart, and of the poetry of soul; they receive poets as brothers, they are poets themselves—and I have found, among men of the common walks of society, among the academicians, and amidst young people who have scarcely entered upon life, a host of character and of talent, capable of doing honour, not to their native province alone, but to entire France. The south and north of France appear to me, in this respect, much superior to the central provinces. The imagination languishes in these intermediate regions, in these over-temperate climates; it must have an excess of temperature. Poetry is daughter of the sun, or of eternal hoarfrosts: we find a Homer or an Ossian, a Tasso or a Milton.

May 28.—My heart will carry with it an eternal memorial of the benevolence of the Marseillaise. It seems as if they wished, in my case, to heighten those feelings of anguish that oppress the heart when one is about to leave his native land without knowing if he shall ever revisit it. I wish also to treasure up the names of those individuals who have given me a more particular reception, and whose reminiscence will abide with me as the last sweet impression of my natal soil: M. J. Freyssinet, M. de Montgrand, Messrs de Ville-neuve, M. Vangaver, M. Autran, M. Dufeu, M. Jauffret, &c., all men distinguished for some eminent quality of mind and heart, as philosophers, statesmen, authors, or poets. May I see them again, and return all those tributes of gratitude which it is so sweet to owe, and so sweet to discharge!

Here are some verses which I wrote this morning, in sailing between the islands of Pomègue and the coast of Provence. They are a farewell to Marseilles, which

I quit with the feelings of a son. There are also some stanzas of it which point to earlier and more remote passages in my heart.

A FAREWELL TRIBUTE TO THE ACADEMY OF MARSEILLES.

If to yon swift bark's canvass I confide
Each blessing Heaven has willed it to impart;
If I commit to ocean's sickle tide
A wife and child, twin portions of my heart;
If I expose to sand-bank, surge, and blast,
Such hopes as these, so many beating breasts,
And with no gage of safety, save a mast
That quivers when the south-wind lists;

'Tis not that lust of gold inflames a soul
Which to itself hath nobler treasures made;
Nor that I thirst in glory's flaming scroll
To write my name—if written, soon to fade;
'Tis not that like to Dante's is my fate,
The bitter salt of exile doomed to taste;
Nor that inconstant faction's angry hate
Hath laid my parent roof-tree waste.

No, no! I leave upon a valley's side,
And weep to leave, green fields and shade-fraught trees—
A home where sweet remembrances abide,
Which many a kind eye blesses when it sees;
Screen'd by the woods, I have secure retreats,
Where never factious brawls the calm destroy,
Where, stead of civil tempests, nothing meets
My ear but thankfulness and joy.

An aged sire, girt by our imaged forms,
Starts if around the walls the winds but sigh,
And dally prays that he who rules the storms
May not beyond its strength our canvass try;
Workmen and servants, masterless each one,
Trace on the turf our steps with sad acclaim,
And, basking 'neath my window in the sun,
My dogs whine as they hear my name.

Sisters I have, nursed at the same kind breast,
Bought on the same trunk cradled by the gale;
Friends, too, whose souls my spirit has possess'd,
Who read my eye, and can my thoughts unveil;
And hearts unknown are by the muse made mine—
Friends who hold converse with my poesies—
Echoes unseen, who round my path combine
To pour responsive harmonies!

Yet souls have instincts hard to be defined,
Like that which prompts some hardy birds to roam
In quest of nurture of another kind,
And cross at one bold flight the deep sea foam.
What seek they in the regions of the East?
Have they not mossy homes beneath our eaves?
And store of food their little ones to feast,

When autumn shakes our sun-tipt sheaves?
I have like them the bread each day requires,
Like them I have the river and the hill;
Most humble is the range of my desires,
Yet I like them am coming, going still!
The East, like them, some power now bids me trace,
For never have I seen or touched the land
Of Cham, the first dominion of our race,
Where man's heart felt God's kneading hand.

I have not sailed across the sandy sea,
To the slow rocking of the desert ship;
At Hebron's well, beside the palm-trees three,
I have not wet at eve my yearning lip;
My cloak beneath the tents I have not spread,
Slept in the dust which strewed Job's brow of yore,
Nor dreamt by night, with moaning sails o'erhead,
The dreams which Jacob dreamt before.

Of earth's seven pages one yet waits my eye;
I know not how the stars may keep their sphere—
'Neath what ideal weight the lungs may ply—
How palpitates the heart—when gods are near!
I know not, when the grand old columns throw
On the bard's head the shadows of the past,
How herbs may speak, or if earth murmurs low,
Or sadly weeps the passing blast.

I have not heard the nations' cries ascend,
And call responses from the cedars old,
Nor seen high Lebanon's God-sent eagles bend
Their flight on Tyre—emblems of wrath foretold;

My head I have not laid upon the mounds
Whence all of Tadmor but the name is gone,
Nor have my lonely footsteps woke the sounds
That sleep round Memnon's vacant throne.

I have not heard the mournful Jordan pour
Low murmurings from its abysmal caves,
Weeping sublimer tears than those of yore,
With which sad Jeremiah chilled its waves;
I have not heard the soul within me sing
In that resounding grot, where, 'mid the night,
The bard-king's trembling fingers swept the string,
Led by the hand of fiery light.

I have not traced the prints around that spot,
Where, 'neath the olive, Jesus weeping lay,
Nor on the straggling roots the tears have sought,
Which eager angels could not kiss away;
By night I have not in that garden watched,
Where, while the sweat of blood was undergone,
The echo of our griefs and sins unmatched,
Resounded in one heart alone.

To that dear dust I have not bowed my head,
Which was by Christ's departing foot imprest,
Nor kissed the stones in which his mother laid
His tear-embalm'd remains of earth to rest;
Nor have I bent my bosom in the place,
Where, conquering the future by his death,
He stretched his arms all mankind to embrace,
And blest them with his latest breath.

For these things I depart—on these bestow
The span of worthless days yet left for me.
What boots it where the winter winds lay low
The barren trunk, the withered shadeless tree?
"Madman!" the crowd exclaims, itself unwise!
All do not find their food on every road—
The pilgrim-poet's food in thinking lies:
His heart lives on the works of God!

Adieu, my aged sire, and sisters dear!
My white and walnut-shaded home, adieu!
Farewell, my steeds, now idling all the year!
My lonely, hearth-couch'd dogs, farewell to you!
Each image grieves, and haunts me like the ghost
Of bliss departed, that would stay me fair:
Ah, may our reuniting hour be crost
By no like shades of doubt and pain!

And thou, my land, more vexed by surge and blast
Than the frail bark which now my all conveys,
Land, on whose fate the hopes of earth are cast,
Adieu! thy shores now fly my dimming gaze!
Oh, may a ray of heaven dispel the gloom
Which wraps thy freedom, temples, throne, and thee,
And all thy sacred borders re-illumine
With light of immortality!

And thou, Marseilles, that at the gates of France
Sittest as if to hail each coming guest,
Whose port smiles o'er these seas, with hope-bright glance,
And seems for winged barks an eagle nest;
Where kindly hands yet feel the clasp of mine,
Where yet my feet half cling in fond sojourn,
Thine be my parting prayer, Marseilles, and thine
My first salute on my return!

June 13.—We have been to visit our ship, our house for so many months! It is divided into small cabins, in which we have room for a hammock and trunk. The captain has caused some small windows to be pierced, which give the cabins a little light and air, and which we shall be able to open when the sea is not high, or when the vessel does not heel much over. The great state-room is reserved for Madame de Lamartine and Julia. The waiting-maids will sleep in the captain's little state-room, which he has been so kind as give up to us. As the season is fine, we shall eat on deck, under a tent rigged close to the mainmast. The brig is encumbered with provisions of all kinds required for a journey of two years in countries of no resources. A library of five hundred volumes, all selected works of history, poetry, and travel, forms the finest ornament of the largest apartment. Bundles of arms are grouped in the corners, and I have purchased, besides, a private arsenal of muskets, pistols, and sabres, to arm ourselves

and our people. The Greek pirates infest the seas of the Archipelago. We are determined to fight to the utmost, and not allow them to board while life is left us. I have to defend two lives, which are dearer to me than my own. There are four guns on deck, and the crew, who are aware of the fate reserved by the Greeks for the unhappy sailors they surprise, are resolved to die rather than surrender to them.

June 17.—I take out with me three friends. The first is one of those persons whom providence attaches to our path when it foresees that we shall have need of a support that may not bend under peril or misfortune—Amédée de Parseval. We have been linked together from our tenderest youth by an affection which no period of our life has found defective. My mother loved him as a son; I have loved him as a brother; whenever I have been wounded by a stroke of destiny, I have found him at hand, or have seen him arrive to take his share of it, the principal share, the calamity all entire, had it been in his power. His is a heart that lives only in the happiness of others, and suffers only from their misfortunes. When I was, fifteen years ago, at Paris, alone, unwell, ruined, desperate, and dying, he passed the nights in watching by my lamp of agony; when I have lost some adored being, it was always he who came and brought me the balm of solacement; on the death of my mother, he reached me as soon as the fatal intelligence, and conducted me from a distance of two hundred leagues to that tomb where I repaired in the vain search of that last adieu which she had addressed to me, but which I had never heard! More lately! But my misfortunes are not ended, and I shall again experience his friendship whenever there is despair to be soothed away from my heart, whenever there are tears to be mingled with mine.

Two worthy intellectual and well-informed men, two truly choice personages, have also arrived to accompany us in this pilgrimage. The one is M. de Capmas, sub-prefect, deprived of his aim by the revolution of July, one who has preferred the precarious chances of a painful and uncertain future to the preservation of his place. An oath would have been repugnant to his loyalty, for the very reason that it would have appeared interested. He is one of those men who make no calculation in the face of a scruple of honour, and with whom political sympathies have all the warmth and virgin purity of true sentiment.

Our other companion is a physician of Hondschoote, M. de la Royere. I became acquainted with him at my sister's house, during the period when I was meditating this departure. The purity of his soul, the original and unsophisticated graces of his intellect, the loftiness of his political and religious sentiments, made a strong impression on me. I was desirous of bringing him with me, much more as a moral resource than from any prospective reference to my health. I have since congratulated myself on this, as I attach much more value to his mind and disposition than to his professional abilities, though these are very well established. We converse together much more about politics than about medicine. His views and ideas about the present and future condition of France are liberal, and not at all limited by personal attachment or dislike. He knows that providence accepts no aid of party in its operations; and like myself, he looks, in human policy, to ideas, and not to men's names. His thoughts proceed to the result, without troubling themselves through what channel the passage is to be made; and his mind is free from all prejudices and prepossessions, even those of his religious faith, which is sincere and fervent.

Six servants, almost all born or of long service in the family, complete our company. All of them set out with joyfulness, and take a personal interest in this journey. Each believes he is on his own private travels, and they all gaily brave the fatigues and perils upon which I have not deceived them.

In the roadstead, at anchor off the little gulf of Montredon, 6th July 1833.—I have sailed: the billows have now our whole destiny in their power. I am no longer

connected with my native land, save by the thought of those cherished beings I still leave in it; by the thought, especially, of my father and sisters.

To explain to myself how—already verging towards the close of my youth, approaching that season of life when man withdraws himself from the ideal world to enter upon the world of earthly interests—I should have quitted my beautiful and peaceful existence at Saint-Point, and all the innocent delights of the domestic fireside, whose charm was a wife, and whose embellishment a child; to explain to myself, I say, I wander at present on the vast sea towards unknown shores and an unknown futurity, I am obliged to remount to the source of all my thoughts, and to seek there the causes of my travelling tastes and sympathies. It is because imagination has also its wants and its passions! I was born a poet, that is to say, more or less conversant with that noble language, which God addresses to all men, but more clearly to some, through the medium of his works. When young, I had heard this voice of nature, this language formed of images and not of sounds, in the mountains, in the forests, on the lakes, on the margin of the chasms and torrents of my own country, and of the Alps; I had even translated into written language some of those accents that had affected me, and which now in their turn affected other minds; but those accents were no longer sufficient for me; I had exhausted that small treasury of divine converse which our soil of Europe utters to man—I thirsted to listen to other specimens on more brilliant and more eloquent shores. My imagination was enamoured with the sea, the deserts, the mountains, the manners, and the traces of God in the East. All my life had the East been the dream of my days of darkness, amidst the fogs of autumn and winter, in my native valley. My body, like my soul, is a child of the sun; it must have light; it needs that ray of life which beams not from the shattered bosom of our western clouds, but from out the depths of that purple sky which resembles the mouth of the furnace; those rays which are not merely a light, but a glowing shower, which calcine, as they descend, the white rocks, the sparkling teeth of the mountain-peaks, and which tinge the ocean with red, like to a conflagration floating on the waters! I had a craving to hands a little of that land which had been the land of our first family, the land of prodigies; to see, to traverse, that gospel scenery, amid which was enacted the drama of divine wisdom in conflict with human error and perversity!—where moral truth became a martyr, in order to fertilise with its blood a more perfect civilisation! And then I was—I had almost always been—a Christian in heart and in imagination; my mother had made me so; I had sometimes ceased to be so, during the less good and pure days of my early youth; misfortune and love, that complete love which purifies whatever it inflames, had conjointly driven me back, at a later period, into this first asylum of my thoughts, into those consolations of the heart which one strives to resummon from his reminiscences and his hopes, when all the bustle of the heart has fallen within us; when all the emptiness of life appears to us, after a passion extinguished, or a death which leaves us nothing to love. This Christianity of sentiment had once more become a sweet habitude of my thoughts; I used often to say to myself, Where is truth, perfect, evident, and incontestable, to be found? If it be any where, it is in the heart—it is in that felt evidence against which there is no reasoning that can prevail. But truth in the mind is nowhere complete,* it is with God, and not with us; our eye is too narrow to absorb a single ray of it; all truth, with respect to us, is only relative; whatever is most useful to mankind will be truest also. The doctrine most fertile in divine virtues, then, will be that which contains the greatest number of divine truths; for what is good is true. All my religious logic stood at this point, my philosophy did not ascend higher; it interdicted me

* In the original—*Mais la vérité de l'esprit n'est complète nulle part.*

from doubts, those interminable dialogues of reason with herself; it left me that religion of the heart which harmonises so well with all the infinite sentiments of the life of the soul, that religion which resolves nothing, but which pacifies every thing.

July 7, seven o'clock of the evening.—I say to myself, This pilgrimage, if not as a Christian, at least as a man and a poet, would have so much pleased my mother! Her soul was so ardent, and coloured itself so quickly and so completely with the impression of places and objects! It was she whose soul would have exulted in presence of this sacred and now deserted theatre, on which was performed the great drama of the gospel—that complete drama, in which the human and the divine portion of our nature act each its part, the one crucifying, the other crucified! This journey of the son she loved so well, must be pleasing to her, in that heavenly mansion where I now seem to perceive her; she will observe us; she will place herself like a second providence between us and the tempest, the simoom, and the Arab of the desert! She will protect, against every danger, her son, her daughter of adoption, and her grand-daughter, that visible angel of our destiny, whom we carry every where with us. She loved her so much! she rested her look with such unspeakable tenderness, with such penetrating pleasure, on the charming countenance of that infant, the last and fairest hope of her numerous generations!—and, if there be imprudence in this enterprise, on which we have so often mused together, she will obtain for me a pardon on high in favour of the motives, which are, Love, Poetry, and Religion!

The same evening.—Politics return to assail us even here. France is beautiful when viewed in the approaching future. A generation of men are rising, who will have, by virtue of their later appearance, a complete disconnection from our rancours and recriminations of forty years. Little matters it to them, that one may have belonged to this or that hateful denomination of our old parties; these men went for nothing in those quarrels; they have neither prejudices nor vengeance in their minds. That generation present themselves pure and vigorous on the threshold of a new career; but this career we are already blocking up with our hatreds, our passions, and our old disputes. Let us make way for it. How I should have loved to enter upon it in their name! to mingle my voice with theirs from that tribune which still only resounds with repetitions that have no echo in the future—that tribune where the weapons of warfare are the names of men! The hour would have now arrived for lighting up the beacon of reason and morality over our political tempests, for establishing the new social symbol which the world begins to foreknow and to comprehend—the symbol of love and charity among men, the evangelical politics! I do not reproach myself, at least, for my part, with any egotism in this respect; I would have sacrificed to this duty even my travels, that dream of my imagination for sixteen years! May Heaven rouse up some men for this work, for our politics make man ashamed, and cause the angels to weep! Destiny grants one season in every age for humanity to regenerate itself! the present is a season of revolution, and men squander it in tearing each other to pieces! They give up to vengeance the season granted by God for regeneration and advancement!

Same day, still at anchor.—The revolution of July, which has profoundly afflicted me, because I loved, innately, the old and venerable family of the Bourbons, because they had both the love and the blood of my father, my grandfather, and all my relations, because they should have had also mine if they had wished it—that revolution, notwithstanding, did not irritate me, because it did not astonish me. I saw it approaching from afar; nine months before the fatal day, the fall of the monarchy appeared to me written in the very names of the men entrusted with its government. These men were devoted and faithful, but they belonged to another age, to another school of thought: while the ideas of the age were moving in one direction, they were preparing to move in another; the separation was com-

plete as to principles, it could not be delayed as to events; it was a mere question of days and hours. I have wept over that family, which seemed condemned to the destiny and to the blindness of *Œdipus*! I have deplored, above all, that divorce, without any necessity, between the past and the future. The former might have been so useful to the latter! Liberty, and the progress of society, would have borrowed as much strength from that adoption as the ancient royal houses, the old families and old virtues, would have done from them. It would have been at once so politic and so pleasant not to have separated France into two hostile camps, into two opposing interests, but to have moved on together, the one party pressing forward their steps, and the other retarding theirs, in order not to be disjoined on the route. All this is now only a dream. The fact must be regretted, but time must not be lost in uselessly recalling such things to memory. We must act, we must move forward; this is the law of nature, the law of God. I regret, that what is called the royalist party, which embraces so much talent, influence, and virtue, should wish to make a pause on the question of July. It was not compromised in that affair, which was a mere affair of the palace, of intrigue, of a clique, in which the great majority of royalists had no part. It is always allowable, always honourable, to take a share in the misfortunes of others; but one ought not to make himself a gratuitous accomplice in an error which he did not commit; we ought to leave to whoever vindicates it the fault of state revolutions, and of the retrograde movement; to pity and bewail the august victims of a fatal mistake; to abjure nought of those affections that are honourable to them; not to repudiate hopes which, though remote, are legitimate; and, in one word, to return into the ranks of the citizens, to think, speak, act, and combat, along with that family of families, the country. But let us drop this subject. We shall see France again in two years. May God protect her, and all that is dear and excellent in every party we leave behind us!

July 8: under sail.—This day, at half-past five in the morning, we got under way. Some friends of few days' standing, but of much affection, had outrisen the sun, in order to accompany us some miles to sea, and thus postpone their adieus. The brig glided along a smooth sea, limpid and blue, like the water of a shady spring in the rock. Scarcely did the weight of the yards—those long arms of the vessel loaded with sails—cause a slight inclination of each side alternately; a young man from Marseilles (*M. Autrun*) recited to us some admirable verses, in which he confided his vows for our safety to the winds and the billows. We were affected by this separation from the land, by those thoughts that flew back to the shore, that traversed Provence, and proceeded towards my father, my sisters, my friends; by those adieus, those verses, that fine outshadowing of Marseilles, which was retiring and diminishing under our view, and by that boundless sea which was to become for so long a while our only country.

Oh, Marseilles! oh, France! Thou deservedst better! This age, this country, these young men, were worthy of contemplating a true poet, one of those men who engrave a world and an epoch in the harmonious memory of mankind! But as for me—I feel it profoundly—I am but one of those men without stamp, of a transitory and effaced epoch, some of whose sighs have had an echo, because the echo is more poetical than the poet. However, I belonged to another period by my inclinations; I have often felt in myself another man; horizons immense, infinite, luminous with poetry at once philosophic, epic, religious, and new, were scattered in confusion before me; but, in punishment of my mad and lost season of youth, these horizons were very quickly closed again. I felt them too vast for my physical forces; I closed my eyes, not to be tempted to precipitate myself into them. Farewell, then, to those reveries of genius, of intellectual pleasure! It is too late! I shall sketch, perhaps, a few scenes, I shall murmur a few songs, and all that will be said is this—“Make way for others;” and, I perceive it with plea-

sure, there are others coming. Nature was never more fertile in promises of genius than at this moment. What men we shall have in the lapse of twenty years, if all should reach to manhood!

However, if God were pleased to grant my prayer, this is all I should implore of him:—a poem according to my heart and to the world—a visible, living, animated, and coloured image of this visible and invisible creations. Here would be a fine inheritance to leave to this world of darkness, doubt, and sorrow! an aliment which would nourish it, which would renew its youth for a century! Oh! why canst not I give this to it, or, at least, give it to myself, although even no other person should hear a verse of it?

Same day, at three o'clock, at sea.—The east wind, which disputes the way with us, has blown with more force; the sea has risen and whitened; the captain declares that he must regain the coast, and anchor in a bay to hours' sail from Marseilles. Here we are, then; the billows rock us sweetly; the sea speaks, as the sailors say; a murmuring is heard in the distance, resembling the hum that issues from a large city. This threatening language of the sea, the first we have heard, resounds with a solemn effect in the ear and in the breast of those who are about to have such close conversation with it for so long a period.

On our left, we see the islands of Pomegue and the castle of If, an old fortress, with grey, round towers, crowning a naked and slate-coloured rock; ahead, over a lofty coast, intersected with whitish cliffs, are numerous country-seats, whose gardens, surrounded by walls, only allow to be perceived the tops of the shrubbery, or the green arcades of the vine arbours; scarcely a mile farther up the country, on an isolated and naked elevation, appear the fort and chapel of Our Lady of Protection (Notre-Dame de la Garde), a place of pilgrimage for the mariners of Provence before their departure, and at their return from every voyage. This morning, without our knowledge, at the very moment when the wind was filling our sails, a Marseillaise woman rose before daybreak, and, accompanied by her children, went to pray for us on the summit of this mountain, from whence her friendly glance perceived, without doubt, our vessel like a white speck on the water.

What a world is that world of prayer! What invisible but all-powerful tie is this between beings, known or unknown to each other, and praying in company or in separation for one another! It has always appeared to me that prayer—that instinct so unerring of our powerless nature—formed the only real power, or at least the greatest power, of mankind! Man cannot conceive its result, but what can he conceive? The necessity that impels man to breathe, proves to him, of itself, that air is necessary to life. The instinct of prayer also proves to the soul the efficacy of prayer: let us pray, then! And thou, who hast inspired unto us this marvellous power of communication with thyself, with creatures and worlds invisible, do thou, oh, my God! hear us most favourably; favour us beyond our desires!

Same day, eleven o'clock at night.—A splendid moon appears to hover between the masts, yards, and rigging, of two brigs of war, anchored not far from us, between our anchorage and the dark mountains of Var; the cordage of both vessels stands out in relief to the eye on the blue and purple field of the evening sky, like the fibres of a gigantic and fleshless skeleton, seen from a distance by the pale and steady lamp-lights of Westminster or St Denis. To-morrow, these skeletons are to awaken into life, to expand their swelling wings like ourselves, and fly away like birds of the ocean, to perch on other shores. We can hear, from the point where I am, the sharp and modulated whistle of the boatswain superintending the duty—the roll of the drum—the voice of the officer of the deck. The colours glide downward from the mast; the boats remount the quarter with the rapid and living gesture of animated creatures. All is once more silence on board of these vessels and of our own.

Formerly, men did not commit themselves to sleep

on this deep and treacherous bed of the ocean, without raising their souls and voices to God, without rendering homage to their sublime Creator, in the midst of all these stars, and billows, and mountain-summits—of all these charms and dangers of the sea. Since the revolution of July, this is done no longer. Prayer expired on the lips of that old liberalism of the eighteenth century, which had in itself nothing of life, save its cold hatred to the concerns of the soul. That sacred breath of man, which the children of Adam had transmitted, along with their joys and their griefs, as far as our times, was extinguished in France during our season of dispute and pride; we mixed up the Almighty in our quarrels. The shadow of God causes fear in certain men. Those insects—which have just been born, which are to die to-morrow, whose barren dust will in a few days be scattered by the wind, whose blanched bones these eternal waves will cast on some rocky shore—are afraid to confess, by a single gesture, the infinite Being, whom the heavens and the ocean testify; they disdain to name him who has not disdained to create them; and all this for what reason? Because these men wear a uniform, because they can calculate as far as a certain extent of numbers, and because they call themselves Frenchmen of the nineteenth century! Happily, the nineteenth century is passing away, and I perceive a better approaching, an age truly religious, in which, if men do not confess God in the same language, and under the same symbols, they will at least confess him under every symbol, and in every language!

Same night.—I have been walking an hour on the deck of the vessel alone, and making these sad or consolatory reflections; I have been murmuring from my heart and from my lips all the prayers I learned from my mother when I was a child. The verses and fragments of psalms which I have heard her so often mutter in a low voice, during our evening walk in the alley of the garden of Milly, rose again to my memory, and I enjoyed a deep and close-felt pleasure in pouring them forth, in my turn, to the waves, to the wind, to that ear which is always open, and to which no movement of the heart or of the lips is ever lost! The prayer which we have heard breathed by some one whom we loved, and whom we have seen expire, is doubly sacred! Who among us does not prefer the few words his mother taught him, to the finest hymns which he might himself compose? For this reason it is, that, whatever sect our reason inclines us to adopt at the age of reason, the prayer of Christianity will ever be the prayer of the human race. I have thus offered up in solitude the prayers for the evening and for the sea, in behalf of that wife who makes no calculation of danger when uniting herself to my fate, and of that fair child who was sporting meantime on the deck, or inside of the boat, with the goat that is to yield to her its milk, or with the pretty and gentle groyhounds, that lick her white hands, and nibble her long fair hair.

Nine in the morning, under sail.—During the night, the wind changed and freshened; I heard from my cabin on the deck below, the footsteps, voices, and plaintive song of the seamen, resounding for a long while over my head, along with the clanging of the chain-cable, as they secured again the anchor to the bows. They were getting under way; we were proceeding on our route. Again I fell asleep. When I awoke, and opened the port to gaze on the coast of France, which we were so close to the evening before, I saw no longer anything save the immense sea, clear, naked, and gently rustling, with only two vessels, two lofty vessels, rising up like two landmarks, like pyramids of the desert in the boundless distance.

The wave gently caressed the full and rounded quarters of our brig, and babbled, pleasingly under my narrow window, to which the foam sometimes rose in slender white garlands; it was like the unequal, varied, confused sound of the warbling of swallows, when the sun is rising over a field of corn. There are harmonies

between all the elements, just as there is a general harmony between material and intellectual nature. Every thought has its counterpart in some visible object, which repeats it like an echo, reflects it like a mirror, and renders it perceptible in two ways: to the senses by the image, to thought by thought; such is the boundless poetry of this doubleness of creation! Men call this comparison: comparison is genius. To compare, is the art or instinct of discovering additional words in that divine language of universal analogies, which God alone possesses, but part of which he permits certain men to attain. This is why the prophet or sacred poet, and the poet or profane prophet, were of old every where regarded as divine beings. At this day they are viewed as mad, or, at the very least, useless creatures: this is logical, for, if you reckon as every thing the material and palpable world—that part of nature which resolves itself into numbers and dimensions, into money and physical enjoyments—you do well to despise those men who preserve only the culture of moral beauty, the idea of God, and that language of images and of mysterious relations between the visible and the invisible! What does this language demonstrate? God and immortality! but these are nothing to you!

July 10, at anchor in the little gulf of La Ciotat.—The favourable breeze that sprang up for a moment, soon died away from our sails, which, drooping along the masts, left them to vibrate at the pleasure of the feeblest wave. A fine image of those characters that want decision—that moving current of the human soul—irresolute characters that fatigue those who possess them: such characters are more exhausted by feebleness than they would be from those courageous exertions which a rigorous firmness of will impresses on men of energy and activity; just as ships are more annoyed on a sea unruffled by the wind, than under the impulse of a fresh breeze that drives and sustains them over the foaming billows.

Whether by chance, or through some secret manœuvre of our officers, we find ourselves obliged, on account of the wind, to enter at three o'clock the delightful bay of La Ciotat, a small town on the coast of Provence, where our captain, and almost all our scamen, have their houses, wives, and children. Under shelter of a little mole, which projects from a pleasant rising ground, quite clothed with vines, fig-trees, and olives, like a friendly hand held out to sailors from the shore, we let fall the anchor. The water is perfectly smooth, and so transparent, that at the depth of twenty feet we can perceive the gleam of the stones and shells, the undulations of the long marine plants, and the darting movement of thousands of fishes with glittering scales, those hidden treasures in the bosom of the sea, which is equally rich and inexhaustible as the land in vegetation and inhabitants. Life is found everywhere, and so is intellect! All nature is animated, all nature feels and thinks! He who does not see this, has never reflected on the inexhaustible fertility of creative thought! It ought not to have stopped, nor has it been able to stop; infinity is peopled; and wherever there is life, there also is sentiment; and thought has without doubt unequal grades, but has no vacuum. Would you have a physical demonstration of this? Look at a drop of water under the solar microscope: you will there see thousands of worlds gravitating; you will see worlds in the larva of an insect; and if you succeeded in again decomposing each of these thousands of worlds, millions of other universes would still appear to you! If from these numberless and infinitely small worlds you suddenly raise your view to the innumerable great globes of the celestial vault, if you plunge into the milky way, that incalculable dust, so to speak, of suns, each of which rules over a system of globes larger than the earth and the moon, the intellect is shattered by the weight of such calculations; but the soul can sustain them, and glorifies herself in having its place in this great workmanship, in having strength to comprehend it, in having an impulse to bless and adore its Author! Oh, my God! what a worthy prayer does nature become to him who seeks thee there, who there discovers thee under every

form, and who comprehends some syllables of its mute language, which, mute though it is, tells of every thing!

Bay of La Ciotat, eleven at night.—The wind has died away, and there is no appearance of its return. The surface of the bay is without a ruffle; the sea is so smooth that one can distinguish here and there the impression of the transparent wings of the *moustiques*,* which float on its glassy surface, and which alone tarnish it at present. See, then, to what a degree of calmness and repose that element can descend, which bears the three-decker without feeling her weight, which can gnaw away whole leagues of coast, wear down hills, split rocks, and shatter mountains, by the shock of its roaring billows! Nothing is so gentle as that which is powerful.

We are to go ashore, at the earnest request of our captain, who wishes to introduce us to his wife, and show us his house. The town resembles the pretty towns in the kingdom of Naples, on the coast of Gaeta. All is radiant, gay, serene; existence is a continual feast in the climates of the south. Happy is the man who is born and who dies under a sunny sky! Above all, happy is he who has his house—the house and garden of his fathers—on the borders of that sea whose every wave is a sparkle that darts its light and its splendour on the land! The lofty mountains excepted, which borrow the white lustre of their summits and horizons from the snows that cover them, from the sky into which they penetrate—no site in the interior of countries, however joyous and graceful it be rendered by hills and trees and rivers, can vie in beauty with the spots that are bathed by the waves of the south. The sea is to the landscape what the eye is to a fine face; it lightens up the scene, and imparts to it that radiance and expression which makes it to live and speak, to enchant and fascinate the contemplative eye.

Same day.—It is night, that is to say, what is called night in these climates. How many days less light have I not counted on the velvet slopes of Richmond Hill in England! in the fogs of the Thames, the Seine, the Saône, or the lake of Geneva! A full moon ascends in the firmament; she leaves in the shade our dark brig, which reposes motionless a short distance from the quay. The moon, on her progress, has left behind her as it were a train of red sand, with which she seems to have strewed one-half of the sky; the remainder is blue, and whitens up as she approaches. At a horizon nearly two miles distant, between two small islands, one of which has lofty yellow cliffs resembling the Coliseum at Rome, and the other is violet, like the flowers of the lilac, there appears on the water the *mirage* of a great city—the eye is deceived in this: one sees domes glittering, palaces with dazzling façades, long quays inundated with a sweet and serene light; to the right and left the billows whiten, and seem to envelope it; one would say it was Venice or Malta sleeping on the bosom of the waters. It is neither an island nor a town—it is the reverberated light of the moon from the point of the sea directly under her disc; still nearer us, this reverberation extends and prolongs itself, and rolls a river of gold and silver between two banks of azure. On our left the bay carries out to an elevated headland the long and sombre chair of its unequal and serrated hills; to the right there is a narrow and encompassed valley, where there flows a beautiful fountain, under the shade of some trees; behind we have a higher hill, covered to the very summit with olives, which the night causes to appear black; from the top of this hill, down to the sea, some grey towers, and small white houses, pierce here and there through the monotonous obscurity of the olives, and attract the eye and the thought to the dwellings of man. More distant still, and at the extremity of the bay, three enormous rocks seem to rise, without any base, from the water; they are of singular forms, rounded like pebbles, polished by the waves and tempests: these pebbles are mountains, the gigantic freaks of a primitive ocean, of which our seas are, without doubt, but a feeble image!

* A species of gnat, found also in America.

July 12.—We have visited the captain's house, which is a pretty dwelling, modest but ornamented. We were received by his young wife, who appeared to suffer from sadness at the sudden departure of her husband. I proposed to take her on board, and that she should accompany us during the voyage, which would be longer than the average trips of a merchant vessel. Her state of health was an obstacle to this arrangement; alone, and without children, she would have to count long days, perhaps long years, during the absence of her husband. Her mild and feeling expression bore the impress of that melancholy prospect, and that solitude of heart. The house resembled a Flemish one; its walls were tapestried with portraits of the vessels which the captain had commanded. Not far from this, he took us to the country to see a house which he was, although young, preparing as an asylum, to which he might retire from the wind and the wave. I was well pleased at having seen the rural establishment where this man was planning out beforehand repose and happiness for his old age. I have always loved to get acquainted with the fireside, the domestic circumstances, of those with whom I have had necessary intercourse in this world. These things are a part of themselves, and form a second external physiognomy that supplies a key to their character and their destiny.

The greater part of our seamen belong also to these villages. Mild, pious, gay, and laborious men they are, managing the wind, the tempest, and the wave, with the same calm and silent regularity that our husbandmen of Saint-Point handle the harrow or the plough; they are ploughmen of the sea, peaceful and musical like the men of our valleys, when they follow, by the rays of the morning sun, their long smoking furrows on the flanks of their hills!

July 13.—Having awoke early this morning, I heard the voices of the sailors on deck, mingled with the crowing of the cock, and bleating of the goat and sheep. Some women's and children's voices completed the illusion—I might have imagined myself lying in the wooden chamber of a peasant's cottage, on the banks of the lake of Zurich, or of Soleure. I went on deck; it was some of our seamen's children whom their mothers had brought on board. The fathers were making them sit on the ship's guns, or holding them upright on the bulwarks, or laying them down in the boat, or rocking them in the hammocks, with that tenderness in their accent, and those tears in their eyes, which mothers or nurses might have displayed. Brave fellows! having hearts of flint against danger, but women's hearts for those they love—rough or mild, like the element to which they are so familiarised. Let him be shepherd or sailor, the man who has a family, has a heart kneaded, so to speak, with kindly and praiseworthy sentiments. The family-spirit is the second soul of humanity; modern legislators have too much neglected it; they think only of nations and of individuals; they omit to consider families, the only source of a pure and a powerful population, the sanctuary of traditions and of morals, in which all the social virtues are retempered. Legislation, even after the diffusion of Christianity, has been barbarous in this respect; instead of inviting men to indulge the family-spirit, it repulses them from such indulgence! It interdicts one-half of mankind from wife and child, from the ownership of a fireside and a field; these blessings were due from it to every one, so soon as he reached the age of manhood; it was only called upon to deny them to culprits. A family is a miniature of society at large; but it is a society in which the laws are natural, because they are the expression of feelings. Excommunication from the privilege of family might have constituted the greatest reprobation, the last withering effect of the law; it would have been the only capital punishment under a Christian and humane legislation: the sanguinary penalty of death would have been abolished ages ago.

July, still at anchor, the wind being contrary.—A mile to the westward, along the coast, the mountains are shattered as if by powerful hammering; enormous fragments have fallen here and there at the feet of the

mountains, or on the blue and greenish waves of the sea that bathes them. The sea breaks there incessantly, and from the wave, which strikes with a dull alternating sound against the rocks, there are darted forth, as it were, tongues of white foam, that lick the salt sea-shore. These heaped-up portions of mountains, for they are too large to be called rocks, have been heaved and piled in such confusion over one another, that they form an innumerable quantity of narrow creeks, profound vaults, sonorous grottoes, and sombre caverns, whose pathways, windings, and exits, are known only to the children of two or three fishers' cottages in the neighbourhood. One of these caverns, into which you penetrate by the depressed arch of a natural bridge, covered with an enormous block of granite, gives access to the sea, and then opens out upon a narrow and obscure valley, which the sea fills entirely with its waves, here always limpid and smooth, like the sky in a lovely night. This is a little sheltered bay known to the fishermen, where, whilst the billows are raging and foaming without, and shaking the flanks of the coast with their shock, the smallest boats can lie under shelter; you can scarcely perceive in it that slight bubbling of a spring that falls in a sheet of water. The sea preserved there that beautiful colour of a greenish mulberry yellow, which painters of marine scenery find so perceptible to the eye, but which they can never exactly transfer to canvass, for the eye sees more than the hand can imitate.

On the two flanks of this marine valley, there ascend out of sight two walls of rocks almost perpendicular, sombre, and of a uniform colour, resembling that of iron dross some time after it has fallen from the furnace. No plant, no moss, can find there even a slit to suspend itself by and take root, to cause to float there those garlands of *lianes* and those flowers which one sees so often undulating on the walls of the rocks of Savoy, at heights where God alone can inhale them; naked, steep, dark, repulsive to the eye, these rocks are only there to defend from the sea air the hills of vines and olives that vegetate under its shelter; images of those men that rule over an epoch or a nation, exposed to all the injuries of time and tempest, in order to protect more feeble and more happy men. At the bottom of the little bay, the sea widens a little, serpentine, takes a clearer tint in proportion as it discovers more sky, and terminates at length in a fine sheet of water, reposing on a bed of small violet shells, bruised and compact like sand. If you land from the boat that has carried you thus far, you find to the left, in the hollow of a ravine, a cool and pure spring of fresh water; then, on turning to the right, a stony goat walk, rough and precipitous, shaded by wild fig-trees, and by medlars, which leads down from the cultivated grounds to this solitude of the waters. Few spots have so much struck me, or allured me so powerfully in my journeyings. It is that perfect blending of strength and gracefulness which constitutes complete beauty in the harmony of the elements, as well as in animated or intellectual nature. It is that mysterious wedlock of the land and the sea, surprised, so to speak, in their most intimate and most curtailed union. It is that image of calm and most inaccessible solitude, side by side with that stormy and tumultuous theatre of the tempests, and close upon the roar of its billows. It is one of those numberless masterpieces of the creation which God has scattered everywhere, as if to sport with contrasts, but which it pleases him most often to hide under the unattainable summit of a precipitous mountain, in the depth of an inaccessible ravine, or on the most unapproachable reefs of the ocean, like jewels of nature which she only discovers, and that rarely, to simple men, to shepherds, to fishermen, to travellers, to poets, or to the pious contemplation of anchorites.

July 14.—At ten o'clock, a westerly breeze springing up; at three o'clock, up anchor; we soon had nothing but sea and sky for our horizon; sea sparkling; soft and cadenced movement of the brig; murmuring of the wave as regular as the respiration of the human breast. This regular alternation of the wave of the wind in the

mail, recurs in all the movements and in all the sounds of nature: may it not be that she also respires! Yes, undoubtedly; she breathes, she lives, she thinks, she suffers and enjoys, she feels, she adores her divine Author! He did not make death: life is the symbol of all his works!

July 15, out at sea, eight o'clock at night.—We have seen, gradually sinking, the last peaks of the grey mountains on the coasts of France and Italy, till the blue and sombre line of the sea, at the horizon, submerged the whole. The eye, at this moment of the known horizon's disappearance, runs over the floating desert of space that surrounds it, like some unfortunate who has lost successively every object of his affections and habitudes, and searches in vain for an object on which his heart may repose.

The sky becomes the grand and only scene of contemplation; then the view falls down again upon that imperceptible point, drowned, as it were, in space, that narrow vessel now forming the entire universe of those whom it conveys.

The boatswain is at the helm; his manly and impassible countenance, his firm and vigilant regard, now fixed on the compass in the binnacle, and now on the ship's head, to trace, through the fore-rigging, his course through the waters; his right hand grasping the tiller, and by its movement impressing his will on the immense mass of the vessel. Every thing in his appearance indicates the importance of his charge—the fate of the vessel and the lives of thirty persons revolving in his ample forehead, and giving energy to his robust arm.

In the fore part of the deck, the sailors are to be seen in groups, seated, standing, or reclining on the planks of shining fir, or on the cables rolled in vast spirals; some mending the old sails with large iron needles, and seeming as earnest on the neatness of their tasks as girls that embroider their marriage veil or the curtain of their virgin bed; others leaning over the bulwarks, viewing, without perceiving them, the foaming waves, just as we look at the pavement of a road that we have a hundred times travelled, and carelessly giving to the wind the puffs of smoke from their pipes of red clay. One is giving drink to the fowls in their long troughs; another holds out a handful of hay for the goat to nibble, grasping its horns with the other hand; while others again are playing with two beautiful sheep that are roosted in the large boat suspended between the two masts: these poor animals raise their restless heads over the gunwale, and perceiving nothing but the undulating plain whitened with foam, they bleat after the rocks and dry moss of their native mountains.

At the extremity of the vessel—the horizon of this floating world—is seen the sharp prow preceded by its mast, the bowsprit, inclining to the sea: this mast projects from the ship's head, like the horn of some marine monster. The undulations of the sea, which are almost insensible at the centre of gravity, or near the middle of the deck, cause the ship's head to describe slow and gigantic oscillations. Now it seems to direct the path of the vessel towards some star of the firmament, and then it threatens to plunge her into some profound valley of the ocean; for the sea has the appearance of continually rising and descending, to one placed at the stern of a vessel, the masts and length of which multiply the effect of these undulated waves.

As for ourselves, separated by the mainmast from this scene of maritime manners, we are seated on the quarter-deck benches, or walk the deck with the officers, looking at the sun and the waves, as they appear to rise and fall successively.

In the midst of all these manly, austere, and pensive figures, a female child, with her loose hair streaming over her white garments, and her rosy, happy, and smiling face beaming from under a little straw hat of sailor fashion, is playing with the captain's white cat, or with a brood of sea pigeons captured the evening before, which are nestled on a gun-carriage, and for which she is crumpling her little allowance of bread.

Meantime, the captain of the vessel, with telescope in hand, and spying in silence, towards the west, the pre-

cise moment when the lower limb of the sun, refracted upwards as it is by one half of the disc, seems to touch the water, and float on it for an instant, before being entirely immersed—raises his voice and exclaims, "Gentlemen, prayers!" All conversation ceases; every game is closed; the seamen throw overboard their still lighted cigar, they doff their Greek red-woollen caps, hold them in their hands, and come and kneel between the two masts. The youngest of them opens the book of prayer, and sings the *Ave maris stella* and the litanies, with a tender, plaintive, and grave melody, that seems to have been inspired by thoughts of the surrounding element, and by that restless melancholy of the last hours of day, when all the recollections of the land, the cottage, the fireside, ascend from the heart to the meditations of those simple men. The shades of evening are about to descend once more upon the waters, and to overshadow, in their dangerous obscurity, the path of the mariners and the lives of so many beings, who have now no other beacon-light but Providence, no other asylum but in that invisible hand which sustains them on the waters. If prayer was not born with man himself, it must have been here that it was invented, by men left alone with their thoughts and their feebleness, in presence of that abyss of the firmament, where their view is lost in confusion, and of that abyss of the sea from which only a frail plank divides them; in hearing of that roar of the ocean, when it growls, hisses, howls, and bellows, like the voices of a thousand savage beasts; amid those blasts of the tempest that make the cordage utter so shrill a sound; at the approaches of night which magnifies every danger, and multiplies every terror. But prayer was never invented; it was born out of the first sigh, the first joy, the first grief of the human heart, or rather man was only born for prayer; to glorify God, or to implore him, this was his only mission here below. Every thing else perishes before him or with him; but the cry of glory, of admiration, or of love, which he raises up to God, though it passes away along the earth, does not perish; it reascends, it resounds from age to age, in the ear of God, as the echo of His own voice, as a reflection of His magnificence; it is the only thing that is completely divine in man, and which he can exhale with joy and with pride; for that pride is a homage to Him who alone can have it—to the infinite Being.

Scarcely had we each revolved, in silence, these thoughts, or others similar to them, when a cry arose from Julia, who was on the side of the vessel facing the eastward. A fire on the sea! A ship on fire! We rushed to see this distant conflagration on the waters. In fact, a large mass of fire appeared floating to the eastward on the extremity of the horizon of the sea; then, rising and rounding itself in a few minutes, we recognised the full moon inflamed by the vapour of the east wind, and issuing slowly out of the waves, like a disc of red-hot iron which the smith draws with his pincers from the furnace, and which he suspends over the water where he is about to quench it. On the opposite side of the heavens, the disc of the sun, which had just set, had left in the west the semblance of a golden sandbank, like to the shore of some unknown country. Our view was continually wavering from one to the other of these magnificent displays of the heavens. Gradually, the lustre of this double twilight was extinguished, thousands of stars broke forth above our heads, as if to trace out the route to our masts as they passed from one to another; the first watch for the night was set, the deck was cleared of whatever might hinder the working of the ship, and the seamen came, one after another, and said to the captain, "May God be with us!"

I continued for some time walking the deck in silence, then I went below, giving thanks to God in my heart, for having permitted me to see again that unknown aspect of his nature. My God! my God!—to see thy workmanship under all its aspects, to admire thy magnificence on the mountains and on the seas, to admire and bless that holy name of thine which no language can express!—this is the whole of life! Multiply thou

our life, in order to multiply love and admiration in our hearts! Then do thou turn the page, and cause us to read in another world the endless wonders of the book of thy greatness and goodness!

July 16, in the open sea.—We have had all night and all day, a beautiful though high sea. In the evening the wind freshened, the waves began to form and to roll heavily against the brig's quarters; there was a bright moon which gave out lengthened torrents of white and undulating light in the large liquid valleys, hollowed out between the great waves. These floating illuminations from the moon resemble streams of running water, or cascades of melted snow, in the bed of the green valleys of the Jura mountains or of Switzerland. The vessel descends and remounts heavily each of these profound ravines. For the first time, during this voyage, we hear the complainings, the groanings of the timber; the crushed flanks of the brig, at the shock of every fresh wave, utter a sound which can only be compared to the last bellowsings of a bull struck by the hatchet, and lying on his side in the convulsions of mortal agony. This sound mingling throughout the night with the roar of thousands of waves, the gigantic boundings of the vessel, the creaking of the masts, the whistling of the squalls, the showers of spray which they throw, and which one hears raining with a hissing noise upon the deck, the heavy and hurried footsteps of the seamen on duty, running to their work, at the few and short but firm words of the officer—all this forms a union of significant and alarming sounds which shake more deeply the human soul, than the roar of cannon on the field of battle. It is one of those scenes which one must have witnessed, in order to know the dark side of a sailor's life, and to measure his own sensibility, moral and physical!

The whole night passes thus without sleep. At day-break the wind falls a little, the wave is no longer crested with foam, every thing announces a fine day; we perceive, through the coloured fogs of the horizon, the long and lofty chains of the mountains of Sardinia. The captain promises us a sea as calm and smooth as a lake, between that island and Sicily. We are running eight, and sometimes nine, knots; at every quarter of an hour, the glittering shores to which the wind is conveying us are sketched forth with more and more clearness; the bays open out, the headlands stretch forward, the white rocks emerge to the surface, the houses and cultivated fields begin to be distinguished on the flanks of the island. At noon, we are close to the entrance of the bay of St Pierre, but at the moment of doubling the reef that closes it, a sudden hurricane from the north bursts upon our sails; our already heavy sea of last night presents a body to the wind, and is heaped up into truly moving mountains; the whole visible surface is but one sheet of foam; the vessel staggers on the ridge of each succeeding wave, then plunges almost perpendicularly into the depths that separate them; in vain we persist in our endeavour to seek an asylum in the bay. At the moment we are rounding the headland to enter it, a furious wind, hissing like a volley of arrows, rushes from every valley, from every creek, and throws the brig on her side; there was scarcely time to clew up the sails; we kept only the courses, or lower sails, with which we hauled to the wind; the captain ran himself to the helm; then the vessel, like a horse curbed by a vigorous hand, and with its bridle held short, seems to curvet over the foam of the bay; the waves graze the bulwarks of the deck, on the side to which the vessel is inclined, and all the larboard side, almost down to the keel, is out of the water. We thus proceed about twenty minutes, in the hope of gaining the small roadstead of the town of St Pierre; we already perceive the vines, and the small white houses, about a cannon-shot distant; but the tempest increases, the wind strikes us with redoubled force; we are obliged to yield, and to wear ship with great danger, under actually the most violent blast of the squall. We succeed, and leave the bay by the same manœuvre that drove us thither; we find ourselves once more at large on a horrible sea. The fatigue of the night

and day made us eagerly desire a place of shelter before the approach of a second night, which every thing induces us to apprehend will be still more tempestuous. The captain determines on braving every thing, even the loss of his masts, in order to find an anchorage on the coast of Sardinia. At some leagues from the point where we were, the bay of Palma promised us the wished-for shelter. After two hours' arduous exertion, we gained our point, and entered, like a sea-fowl borne on its wings, the beautiful bay of Palma. The tempest has not at all subsided; we still hear the incessant roar of the open sea three leagues astern of us; the wind continues to whistle through our rigging; but in this basin, hollowed out among high mountains, it can only dash up puffs of spray that sprinkle and refresh the deck: and, at length, we cast anchor about three cables' lengths from the Sardinian shore, on a bed of marine plants, and in the tranquil and almost unruffled water. What a delightful sensation is that of the mariner, who has escaped from the storm by dint of labour and suffering, when he hears at length the thundering rattle of the chain-cable, as it rushes out to secure him to some hospitable shore. As soon as the anchor has gone, the formerly contracted visages of the seamen stretch out; it is easy to see that their thoughts are also in repose; they go down below, change their wet clothes, and soon reappear on deck in their Sunday's attire, and resume all the peaceful habits of their life on shore. In an idle, gay, and prattling humour, they seat themselves on the bulwarks, or quietly smoke their pipes, viewing with indifference the buildings and landscapes of the land.

July 17.—At anchor in this peaceful roadstead. After a night's delicious sleep, we breakfast on deck under shelter of a sail which serves us for a tent; the scorched, but picturesque, coast of Sardinia, stretches out before us. A boat, armed with two guns, puts off from the island of St Antioch, and appears to stand for us. We soon distinguish her better; she carries seamen and soldiers; she is soon within hail; she interrogates us, and orders us to go ashore; we consult; I decide on accompanying the captain of the brig. We arm ourselves with several muskets and pistols to make resistance, should they be disposed to employ force to detain us. We shoved off in the jolly-boat, and made sail. Nearing the little Sardinian boat that preceded us, we landed on a flat beach at the head of the bay. This beach borders a marshy and uncultivated plain. White sand, large thistles, some tufts of aloes, here and there some clumps of a shrub with a pale grey bark, and a leaf resembling that of the cedar; swarms of wild horses, grazing at liberty on these heaths, which come galloping up to reconnoitre and smell us, and then start away again neighing, like flocks of ravens; a mile from us, grey and naked mountains, with only a few specks of stunted vegetation on their sides; an African sky above their calcined summits; a vast silence over all these plains; the same aspect of desolation and solitude which is to be seen in all regions that have a bad atmosphere, as in Romagna, in Calabria, or along the Pontine Marshes—such is the scene: seven or eight men of fine physiognomy, with elevated foreheads, bold and savage eyes, half-naked, and half-clothed in rags of uniforms, armed with long carbines, and holding reeds in their other hands to receive our letters, or to present to us what they have to offer—such are the actors. I answered their questions in wretched Neapolitan *patois*; I named to them some of their country with whom I had been on friendly terms in Italy during my youth. These men, from having been insolent and imperious, became polite and obliging. I bought a sheep from them, which they quartered on the shore. We wrote—they took our letters in a slit they had made in the end of a long reed; they struck a light, broke off some branches of the shrubs that cover the coast, lighted a fire, and passed our letters, after soaking them in seawater, through the smoke of this fire, before touching them. They promised to us to fire a musket in the course of the evening, as a signal for us to come ashore again, when our other supplies of vegetables and fresh

water would be ready. Then, taking out of their boat an immense basket of shell-fish (*frutti di mare*), they offered them to us, without consenting to take any payment.

We returned on board. Hours of leisure and of delightful contemplation passed by me on the poop of the vessel at anchor, whilst the tempest still resounds at the extremity of the two headlands that cover us, and whilst we can perceive the spray of the main sea still lashing, to the height of thirty or forty feet, the golden flanks of these headlands.

July 18.—Sailed from the bay of Palma with a smooth, mirror-like sea; a light westerly breeze, scarcely sufficient to dry up the night dew that glistens on the branches cut from the lentisk-tree, the only verdure of those shores that have already become African. On the open sea, a still day, a sweet breeze that carries us six or seven knots an hour; a fine evening; a sparkling night; the sea is also asleep.

July 19.—We awoke at twenty-five leagues' distance from the coast of Africa. I read again the history of St Louis, to recal the circumstances of his death on the coast of Tunis, near the cape of Carthage, which we shall see this evening or to-morrow.

I could not understand in my youth why certain nations inspired me with an innate antipathy, so to speak, whilst others attracted me, and led me back continually to their history by some involuntary allurements. I experienced, in regard to these vain shadows of the past, these dead memoirs of nations, exactly what I experience, with irresistible compulsion, for or against the physiognomies of the individuals with whom I live or have connection. I love or I abhor, in the physical meaning of the word; at first sight, in the twinkling of an eye, I have passed judgment on a man or woman for ever. Reason, reflection, even violence, often tried by me against these first impressions, are of no avail in the matter. When the coin has received its impress from the die, it is in vain for you to turn it over and over in your fingers; it preserves it—so it is with my soul—so it is with my mind. This is the peculiar attribute of beings with whom instinct is prompt, powerful, instantaneous, inflexible. We ask ourselves, what is instinct?—and we recognise it to be supreme reason, but still reason innate, reason not reasoned, reason such as God made, and not such as man renders it. It strikes us like the lightning, without the eye having the trouble to seek it. It illumines every thing with the first jet. Inspiration in all the arts, as well as on the field of battle, is also this same instinct, this guessed reason. Genius also is instinct, and not logic and labour. The more one reflects, the more he must acknowledge that man possesses nothing of great or beautiful that belongs to himself, or that comes from his own power or will; but that whatever there is of sovereignly beautiful, comes immediately from nature and from God. Christianity, which knows every thing, understood this from its first commencement. The early apostles felt in themselves this immediate action of the Deity, and exclaimed from the very first, "Every perfect gift cometh from God."

Let us return to nations. I have never been able to love the Romans; I have never been able to take the slightest interest in Carthage, in spite of her misfortunes and her glory. Hannibal has never appeared to me more than an East India Company's general, carrying on a mercantile campaign, a brilliant and heroic operation of commerce on the plains of Thrasy-mene. That nation, ungrateful like all egotistical nations, rewarded him for it with exile and death! As for his death, it was pathetic; it reconciles me to his triumphs; I have been affected by it ever since my childhood. There has always been to my view, as well as to that of the whole human race, a sublime and heroic harmony between sovereign glory, sovereign genius, and sovereign misfortune. We have, in this, one of those notes of destiny which never fails in its effect, never misses its sad and voluptuous modulation in the human heart! There is not, in fact, any glory sympathised with, nor any virtue complete, without

ingratitude, persecution, and death. Christ was the divine example of this truth; and his life, as well as his doctrine, explains that mysterious enigma of the destiny of great men by the destiny of the Divine Man!

I discovered it afterwards; the secret of my sympathies or antipathies for the memory of certain nations, is in the very nature of the institutions and actions of those nations. With regard to nations like the Phœnicians, Tyre, Sidon, Carthage—commercial societies exploring the world for their profit, and measuring the greatness of their enterprises only by the material and actual utility of the result—I am like Dante; I look, and I pass on.

"Non ragionar di lor, ma guarda e passa!"

[Not speculating concerning them, I look and proceed.]

Let us speak no more of them. They laboured only for the present; succeeding ages have no call to occupy themselves about them. *Receperunt mercedem.* [They have received their reward.]

But those who, little mindful of the present, which they feel escaping from their grasp, have, from a sublime instinct of immortality, an insatiable longing after the future, carried the national thought beyond the present, and raised human sentiment above mere ease, riches, and material utility; those who have expended generations and centuries to leave on their route a fine and eternal track of their passage; those generous and disinterested nations who have stirred up all the great and weighty ideas of the human mind, in order to construct from them monuments of wisdom and of legislation, theogonies, arts, and systems; those nations who have stirred up, too, such masses of marble or granite, in order to construct from them obelisks or pyramids, as a sublime defiance hurled by them against time, a mute language, with which they will for ever speak to great and generous souls; those poet-nations, like the Egyptians, the Jews, the Hindoos, the Greeks, who have idealised politics, and given predominance in their national existence to the divine principle—the soul, over the human principle—the useful; those nations I love, I venerate, I search out and adore their traces, their recollections, their works, whether written, built, or sculptured; I live with their life, I assist as a moved and partial spectator at the touching or heroic drama of their destiny, and I cross willingly the seas, to go and muse for some days over their dust, and to pay to their memory the homage of reminiscence from the future. Such nations have well deserved of mankind, for they have elevated their thoughts above this globe of dirt, beyond this fugitive existence. They felt themselves formed for a loftier and more ample destiny; and unable as they were to give themselves that immortal life which is the day-dream of every great and noble heart, they said to their works—Immortalise us, exist for us, speak of us to those who shall traverse the desert, or who shall pass over the billows of the Ionian Sea, before Cape Sigeum, or before the promontory of Sunium, where Plato sang the strains of a wisdom which will still be the wisdom of futurity.

Such were my thoughts, while listening to the prow on which I was seated, as it cleaved the waves of the African Sea, and looking every minute athwart the rosy vapours of the horizon, to see if I could not perceive the Cape of Carthage.

The breeze fell, the day passed away in gazing vainly from afar on the foggy coast of Africa. In the evening a strong wind arose; the vessel, bandied from one side to another, crushed down under the force of the sails, that resemble the sea-bird's wings shattered by the fatal lead, shook her sides with that terrible roaring that is heard from a tumbling edifice. I spent the night on deck, with my arm passed round a cable. From the whitish clouds that advance, like some lofty mountain, towards the deep bay of Tunisia, flashes of lightning are gleaming, and distant peals of thunder are heard. Africa appears to me as I have always represented her to myself; her flanks torn by the fires of heaven, and her calcined summits hidden under the clouds. In pro-

portion as we approach the coast, and as first the Cape of Byserte, then that of Carthage, issue from obscurity, and seem advancing to meet us, all the great images, all the fabulous or heroic names which have resounded on this shore, also spring forth from my memory, and recall to me the poetical or historical dramas of which these places were successively the theatre. Virgil, like all the poets that wish to surpass truth, history, and nature, has much rather injured than embellished the image of Dido. The Dido of history, widow of Sicheus, and faithful to the manes of her former spouse, causes her funeral pile to be prepared on the promontory of Carthage, and ascends it, the sublime and voluntary victim of a pure love, and of a faithfulness even unto death! This is somewhat finer, holier, and more pathetic than the cold gallantries which the Roman poet allows her with her ridiculous and pious Æneas, and her amorous despair, in which the reader cannot sympathise.

But the *Anna soror*, and the magnificent farewell, and the immortal imprecation that follow, will ever plead a pardon for Virgil.

The historical aspect of Carthage is still more poetical than the poetry of Virgil. The heavenly death and the funeral of St Louis—the blind Belisarius—Marius expiating among wild beasts on the ruins of Carthage, himself a wild beast—the shrieks of Rome—the lamentable day on which, like the scorpion surrounded by fire that pierces itself with its venomous dart, Carthage, surrounded by Scipio and Massinissa, herself sets fire to her edifices and her riches—the wife of Asdrubal, shut up with her children in the temple of Jupiter, reproaching her husband for not having known how to die, and kindling herself the torch which is to consume her and her children, and all that remains of her native country, in order to leave only ashes to the Romans!—Cato of Utica, the two Scipios, Hannibal—all these great names still rear themselves erect on the forsaken promontory, like columns standing in front of a temple overturned. The eye sees only a naked headland rising above a deserted sea, a few reservoirs, empty, or filled with their own rubbish, a few aqueducts in ruins, a few moles, ravaged by the billows and covered by the water; a barbarian town close by, where those very names are unknown, like men that live too great an age, and become strangers in their own land! But the past is sufficient for a place in which it dazzles with such a lustre of recollections. How know I even if I do not love it better alone, isolated in the midst of its ruins, than profaned and polluted by the bustle and the crowd of new generations? It is with ruins as with tombs: amidst the tumult of a great city, and the mire of our streets, they afflict and sadden the view; they are a stain on all that buzzing and agitated scene of life; but amidst solitude on the shores of the sea, on a deserted cape, on a wild sandy shore, those stones, become yellow by the lapse of ages, and shattered by the thunderbolt, cause us to reflect, to think, to muse, or to weep.

Solitude and death, solitude and the past, which is the death of things, are necessarily allied in human thought: their accord is a mysterious harmony. I prefer the naked promontory of Carthage, the melancholy cape of Sunium, the naked and infested beach of Peestuin, for localising the scenes of ages gone by, to the temples, the arches, the Coliseums of departed Rome, trodden under foot in living Rome, with all the indifference of habit, or the profanation of forgetfulness.

July 20.—At ten o'clock, the wind gets milder; we can ascend to the deck; and running seven knots an hour, we soon find ourselves abreast of the detached island of Pantelleria, the ancient island of Calypso, still delicious from its African vegetation, and the coolness of its valleys and its waters. It was to this spot that the emperors in succession exiled persons condemned for political offences.

It appears to us only a black cone rising from the sea, and clad, to two-thirds from its summit, with a white fog driven upon it by the night wind. No vessel can anchor near it; it has only harbours for the small boats which convey to it the exiles from Naples and from Sicily,

who languish for ten years, expiating some premature dreams of liberty.

Unhappy the men who, in any department of thought, are ahead of their age! The age crushes them. This is our own fate, as impartial, political, and rational Frenchmen. France is still a century and a half behind our ideas. She wishes, in every thing, men and ideas of sect and party; what signify to her patriotism and reason? It is hatred, rancour, and alternate persecution, that in her ignorance she requires! She will have all these, until, wounded by the deadly weapons which she is so determined to wield, she either falls, her own victim, or casts those weapons far from her, to turn to the only hope of all political amelioration—God, his law, and reason, his law innate.

July 21.—On my awaking, the sea, after a stormy night, appears to sport with the remains of yesterday's wind; the foam covers it still, like the half-dry flakes of froth that stain the flanks of the horse when fatigued by a long course, or like those which his bit shakes forth when he stoops and lifts his head, impatient for a new career. The waves run quick and irregularly, but are light, shallow, and transparent; this sea resembles a field of fine oats undulating to the breezes of a morning in spring, after a night of rain. We see the islands of Gazzo and Malta rising, at the distance of five or six leagues, under the fogs of the horizon.

July 22: arrival at Malta.—As we approach Malta, the low coast elevates itself and assumes a distinct form; but its aspect is sad and sterile: we soon perceive the fortifications and the gulfs formed by the quays of the harbours. A swarm of little boats, each manned by two rowers, put off from these gulfs, and pull rapidly to our vessel; the sea is heavy, and the wave plunges them sometimes into the deep furrow that we are tracing in the water; they seem on the point of being swallowed up; the wave raises them again, they run in our wake, they skim gaily past our quarters; they throw us small ropes to tow us into the anchorage.

The pilots announce to us a quarantine of ten days, and conduct us to our destined port under the lofty fortifications of the city of Valetta. The French consul, M. Miège, informs the governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, of our arrival; he assembles the council of health, and reduces our quarantine to three days.

We obtain the indulgence of an evening excursion in a boat along the canals that lengthen out the port of quarantine. It is Sunday. The burning sun of the day has set at the bottom of a narrow and peaceful creek of the gulf that is behind our ship's head; the sea is there smooth and brilliant, of a light leaden colour, exactly resembling sheet-iron newly tinned. The heaven above is of an orange tint slightly inclining to rose. This colour fades, in proportion as the sky approaches the zenith, retiring from the west; to the eastward, it is of a pale grey blue, and no longer recalls the beauteous azure of the bay of Naples—nor even the dark profound of the firmament over the Alps of Savoy. The colour of the African sky partakes of the burning atmosphere, and of the harsh severity of that continent; the reverberation of heat from these naked mountains strikes the firmament with dryness and warmth, and the inflamed dust of these deserts of arid sand seems to mingle with the air that envelopes them, and to tarnish the vault of heaven. Our rowers convey us slowly to some toises from the shore. The low and smooth sandy beach terminating some inches above the sea, is covered for half a mile with a range of houses that touch one another, and seem to have approached as near as possible to the water, to enjoy its coolness and listen to its murmuring. Here is one of those houses and one of those scenes that we see repeated on every threshold, terrace, and balcony. By multiplying this scene—this view over five or six hundred similar houses, one will have an exact memorial of this landscape, so unique to a European that has not seen Seville, nor Cordova, nor Granada; it is a memorial that must be engraven in all its entirety, and with all its details of manners, in order to recall it even once to memory, amid the dull and sombre uniformity of our towns of the west. These

memorials, recovered in the memory, during our days and months of snow, fog, and rain, are like a gleam of serene sky amidst a long tempest. A little sun in the eye, a little love in the heart, a ray of faith or of truth in the soul—'tis all the same thing—I cannot live without these three consolations of our terrestrial exile. My eyes are eastern, my soul is love, and my mind is of that class that carry within them an instinct of light, an unreasoned evidence which is not matter of proof, but which never deceived and ever consoles! Here, then, is the landscape:—

A light, golden, sweet and serene, like that which beams from the eyes and features of a young maiden, before love has engraven one wrinkle on her forehead, or cast one shade on her eyes. This light diffused equally over the sea, the earth, and the heavens, strikes the white and yellow stones of the houses, and causes all the designs of the cornices, corners of the angles, balustrades of the terraces, and carved work of the balconies, to be articulated fully and clearly on the blue horizon, without that aerial tremulousness, that uncertain and vapoury undulation, out of which our western atmosphere has derived a beauty for its arts, being unable to correct this vice of its climate. This quality of the air, this white, yellow, golden colour of the stone, this vigorousness of the contours, imparts to the meanest edifice of the south a firmness and a neatness which revive and gladden the sight. Every house has the air not of having been built, stone on stone, with sand and mortar, but of having been sculptured living and erect, out of the bright rock, and of being planted on the earth, like a block sprung out of its bosom, and as durable as the soil itself. Two large and elegant pilasters rise from the two angles of the façade; they ascend only to the height of a story and a half; there an elegant cornice, sculptured out of the shining stone, crowns them, and itself serves as a base to a rich and massive balustrade, which extends the whole length of the top, and replaces those flat, irregular, pointed, and odd-looking roofs, which disgrace all architecture, which break every line harmonising with the horizon in those eccentric assemblages of houses of ours, which we call cities, in Germany, England, and France. Between these two large pilasters, which project several inches from the façade, two openings only are designed by the architect, a door and two windows. The door, which is lofty, wide, and arched, has not its threshold on the street; it opens on an exterior flight of steps, which encroach seven or eight feet on the quay. This stair, surrounded by a balustrade of sculptured stone, serves for an exterior hall, as well as for an entrance to the house. Let us describe one of these flights of steps—it will answer for them all. One or two men, in white garments, with dark visages, and African eyes, having long pipes in their hands, are carelessly lounging on a couch of reeds, at the side of the door: in front of them, leaning gracefully on the balustrade, three young women, in different attitudes, are viewing in silence our boat as it passes, or smiling among themselves at our foreign aspect. A black gown reaching only half way down the leg, a white corset with wide, folded, and flowing sleeves, a head-dress of black hair, and over the head and shoulders a half mantle of black silk like the gown, covering half the face, one shoulder, and the arm that holds the mantle: this mantle of light stuff, swelled out with the breeze, assumes the figure of a small boat's sail, and, through its capricious folds, now conceals, and now unveils, the mysterious countenance that it envelops, and which seems to escape from it at pleasure. Some are raising their heads gracefully to chat with other young girls who are bending over the upper balcony, and throwing at them pomegranates and oranges; others are speaking to young men with long moustaches, dark, and bushy hair, dressed in short tight vests, white pantaloons, and red belts. Seated on the parapet of the steps, two young abbés in black, with silver shoe-buckles, are conversing familiarly, and playing with broad green fans, while, at the foot of the last steps, a handsome mendicant monk, with naked feet, his forehead pale, bald-white, and open, his body

enveloped in the heavy folds of his brown cloak, is reclining like a statue of mendicancy on the threshold of the rich and happy man, and viewing with an eye of vacancy and indifference this spectacle of happiness, ease, and enjoyment. On the upper story are seen on a large balcony, supported by beautiful cariatides,* and surmounted by an Indian veranda adorned with curtains and fringes, a family of English, those happy and firm-minded conquerors of modern Malta. There, some Moorish nurses, with sparkling eyes, and dark leaden complexions, are holding in their arms these beautiful children of Britain, whose flaxen curly tresses, and white and rosy skin, resist the sun of Calcutta, as well as that of Malta and Corfu. On seeing these children under the black mantle and burning look of these half-African women, one might imagine them beautiful white lambs suspended at the breasts of tigresses of the desert. On the terrace, there is another scene; the English and Maltese share it together. On one side, you see some young maidens of the island holding the guitar under the arm, and warbling a few notes of an old national air, wild as the climate; on the other, a lovely young Englishwoman, leaning in a melancholy mood on her elbow, contemplating with indifference the scene of life which is passing before her eyes, and turning over the pages of the immortal poets of her country.

Add to this *coup d'œil* the Arab horses, ridden by English officers, and running, with their tails streaming, along the sands of the quay—the Maltese carriages, a kind of sedan-chairs on two wheels, drawn by a single Barbary horse, which the conductor follows on foot at the gallop, having round his middle a red belt with long fringes, and his forehead covered with the *resille*, or the red cap of the Spanish mulcteer, hanging over as far down as the belt—the savage cries of the naked children as they plunge into the sea, and swim alongside our boat—the songs of the Greek or Sicilian mariners at anchor in the neighbouring harbour, and responding in chorus from one ship's deck to another—the monotonous and skipping notes of the guitar, forming, as it were, a sweet humming bass of the evening atmosphere to all these sharper sounds—and you will have some idea of a quay at Empsida, on a Sunday evening.

July 24.—Admitted to free *pratique* in the harbour of the city of Valetta; the Governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, having returned from his country residence to welcome us, received us at the Palace of the Grand Master, at two o'clock. What a fine specimen of an honest Englishman—probity is the physiognomy of such men's faces—elevation, gravity, and nobleness, form the expression of the true English nobleman. We admired the palace; its magnificent and dignified simplicity; the beauty in its mass, and the absence of unmeaning decorations both within and without; the vast halls, long galleries, severe paintings; the wide, smooth, and sonorous staircase; halls of arms 200 feet in length, containing the armour, at every period of history, of the order of St John of Jerusalem; a library of 40,000 volumes, in which we were received by the director, the Abbé Bollanti, a young Maltese ecclesiastic, quite resembling the Roman abbés of the old school, with a mild, penetrating eye, a mouth smiling and meditative, a pale and expressive forehead, his language elegant and modulated, and his politeness simple, natural, and delicate. We conversed for a long while, for this is just the sort of man most suitable for a long, full, and powerful confabulation. There is in him, as in all those distinguished clergymen whom I have met with in Italy, an air of sadness, indifference, and submissiveness, that speaks of the noble and dignified resignation of departed power. Educated amid the ruins, on the very ruins of a fallen monument, they have contracted from them a habitual melancholy and carelessness about the present. "How," I said to him, "can a man like you tolerate the intellectual exile, and the seclusion in which you live in this deserted palace, and

* [Figures, generally human, so-called from the natives of Caria having been degraded to appear, as slaves, in this architectural attitude.]

amidst the dust of these books?" "It is true," he replied, "I live alone, and I live sorrowful; the horizon of this island is indeed limited; the fame which I might make here by my writings would not resound very far, and even that which other men make elsewhere scarcely penetrates hither; but my soul perceives, beyond this narrow spot, a horizon more free and vast, whither my thoughts love to transport themselves. We have a beautiful sky over our heads, an atmosphere of grateful warmth around us, a blue and spacious sea before our view—this suffices for the life of the senses; as to the life of the mind, *that* is nowhere more intense than in the bosom of silence and of solitude. This life thus remounts directly to the source from whence it emanates, to God, without wandering astray, and becoming impaired by the contact of earthly things, and by the cares of the world. When St Paul, on his way to convey the fruitful word of Christianity to the nations, was cast away at Malta, and staid there three months in order to sow in that island the grain of mustard-seed, he did not complain of his shipwreck and exile, which were availing to that island in an accelerated acquaintance with the word, and with divine morality; ought I to complain—I who was born on those arid rocks—if the Lord confines me here to preserve his Christian truth, in hearts where so many truths are on the eve of extinction! This kind of life has its poetry, too," he added; "when I am at length freed from my classifications and catalogues, perhaps I also shall indite that poetry of solitude and prayer!" I left him with regret, and with an earnest wish of again meeting him.

The church of St John, the cathedral of the island, has quite the character, quite the solemnity of appearance, which one would expect from such a monument in such a place—grandeur, nobleness, richness. The keys of Rhodes, carried off by the knights after their defeat, are suspended at the two sides of the altar, a symbol of eternal regrets, or of hopes for ever frustrated. The dome is superb—the whole of it painted by the Calabrese—a work worthy of modern Rome in her finest era of painting.

One picture struck me remarkably in the chapel of the Election; it is by Michael Angelo, of Caravaggio, whom the knights of that time had invited to the island to paint the dome of St John. He undertook the task, but the restlessness and irritability of his wild disposition prevailed; he became afraid of a tedious amount of labour, and departed. He left at Malta his masterpiece, the Decollation of St John the Baptist. If our modern artists, who hunt for the romantic in a system, instead of finding it in nature, were to view this magnificent painting, they would find their pretended invention invented before them. Here is the fruit as it grows on the tree, and not the artificial fruit moulded in wax, and painted in false colours; picturesqueness of attitude, energy of design, profundity of sentiment, truth and dignity united; vigour of contrast, but still unity and harmony, horror and beauty side by side—such is this painting. It is one of the finest I have seen in my whole life. It is the painting which the artists of the present school are in search of. Here it is—it is found! Let them search for it no more. Thus there is nothing new in nature, or in the arts. All that man is now doing has been done—whatever he says has been said—whatever he dreams has been dreamed. Every age is a plagiarist from another age; for all of us, such as we are, perishable and fugitive artists or thinkers, copy in different ways a model, immutable and eternal, Nature—that single though diversified thought of the Creator!

July 25.—From the summit of the observatory which commands the Palace of the Grand Master, there is a panoramic view of the towns, harbours, and country scenery of Malta; the country naked, formless, colourless, and arid, like the desert; the town resembling the shell of a turtle aground upon the rock; one would say it had been carved out of one single block of the native rock; scenes there are also of the terraced roofs towards the approach of night, and of women seated on those terraces. Thus did David see Bethsheba. Nothing

can be more graceful and seductive than these figures, white or dark, like so many shadows, thus appearing by the rays of the moon, on the roofs of this multitude of houses. It is only there, or at church, or on their balconies, that the women are to be seen; their whole language is in their eyes; their whole love is a long mystery which words do not impair—a long drama is thus unravelled and unravelled without discourse. This silence, these appearances at certain hours, those meetings in the same places, those distant intimacies, those mute expressions, are perhaps the first and most divine language of love, that sentiment superior to words, which, like music, expresses in a language of signs what no direct language can express.

Those views, those thoughts, bring back youth to the soul; they cause us to feel the only exhaustless charm which God has spread over the earth, and to regret that the hours of life should be so rapid and so motionless. Two sentiments alone would suffice for man, lived he the age of rocks—the contemplation of God, and love. Love and religion are the two ideas, or rather the one idea, of the nations of the south—so they seek for nothing else, they have enough. We pity them, whereas we ought to envy them! What is there in common between our factitious passions, between the tumultuous agitation of our vain thoughts, and those two sole true ideas that occupy the life of these children of the sun, religion and love—the one enchanting the present, the other enchanting the future! Thus, I have ever been struck, in spite of the prejudices to the contrary, with the profound and rarely troubled calm of the physiognomies of the south, and with that mass of repose, serenity, and happiness, diffused over the manners and countenances of that silent crowd, who breathe, live, love, and sing, before your eyes—song, that overflowing of happiness and of sensations in a soul too full! They sing at Rome, at Naples, at Genoa, at Malta, in Sicily, in Greece, in Ionia, on the shore, on the waves, on the roofs; nought is heard but the slow recitation of the fisherman, the mariner, the shepherd, or the tinkling murmur of the guitar during the serene nights. This is happiness, whatever may be said of it! They are slaves, say you? What do they know of it!—slavery or liberty!—conventional happiness or unhappiness! Happiness and unhappiness are closer to us. What matters it to these peaceful groups who are inhaling the sea breeze, or stretched out under the grateful rays of the sun of Sicily, Malta, or the Bosphorus, whether the law be made to them by a priest, a pacha, or a parliament? Does that change any thing of their relations with nature, the only ones that engage them? No, undoubtedly; every society, whether free or absolute, may be analysed always into servitudes more or less felt. We are slaves to the variable and capricious laws that we form for ourselves; they again are so to the immutable law of that control which God exerts upon them—all this, as to happiness or unhappiness, returns to the same point; but as to human dignity, and the progress of intelligence and morality among mankind—no, no! We must, however, examine before pronouncing this *no*. Take at random a hundred men among these slave nations, and a hundred men among our nations calling themselves free, and cast the balance. Among which of them will be found most or least morality and virtue? I know well, but I shudder to tell it. If any one should read this after me, he might suspect me of partiality to despotism, or contempt towards liberty. He would be mistaken. I love liberty as an effort difficult and ennobling for humanity, as I love virtue for its merits and for its reward; but the question is about happiness, and I examine the matter philosophically, and I say like Montaigne, "What do I know?" The fact is, that our political questions, so all-important in our lycæums, our coffee-rooms, and our clubs, are very small affairs, when seen from a distance, in the midst of the ocean, from the summit of the Alps, or on the heights of philosophical or religious contemplation. Those questions only interest a few individuals that have their daily food and hours of leisure—the great mass have no concern but with na-

ture; a good, beautiful, and divine religion, is the politics for the use of the multitude. This principle of life is wanting in our system—hence it is that we stumble, fall, and fall again; we do not walk; the breath of life is wanting to us; we create formations, and the soul enters not therein. Oh, God! restore us your breath, or we perish.

Malta, July 28, 29, and 30.—Detained at Malta by Julia's indisposition. She is recovering, and we resolve on going to Smyrna, touching at Athens. There I shall establish my wife and child; and I shall go alone across Asia Minor, and visit the other regions of the east. We got under way, and were about to leave the harbour, when a sail arrived from the Archipelago, which announced the capture of several vessels by the Greek pirates, and the massacre of the crews. M. Miège, the French Consul, advised us to wait a few days; Captain Lyons, of the British frigate *Madagascar*, offered to escort our brig as far as Napoli in the *Morca*, and even to take us in tow if the brig's rate of sailing should be inferior to that of the frigate. He accompanied this offer with such obliging courtesies as enhanced its value: we accepted, and sailed on Wednesday, the 1st of August, at eight o'clock of the morning. We were scarcely at sea, when the captain, whose vessel shot rapidly ahead of ours, hove to and waited for us. He threw overboard a cask with a hawser fast to it; we picked up the same, and followed, like a led courser, the floating mass, that clove the waters without seeming to feel our weight.

I was not acquainted with Captain Lyons, who had commanded for six years one of the ships of the British station in the Levant; I was unknown to him, even by name; I had not met him in any person's house at Malta, because he was then in quarantine; and, notwithstanding, here was an officer of another nation—of a nation often rival and hostile, who, on the first signal from us, consented to be delayed two or three days on his passage, to expose his vessel and crew to a manœuvre often very perilous (towing), to hear perhaps his men murmuring around him about such condescension to an unknown Frenchman; and all this through one sole feeling of noble-mindedness and sympathy for the anxieties of a wife and the sufferings of a child. Here one sees the genuine English officer in all his personal generousities, and man in all the dignity of his character and mission. I shall never forget either the circumstance or the individual. This officer, who came sometimes on board of us to ascertain our state of comfort, and to repeat to us assurances of the pleasure he felt in protecting us, appeared to me one of the most loyal and open characters whom I ever met with. Nothing about him reminded me of that pretended rudeness of a sailor; but the firmness of a man accustomed to struggle with the most terrible of the elements, was admirably blended, in his still fine youthful countenance, with mildness of temper, elevation of thought, and gracefulness of disposition.

Though we arrived strangers at Malta, we did not behold without regret its white walls sinking in the distance under the waters. Those houses, which we looked upon with indifference a few days before, had now a physiognomy and a language for us. We were now acquainted with those who inhabited them, and the looks of many a well-wisher were pursuing, from the height of their terraces, the distant sails of our two vessels.

The English are a great moral and political people, but, in general, they are not a sociable people. Concentrated in the sweet and sacred privacy of the family fireside, when they do go out from it, it is not pleasure, it is not the need of communicating their souls, or of diffusing their sympathies; it is custom, it is vanity, that leads them forth. Vanity is the soul of all English society. It is this which constructs that form of society, so cold, measured, and full of etiquette; it is this which has created those classifications of ranks, titles, dignities, riches, by which alone men are there distinguished, and which have made a complete abstraction from the man, to consider only the name, the dress,

the social form. Are they different in their colonies? I should believe so, after what we experienced at Malta. Scarcely had we arrived there when we received, from all that compose that beautiful colony, the most cordial and disinterested marks of interest and good will. Our residence there was but one brilliant and continued scene of hospitality. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, and Lady Emily Ponsonby, his wife, a couple formed to represent worthily every where, the one the virtuous and noble simplicity of the great English nobles, and the other the sweet and graceful modesty of the ladies of high rank in her country. The family of Sir Frederick Hankey, Mr and Mrs Nugent, Mr Greig, Mr Freyre, formerly ambassador to Spain, welcomed us less as travellers than as friends. We saw them for eight days—we shall, perhaps, never see them more; but we carry with us an impression of their obliging cordiality that penetrates to the bottom of our hearts. Malta was for us the colony of hospitality; whatever of chivalrous and hospitable that recalls the memory of its ancient possessors is found anew in those palaces, now occupied by a people worthy of the high rank they hold in civilisation. One cannot love the English, but it is impossible not to esteem them.

The government of Malta is harsh and contracted; it is not worthy of the English, who have taught liberty to the world, to have in one of their possessions two classes of men, the citizens and the freedmen.

The provincial government and the local parliaments would easily associate themselves with the broad representation of the mother country. The germs of liberty and of nationality, when respected among conquered nations, become thenceforward germs of virtue, strength, and dignity, for the entire human race. The British flag should float only over free men.

August 1, midnight.—Though we sailed this morning with a heavy sea, a dead calm surprised us about a dozen leagues at sea; it still continues; no wind in the heaven, save some spent breezes, that come from time to time, and ruffle the sails of the two vessels; they cause these great sails to send forth a sonorous palpitation, an irregular flapping, like the convulsive flapping in the wings of a dying bird; the sea is smooth and polished like the blade of a sabre; not a ruffle to be seen, but, at far intervals, large cylindrical undulations, which slide under the vessel, and make her shudder as from an earthquake. The whole mass of the masts, yards, rigging, and sails, creak and tremble then, as if under a heavy gale. We are not advancing one inch an hour; the orange peels that Julia throws overboard, float without change of place about the brig, and the helmsman carelessly looks at the stars, without the tiller turning aside his listless hand. We have cast off the tow-rope which fastened us to the English frigate, as the two vessels, no longer having steerage way, ran the risk of striking each other in the dark.

We are now about five hundred paces distant from the frigate. The lighted lamps gleam through the port-holes of the officers' large and handsome cabins that decorate her stern. A light, which the eye might mistake for one of the two great luminaries of the firmament, ascends, and remains stationary at the mizen-topgallantmast-head, to keep us in company during the night. Whilst our view is fixed on this floating beacon-light that is to guide us, a delicious music suddenly issues from the luminous quarters of the frigate, and resounds under her cloud of canvass, as if under the sonorous vaults of a cathedral.

The harmonies are varied, and succeed each other thus for several hours, and spread afar over that enchanted and sleeping sea, all the sounds we have listened to in the most delicious hours of our life. All the melodious reminiscences of our towns, of our theatres, of our rural airs; return and carry our thoughts toward periods that are no more, toward beings now removed from us by death or by lapse of time!

To-morrow, or in a few hours, perhaps, the terrible sounds of the hurricane causing the masts to groan, the redoubled shocks of the sea against the hollow flanks of the vessel, the signal-gun of distress, the

thunder, the convulsive voices of two elements at war, and of man struggling against their combined fury, will take the place of this serene and majestic music.

These thoughts arise in all our hearts, and a complete silence reigns over the two decks. Every one recalls to himself some of these notes, so significant and engraven by a strong impression on his memory, which he has heard elsewhere in some happy or sombre circumstance of the life of his heart; every one thinks more tenderly on what he has left behind him. We become anxious at this defiance which man appears to throw down to the tempest. Such moments as these ought to be inscribed in our thoughts for ever; they comprise in a few minutes more impressions, more colours, more life, than whole years passed in the prosaic vicissitudes of common life. The heart is then full, and seeks to overflow. Then it is that the most ordinary man feels himself a poet in every fibre; then it is that the finite and the infinite enter through every pore; then it is that we feel a wish to vent forth before God, or to reveal to but one sympathetic heart, or to all mankind, in the language of minds, what is passing in our mind; it is then that one might improvise songs worthy of earth, and even of heaven. Ah! if one had but a language! But there is no language, especially for us Frenchmen—no, there is no language for philosophy, love, religion, or poetry; mathematics are the language of this nation; her words are dry, precise, and colourless, like ciphers. Let us go to sleep.

Two o'clock of the morning—same date.—I could not sleep, I had felt too much; I returned upon deck—let us describe the scene. The moon had disappeared beneath the orange fog that veiled the horizon. It was indeed night, but a night at sea—that is to say, on a transparent element that reflected the feeblest gleam from the firmament, and seemed to retain a luminous impression of day. The night was not dark, but only pale and pearly, like the colour of a mirror when the torch is withdrawn to a side, or placed behind it. The air also seemed dead, or asleep on that supple couch of the waves. Not a sound, not a breath, not even a sail flapping against the yard—not a wreath of foam to murmur and trace the wake of the brig.

I viewed this mute spectacle of repose, voidness, silence, and serenity. I inhaled that light and tepid air, in which the breast can perceive neither heat, nor coolness, nor weight, and I said to myself, This must be the air that is breathed in the land of souls, in the regions of immortality, in that divine atmosphere where all is immoveable, voluptuous, perfect.

Another view of the heaven. I had forgot the English frigate; I was looking in the opposite direction; she was a few cables' length from us. I turned accidentally, and my eyes fell on that majestic colossus, reposing immoveable and immense, without the least vibration, as if on a pedestal of polished marble.

The dark and gigantic mass of her hull seemed to detach itself in spectral darkness from the silvery base of the water, and was sketched out on the blue field of sky, air, and sea; not a sigh of life issued from that majestic edifice; nothing indicated either to the eye or ear that it was animated with so much life and intellect, and peopled by so many thinking and acting beings. One would have taken her for one of those great victims of the tempest, which the navigator meets with terror, floating rudderless in the solitudes of the southern ocean, a mortuary register without note or date, which the sea allows to float a few days above the surface, before swallowing it up entirely.

Over the dark hull of the vessel, the cloud of all her sails was picturesquely grouped, and rose like a pyramid along her masts. They ascended from story to story, from yard to yard, cut out in a thousand fantastic forms, unfolded in wide and deep plies, like the numerous high turrets of a Gothic castle, grouped around the donjon; they had neither the movement nor the glancing golden colour of sails seen at a distance on the waters in the day-time; motionless, dull, and tinged, by the darkness, a slaty grey, one would have said it was a covey of enormous bats, or of some unknown

sea-birds, beat down, and pressed closely against one another on a gigantic tree, and suspended to its naked trunk, by moonlight, in a night of winter. The shadow of this cloud of sails descended upon us from aloft, and deprived us of half the horizon. Never did a stranger and more colossal vision of the sea appear to the mind of Ossian in a dream. All the poetry of the waves was there. The blue line of the horizon was confounded with that of the sky; all that was reposing on high or below, had the appearance of one single ethereal fluid, in which we were swimming. All that expanse of water, without objects or boundary, augmented the effect of this gigantic apparition of the frigate on the waters, and brought the mind under the same illusion as the eye. It seemed to me as though the frigate, the aerial pyramid of her canvass, and ourselves, were all raised upwards together, and conveyed along, like heavenly bodies in the liquid plains of ether, bearing on nothing, and moving by an internal force on the azure void of an universal firmament.

Several similar days and nights were passed in the open sea, with a dead calm and a burning sky. Immense waves roll from the Adriatic into the sea of Africa; these are vast cylinders slightly channelled, and gilt in the morning and evening, like the columns of the temples of Rome or Pæstum.

I passed the day-time on deck—I wrote some verses to M. de Montherot, my brother-in-law.

Friend, more than friend, brother in heart and soul,
Whose sad look haunts me still as on I roll;
Across so many waves, flung far a-lee,
Through floods of sky and air, I think of thee!
I think of all the hours we two have spent,
Where asp and willow o'er the brook are bent—
Of our oft lingering steps, our converse sweet,
In which thy verse with mine would often meet—
'Thy verse of smiles and meteor-flashes born,
Not from the lyre with tremulous ardour torn,
But which thy careless hand, from day to day,
Leaves to what wind of fancy sweeps thy way;
Like to those liquid pearls, wept by the dawn,
That steep in sparkling tints the waking lawn,
Which, undiffused, a stream would constitute,
But now sink not eless on the passer's foot;
Whose humble shower, raised by the sun, exhales
At length in perfume on the drying grass!

New days, new cares; for every fruit its time.
Long ere my judgment had attained its prime,
While yet I sported round my mother's knees,
A child whom toys could charm, or toys dispense,
I copied boys, my equals, in their play,
I spoke their language, and I did as they;
In early spring, when buds begin to sprout,
And sap from bark of trees seems sweating out,
I sought our village torrent's rumbling billow,
To cut fresh branches from the bending willow;
Then softening with my lips a twig, as yet
Undried, I from it pulled the bark unsplit;
I blew into the wood, and soon a sound,
Plaintive and soft, filled all the air around;
For artful rules this sound was all unmeet—
An empty noise, a murmur vague and sweet,
Like to the voices of the wave and breeze,
Which bear no meaning, though the ear they please;
The prelude of a soul stirred in young years,
Which chants before the days of song, weeps ere the time of tears!

Those times are past, and half my span is gone;
And pain and care have raised my spirit's tone.
These fragile reeds, fit toys for boyish days,
Could ill relieve this load that on me weighs.
It lieth not in mortal speech nor rhyme,
In trump of war, nor yet in organ chime,
To bear the outburst of my soul's full blast,
Whose fire melts all its shock doth not o'ercast!
To vent its breathings, it hath long ago
Renounced the phrases of the world below:
'Their fragile symbols would be burst—twixt word
And word, lightning collisions would be stirred,
And youth, with shaking front, would wildly cry,
"Let him speak softly, Lord! or else we die!"

But thus the soul speaks to itself alone :
 In that unspoken tongue, that mighty tone,
 Which never hand of flesh hath placed on scroll,
 Doth spirit speak to spirit, soul to soul !
 Losing of common tongues all exercise,
 On this the lonely soul for cheer relies.
 Ever within me doth it murmur on,
 Like to a noisy sea, that resteth none ;
 Its heavy blows, that on my temples ring,
 Sound like the rustling of the tempest's wing,
 Reverberate in me like a flood by night,
 Each wave of which roars loudly in its flight,
 Or the rebound of thunder on the hills,
 Which all the plain with echoed voices fills,
 Or brazen roarings of the wintry breeze,
 Falling like Lebanon's masses on the seas,
 Or like the mighty clash, when on a rock
 The waves in mountains rise, or fall in smoke ;
 Such are the tones, the voices, that might roll,
 In music fit, the burden off my soul !
 No more for me those verses, where the thought,
 As from a sounding bow full trimly shot,
 And on two rhyming words made to rebound,
 Dances complacent at the whim of sound !
 My ear disdains this frigid trick of art ;
 And if the past time's memories touch my heart ;
 If, while the clear-skied East's mute wilds I view,
 My visage e'er shall smiling turn to you ;
 If, thinking how my friends this morn will see,
 My soul with theirs would intermingled be ;
 In other tones my heart to them shall speak,
 And in return their loved remembrance seek.
 By prayer !—that language, winged, strong, and clear,
 Which, in one sigh, embraces all held dear—
 Shows to the heart, and brings in sight of God,
 A thousand loved ones, near and far abroad ;
 Makes between all, through aids from virtue given,
 A viewless commerce in the gifts of heaven ;
 A boundless language, reaching to the sky,
 The better heard that it ascends so high :
 Pure incense ! which an equal perfume leaves
 With him who lights the flame, and who receives !
 Thus would my soul itself to thee unfold.
 All common speech to me seems weak and cold ;
 And would'st thou know whence springs this scornful mind,
 Follow my bark, that flies before the wind ;
 Come to those scenes where worlds have passed away,
 And sands exult—where empires had their day—
 Where heroes, sages, gods, entombed remain—
 Come, and three nights, three views, will all explain !
 I now have left the land, whose endless noise,
 Far, far at sea, still haunts one and annoys ;
 That Europe! sinking, splitting, struggling all,
 Where ev'ry hour beholds some ruin fall ;
 Where two great spirits, over hot at war,
 Crush throne and fane, and laws and morals mar,
 Making, while levelling their parent soil,
 Room for God's spirit, veiled from them the while.
 My bark, urged onward by an unseen force,
 Glanced gaily though the foam upon her course.
 Twelve times the sun, like a recumbent god,
 Has turned th' horizon for his night abode,
 And has come bounding up in air again,
 Like fiery eagle from the crested main ;
 Our mast and sails now sleep—beneath our bow
 Our anchor bites the sand—I am in Athens now !
 It is the hour, when this so restless place—
 Beneath night's finger mute for some brief space—
 Woke once to deeds, by turns of shame and pride,
 Rolling its living floods like ocean's tide.
 Driv'n by each wind to some ambitious end,
 To faction come, and some to virtue bend ;
 The forum Pericles, Themistocles the shore,
 Arms sought the brave, the sage the Porch's door,
 The Just to exile, and the Wise to death,
 The mob to crime, despite remorse's scathe !
 A turban'd man now guards the Parthenon :
 The morn is come—I walk, and ponder on.
 From high Cytheron's top the day comes down,
 And strikes of many a height the naked crown ;
 From flank to base, from plain to sea, the ray
 Passes, but tinges nothing by the way ;
 No cities in the distance, bright with fires ;
 No smoke by morning's breath sent up in spires ;

No hamlets perched upon the sloping hill ;
 No towers the vale—the seas no vessels fill ;
 In passing o'er each lifeless height and plain,
 The rays fall dead, and never rise again.
 But one, the loftiest shot from morning's bow,
 Bends from the gilded Parthenon on my brow,
 Then, glancing sadly o'er the stones, time-scarred,
 Where dozes o'er his pipe the Moslem guard,
 Turns down, as if to weep its ruined grace
 And dies on Theseus' lofty temple-base !
 Two rays, disporting on two wrecks !—this pair
 Are all that shine and say, Athens is there !

August 6: at sea.—At noon, we perceived, under the white clouds of the horizon, the irregular tops of the mountains of Greece. The sky was pale and grey, as on the Thames or on the Seine in the month of October ; a storm tore up to the westward, the dark curtain of fog that dragged on the water ; the thunder burst forth, the lightnings flashed, and a strong breeze from the south-east brought us the coolness and moisture of our showery autumnal winds.

The hurricane drove us out of our course, and we found ourselves quite close to the coast of Navarin ; we distinguished the two islets that close the entrance of the harbour, and the fine mountain, with two rounded peaks, that overlooks the town. It was here that the cannon of Europe spoke, not long since, to resuscitated Greece. Greece answered ill—emancipated from the Turks by the heroism of her children, and the assistance of Europe, she is now (1832) a victim to ravages from within ; she has shed the blood of Capo d'Istria, who had devoted his life to her cause. The assassination of one of her first citizens is a bad commencement for an era of virtue and regeneration. It is distressing that the idea of a great crime should be one of the first to rise up at the sight of this land, where one comes to look for images of patriotism and glory.

In proportion as the vessel approaches the Gulf of Modon, the shores of the Peloponnesus project into view, and show a distinct outline as they issue from the floating mist that envelopes them. These shores, of which travellers speak with contempt, appear to me, on the contrary, well planned out by nature—grand sections of mountain scenery, and graceful undulation of lines. I find a difficulty in withdrawing my view from the scene, which, void as it appears, is full of the past—memory can people every spot ! That dusky group of hills, capes, and valleys, which the view embraces completely from where we are, although like a little islet on the ocean, and but a point in the chart, has produced, in itself alone, more splendour, glory, and renown, more virtues and crimes, than entire continents have achieved. This little heap of islands and mountains, from which there sprang forth almost simultaneously Miltiades, Leonidas, Thrasybulus, Epaminondas, Demosthenes, Alcibiades, Pericles, Plato, Aristides, Socrates, Phidias—this land, which devoured Xerxes' armies of 2,000,000 of men, which sent out colonies to Byzantium, to Asia, and to Africa, which created or restored the arts, whether manual or intellectual, and advanced them in a century and a half to that point of perfection in which they become models, and can no longer be surpassed—that land, whose history is our history, whose Olympus is still the heaven of our imagination—that land, out of which philosophy and poetry have taken their flight towards the other nations of the globe, and to which they return incessantly, like children to their cradle—there it is before me ! Each succeeding wave carries me nearer it—I touch it. Its appearance affects me profoundly, much less, however, than if all these reminiscences had not become faded in my thoughts, in consequence of having been sifted over and over in my memory before my thoughts could comprehend them. Greece is to me as a book whose beauties are tarnished, because we have been made to read it before we were qualified for its comprehension.

All is not, however, disenchanted. There still lingers in my heart an echo that responds to these mighty names. Something holy, sweet, and perfumed, ascends with these horizons into my soul. I thank God for

having seen, on my passage along this earth, that land of *doers of great things*, as Epaminondas called his country.

During my whole youth, I have desired to do what I am now doing, to see what I am now seeing. A desire, at length satisfied, is a happiness. I experience at the sight of these horizons, so much dreamed of, what I have all my life experienced in the possession of whatever I have eagerly desired—a calm and contemplative pleasure, which falls back upon itself—a repose of the mind and soul, which pause for a moment and say to themselves, "Let us make a halt, and enjoy;" but, at bottom, these happinesses of the mind and imagination are very cold. It is not the same with the happiness of the soul: this exists nowhere but in love, human or divine, but always in love.

Same date: evening.—We are sailing deliciously, with a favourable wind, which carries us between Cape Matapan and the island of Cerigo.

A Greek pirate brig approached us, while the frigate was some leagues at sea, in chase of a suspicious vessel. The brig was only a cable's length from us; we all ascended upon deck, and prepared for action. Our guns were loaded, and the deck strewn with muskets and pistols. The captain summoned the commander of the Greek brig to retire. The latter, seeing twenty-five men well armed on our deck, decided on not venturing to board us. He stood away, but returned almost close alongside of our vessel. We were about to give fire, when he again declined the affair, and withdrew, remaining for a quarter of an hour within pistol-shot of us. He pretended that he was, like ourselves, a merchant vessel returning to the Archipelago. I observed his crew, and never did I see countenances in which crime, murder, and pillage, were written in more hideous characters. There were to be seen, on board of the pirate, fifteen or twenty bandits, some in Albanese costume, others with tatters of European dresses, seated, lying, or working the vessel. All were armed with pistols and poignards, the handles of which glittered with chased work of silver. There was a fire on deck, at which two aged women were dressing fish. A young girl, of fifteen or sixteen, appeared from time to time among these haridans—a celestial face, an angelic apparition, in the midst of these infernal countenances. One of the old women repulsed her several times to the lower deck, to which she descended, weeping. A dispute arose seemingly on this subject between some of the crew. Two poignards were drawn and brandished; the captain, who was leaning on the tiller, carelessly smoking his pipe, threw himself between the two bandits, and turned one over the deck; every thing became quiet; the young Greek woman came up again, and, wiping her eyes with the long tresses of her beautiful hair, seated herself at the foot of the mainmast. One of the old women knelt behind her, and combed the girl's long hair. The wind freshened. The Greek pirate turned his head to Cerigo, and in a twinkling, crowding all canvass, was soon only a white spot on the horizon.

We hove-to, in order to wait for the frigate, who fired a gun to warn us. In a few hours she rejoined us. The Greek pirate, which she chased, had escaped, having entered one of those inaccessible creeks of the coast where they always take refuge in a similar emergency.

Same day: eleven o'clock.—Whenever some powerful impression agitates my soul, I feel the necessity of telling or writing to some one what I experience, of finding somewhere a joy of my joy, a reverberation of what has struck myself. An isolated sentiment is not complete; man was created double.

Alas! when I now look around me, there is already much of loneliness. Julia and Marianne* comprise all in themselves alone; but Julia is still so young that I tell her only what is within the reach of her infancy. This is all the future: it will soon be all the present for us.

The person who would have most enjoyed my happiness at this moment, was my mother. In whatever

* Madame de Lamartine.

happens to me of happiness or sorrow, my thoughts turn involuntarily towards her. I think I see her, hear her, speak to her, write to her. A being whom we remember to such a degree, is not absent; an object that lives so completely, so powerfully, in ourselves, is not dead with regard to us. I always impart to her, as during her lifetime, all my impressions, which used to become so rapidly and entirely her own, which became more embellished, coloured, and glowing in her radiant imagination, an imagination which stood always at the age of seventeen! I seek for her in idea in the modest and pious solitude of Milly, where she educated us, where she thought of us when the vicissitudes of my youth separated us from each other. I see her expecting, receiving, perusing, commenting on my letters, revealing more than even myself in my ideas. Vain dream! she is there no more; she dwells in the world of realities; our fugitive dreams are no longer anything to her: but her spirit is with us—it visits, follows, and protects us: *our conversation is with her in the eternal regions.*

I have thus lost, before the age of maturity, the greater number of the beings whom I loved most, or who have most loved me here below. My life of affection has become concentrated; my heart has now only a few hearts to betake itself to for refuge; my memory has scarce on this earth sought but tombs to repose on. If God were to level but two or three strokes more around me, I feel that I should be entirely detached from myself: for I should contemplate myself no longer—I should love myself more in others; and it is only thus that it is possible for me to love myself.

While very young, I loved myself in myself; infancy is egotistical. It was all well then, at sixteen or eighteen years of age, when I did not as yet know myself, when I knew life still less; but now I have lived too long, I have known too much to hold to that form of existence which is called the human "I." What is a man, great God! and what a pity to attach the least importance to what I feel, to what I think, to what I write! What place is it which I hold in existing things? What void shall I leave in the world?—a void of a few days in one or two hearts; one shadow less to the sun; my dog, who will seek for me; some trees that I have loved, and that will be astonished at not seeing me return under their shade: that is all! And then all this will pass away in its turn. We do not begin to feel the emptiness of existence till the day comes when we are no longer necessary to any one, till the hour when we can be no longer cherished. The only reality here below, I have always felt, is love—love under all its forms!

August 7: evening, six o'clock.—The elevated coast of Laconia is at a few cannon-shots' distance from us. We skirt it with a fine breeze; it slides away majestically before us. Leaning on the bulwark of the vessel, my looks seize, in order to recollect them, those classic forms of the mountains of Greece; they unroll themselves as if they were waves of stone and earth; they rise, sink, and group themselves before me, like the clouds of the country of his soul before the mind of Ossian. I spend one or two hours, making in silence this review of the hills and of the sonorous names of this departed country. The hills of Cromius, from which the Eurotas derives its source, dart into the air their rounded summits; the globe of the sun descends upon them, and strikes them like domes of gilded copper; he inflames his cloudy couch around him; the mountain tops become transparent, like the very air that envelopes them, and from which they can hardly be distinguished; one would swear that he saw behind them the light of another sun already set, or the immense reflection of some distant conflagration.

One of these mountains, among others, presented to our sight the figure of a crescent reversed; it seems to be hollowed out proportionally in order to open out an aerial track for the disc of the sun, which rolls there amid the golden dust of the vapour that ascends to him. The nearer summits, which the sun has already passed, are tinged with purplish violet, or with a pale lilac colour; they swim in an atmosphere as rich as the

painter's palette: still nearer us, other hills, already covered with the shades of evening, appear clothed with dark forests; finally, those which compose the foreground, those which we seem to touch, and whose steep slopes are washed by the sea foam, are quite plunged in night; the eye only distinguishes among them a few creeks, which afford a refuge to the numerous pirates of these shores, and a few advancing promontories, which carry, like Napoli di Malvasia, towns or fortresses on their precipitous summits. These mountains, viewed thus from the deck of a ship, at this hour when the night tapestries them with its thousand illusions of colour, are perhaps the finest terrestrial forms that my eyes have yet contemplated; and then the ship floats so gently inclined, like a moveable balcony on the sea, which murmurs while caressing her keel! the air is so mildly warm and so perfumed! the sails give out such pleasing sounds at each puff of the evening breeze!—almost all that I love is there, tranquil, happy, safe, looking and enjoying with me. Julia and her mother are leaning near me on the rigging. The countenance of the child beams at all the views, and names of places, at all the historical facts which her mother relates to her regarding each; her eyes float along with ours over all those scenes, the marvellous dramas of which are already known to her! There is genius in her look; one sees there the deep, living, warm, and rapid thoughts of a mind which is budding under the ardent and loving soul of her mother; she seems to enjoy as much as we do, and especially because she sees us interested and happy—for the soul of that child lives in ours; a tear comes into her eyes, if she sees me sad and pensive; her features are an instantaneous reflection of mine, and the smile of every joy of ours never has to wait for a like smile from her lips. How beautiful she is thus!

I have long seen, and under all their aspects, the mountains of Rome and of Sabina; those here surpass them in variety of grouping, in majesty of form, in dazzling splendour of tints; their allineation is endless—it would require a volume to describe what a picture would tell at one glance; but to be seen in all their imaginative beauty, they must be thus perceived at the fall of day. Then they are to be seen, clad, as in their youth, with forests and green pastures, and rural cottages, and flocks and shepherds; the shades of evening clothe them—they have no other wardrobe; just as the history of the men who have rendered them illustrious requires the clouds of the past and the *prestige* of distance to attach and seduce our thoughts. Nothing ought to be seen in broad day, by the light of the present; in this sad world of ours, there is nothing completely beautiful but what is ideal; illusion in all things is an element of the beautiful, except in virtue and in love.

Same date: eight o'clock at night.—The wind freshens; we are sailing along with a beautiful sea, before the openings of different bays; we approach Cape St Angelo, anciently Cape Malia; we shall soon be abreast of it.

August 8: morning.—The wind has died away; we have passed the night without making any progress, at a short distance from Cape Malia.

Same date: noon.—The breeze is mild, and wafts us towards the cape. The frigate, which has us in tow, hollows out ahead of us a level and murmuring path, along which we glide in her wake, amidst the wreaths of foam which her keel dashes up on its flight. Captain Lyons, who knows the coast, wishes to let us enjoy the view of the cape and the country, by passing not more than a hundred fathoms from the shore.

At the extremity of Cape St Angelo, or Malia, which advances considerably into the sea, that narrow passage commences which timid mariners avoid by leaving the island of Cerigo on their left. This cape is the cape of tempests for Greek sailors. The pirates alone show head to it, because they know they will not be followed thither. The wind descends from this cape with such weight and impetuosity on the sea, that it often hurls rolling stones from the mountain upon the decks of vessels.

On the steep and inaccessible declivity of the rock

that forms the headland of the cape, sharpened by hurricanes and by the lashing of the spray, accident has suspended three rocks detached from the summit, and arrested half way in their fall. There they remain, like a nest of sea-fowl bending over the foaming abyss of the waters. A quantity of reddish earth, also stopped in its fall by these three unequal rocks, gives root to five or six stunted fig-trees, which themselves hang with their tortuous branches, and their large grey leaves, over the roaring gulf that whirls at their feet. The eye cannot discern any footpath, any practicable declivity, by which this little mound of vegetation could be reached. However, a small low dwelling can be distinguished among the fig-trees—a house of a grey, sombre appearance, like the rock which serves for its base, and with which one confounds it on the first view. Over the flat roof of the house there rises a small open belfry, as over the door of convents in Italy: a bell is suspended from it. To the right are to be seen some ancient ruins of foundations of red bricks, in which there are three open arcades leading to a little terrace that stretches in front of the house. An eagle would have feared to build his eyrie in such a place, without a single bush or trunk of a tree to shelter him from the wind which roars continually, from the eternal noise of the sea breaking, and of the spray licking incessantly the polished rock, under a sky always burning. Well! a man has done what the bird itself would scarcely have dared to do; he has chosen this asylum. He lives there; we perceived him—he is a hermit. We doubled the cape so closely that we could distinguish his long white beard, his staff, his chaplet, his hood of brown felt, like that of sailors in winter. He went on his knees as we passed, with his face turned towards the sea, as if he were imploring the succour of Heaven for the unknown strangers on this perilous passage. The wind, which issues furiously from the mountain-gorges of Laconia, as soon as you double the rock of the cape, began to resound in our sails, and make the two vessels roll and stagger, covering the sea with foam as far as the eye could reach. A new sea was opening before us. The hermit, in order to follow us still farther with his eyes, ascended the crest of a rock, and we distinguished him there, on his knees and motionless, as long as we were in sight of the cape.

What is this man? He must have a soul trebly steeped in woe, to have chosen this frightful abode; he must have a heart and senses eager for strong and eternal emotions, to live in this vulture's nest, alone, with the boundless horizon, the hurricane, and the roar of the sea. His only spectacle is, from time to time, a passing ship, the creaking of the masts, the tearing of the sails, the cannon of distress, the cries of sailors in their agony.

These three fig-trees, that little inaccessible field, this spectacle of the convulsive struggle of the elements, these rough, severe, and meditative impressions of the soul, formed one of the dreams of my childhood and youth. By an instinct which my knowledge of men has since confirmed, I never placed happiness but in solitude—only, at that time I placed love there; but now I shall place there, love, God, and thought: this desert suspended between the heaven and the sea, shaken by the incessant shock of the winds and waves, would still be one of the charms of my heart. It is the attitude of the bird of the mountains, while yet touching with its foot the sharp summit of the rock, and already flapping its wings to dart still higher into the regions of light. There is no well-organised man who would not become, in such an abode, either a saint or a great poet, perhaps both. But what a violent shock of existence must have been required to inspire me with such thoughts and desires, and to drive thither those other men whom I see there! God knows. Whatever be the case, he cannot be an ordinary man, who has felt the pleasure and the necessity of hooking himself like the pendant birdcage to the walls of such an abyss, and to remain hovering there during a whole lifetime, beside the tumult of the elements, the terrible music of the tempest, alone with his own thoughts, in the presence of nature and of God.

Same date.—At some leagues' distance from the cape, the sea became finer again. Light Greek vessels, undecked and crowded with canvass, passed alongside of us in the deep valleys of the waves; they are full of women and children, who are going to Hydra with baskets of melons and grapes. The least puff of wind makes them heel over on the sea, so much as to bathe their sails in it. They have nothing to protect them from the wave but a cloth a few feet high, stretched along the side exposed to the water; they are often concealed from our view by the billow and the foam; they rise again like a cork floating on the water. What a life!—it is that of almost all the Greeks; their element is the sea; they disport there like the child of our villages on our mountain heaths. The destiny of the country is written by nature; it is the sea.

Same date.—Here are the distant summits of the island of Crete rising on our right; here is Ida covered with snows, appearing from this distance like the top-sails of a vessel.

We enter a vast bay, that of Argos; we glide along with the wind aft, and with the velocity of a flight of swallows; the rocks, mountains, and islands of the two shores, fly like dark clouds from before us. Night falls; we already perceive the head of the bay, though it is six leagues in extent; the masts of three squadrons anchored before Nauplia are sketched out like a winter forest on the background of the sky and the plain of Argos. The darkness becomes soon complete; fires are lighted on the mountain slopes, and in the woods, where the Greek shepherds are tending their flocks; the ships are firing the evening gun. We see all the gunports of these sixty vessels at anchor gleaming successively, like the streets of a great town lighted by its reflectors; we enter this labyrinth of ships, and we are about to anchor in the middle of the night close to a little fort which protects the roadstead of Nauplia, in front of the town, and under the guns of the castle of Palamides.

August 9.—I rise with the sun to have at length the pleasure of viewing close to me the Gulf of Argos, Argos, Nauplia, the present capital of Greece. What a complete deception! Nauplia is a miserable village, built on the side of a long and narrow gulf, on a margin of earth that has fallen down from the lofty mountains that cover the whole of this coast; the houses have no foreign character; they are built in the style of the most ordinary dwellings in the villages of France and Savoy. Most part of them are in ruins, and the fragments of walls overturned by cannon in the last war, are still lying in the middle of the streets. Two or three new houses, painted in rough colours, appear on the quay, and a few coffee-houses and shops of wood project on piles into the sea; these coffee-houses and balconies on the water are crowded with some hundreds of Greeks, in their gaudiest but dirtiest costume; they are seated or stretched out on planks or on the sand, forming a thousand picturesque groups. All their physiognomies are beautiful, but sad and ferocious; the weight of indolence oppresses their every attitude. The laziness of the Napolitans is mild, serene, and gay—it is the nonchalance of happiness; the laziness of the Greeks is heavy, morose, and gloomy—it is a vice which is its own punishment. We turn our eyes from Nauplia; I admire the beautiful fortress of Palamides, which ranges over the whole mountain by which the town is commanded; the battlemented walls resemble the indentations of a natural rock.

But where is Argos? A vast plain, sterile and naked, intersected with marshes, extends in a circular form at the head of the gulf; it is bounded on all sides by chains of grey mountains. At the end of this plain, about two leagues in the interior, you perceive a conical hill, which has a few fortified walls on its summit, and which protects with its shadow a village in ruins: that is Argos. Quite close to this is the tomb of Agamemnon. But what are Agamemnon and his empire to me? These historical and political legends have lost the interest of youth and of truth. I should wish to see only a valley of Arcadia; I prefer a tree, a spring under the rock, a rose-laurel on the bank of a river,

under the fallen arch of a bridge tapestried with bind-weed, to the monument of one of those classical kingdoms, which no longer recall any thing to my mind save the *ennui* they gave me in my infancy.

August 10.—We have passed two days at Nauplia. The state of Julia's health again distresses me. I remain a few days more, to wait till she is completely recovered. We are on shore, in the chamber of a wretched inn, opposite a barrack of Greek troops. The soldiers are all day stretched out under the shade of the fragments of ruined walls; their costumes are rich and picturesque; their features bear the impress of misery and despair, and of all those fierce passions which civil war kindles and foment in those savage souls. The most complete anarchy reigns at this moment over all the Morea. Each day, one faction triumphs over the other, and we hear the musketry of the Klephtes, of the Colocotroni faction, who are fighting on the other side of the gulf against the troops of the government. We are informed, by every courier that descends from the mountains, of the burning of a town, the pillage of a valley, or the massacre of a population, by one of the parties that are ravaging their native country. One cannot go beyond the gates of Nauplia without being exposed to musket shots. Prince Karadja had the goodness to propose to me an escort of his palikars to go and visit the tomb of Agamemnon; and general Corbet, who commands the French forces, politely offered to add to them a detachment of his soldiers. I refused, because I did not wish, for the gratification of a vain curiosity, to expose the lives of several men, for which I should eternally reproach myself.

August 12.—I was this morning present at a meeting of the Greek Parliament. The hall is a hovel of wood; the walls and roof are formed of planks of fir badly joined. The deputies are seated on raised benches around a floor of sand; they speak from their places.

We sat down, to see them arrive, on a heap of stones at the door of the hall. They came in succession on horseback, each accompanied by an escort more or less numerous, according to the importance of the chief. Each deputy dismounted, and his palikars, superbly armed, went and grouped themselves at some distance in the little plain which surrounds the hall. This plain presented the image of an encampment, or of a caravan.

The attitude of the deputies was laughty and martial; they spoke without confusion or interruption, in a tone of emotion, though, at the same time, firm, measured, and harmonious. They were no longer those ferocious figures that are so repulsive to the view in the streets of Nauplia; they were the chiefs of a heroic nation, who still held in their hands the musket or the sabre with which they had just been combating for its deliverance, and who were deliberating together on the means of securing the triumph of their liberties.

One cannot imagine any thing more simple, and, at the same time, more imposing, than the spectacle of this armed nation thus deliberating amidst the ruins of their country, under a planked roof raised in the open field, whilst the soldiers were polishing their arms at the very door of this senate, and the horses neighing impatiently to resume their path on the mountains! There were to be seen among those chiefs some heads admirable for beauty, intelligence, and heroism: these were the mountaineers. The Greek merchants of the islands were easily recognised by their more effeminate features, and by the wily expression of their physiognomies. The commerce and indolence of their towns have removed all nobility and vigour from their countenances, and stamped in their stead the impress of that vulgar skill and cunning which characterises them.

August 13.—There was a charming fête given on board his vessel by Admiral Hotham, who commands the English station in the roads of Nauplia. He made us visit his three-decker, the St Vincent, and caused to be executed for us the imitation of a naval combat. A vessel, manned with sixteen hundred men, and seen thus at the moment of action, is the masterpiece of human intellect.

He is an excellent man, whose countenance and man-

ners present that rare union of the nobleness of the old warrior and the benevolent mildness of the philosopher, a disposition which pervades generally the fine physiognomies of the English aristocracy. He offered us one of his vessels of war to accompany us as far as Smyrna. I declined, and claimed this favour from Admiral Hugon, who commands the French squadron. He has been so good as give us the brig *Le Génie*, commanded by Captain Cunco d'Ornano: but it will only escort us as far as Rhodes.

I dined with M. Rouen, French minister in Greece; I was myself to have occupied that post under the restoration. He congratulated me at not having obtained it. M. Rouen, who had passed at Nauplia all the miserable days of Greek anarchy, was sighing for his deliverance. He consoled himself for the severity of his exile, by giving a welcome reception to his countrymen, and by representing, with perfect grace and cordiality, the high position of France, in a country which one must love both in its past and in its future history.

August 15.—I wrote nothing; my soul was withered and melancholy like the frightful country that surrounded me: naked rocks, ruddy or black soil, creeping and dusky shrubs, marshy plains, where the frosty north wind, even in the month of August, blows over harvests of reeds; there is all. This land of Greece is now but the winding-sheet of a people; it resembles an old sepulchre robbed of its bones, and the very stones of which are scattered and embrowned by the lapse of ages. Where is the beauty of that Greece so much vaunted? Where is her gilded and transparent sky? All is now dull and cloudy, as in a ravine of Savoy or Auvergne, in the last days of autumn. The violence of the north wind, which swept along with the roaring waves to the head of the bay where we were anchored, prevented us from leaving.

August 18: at sea—at anchor off the gardens of Hydra.—At length we started last night with a fine breeze at south-east; we were asleep in our hammocks. At seven o'clock we were out of the gulf; the sea was beautiful, and beat melodiously against the sides of the vessel. We were now in the channel that extends between the mainland and the islands of Hydra and Spezzia.

Towards noon, we were driven towards the coast of the continent, opposite to Hydra. Those terrible squalls, proceeding from all the points of the compass, rendered the working of the ship perilous. Our sails were torn to pieces; there was a risk of our masts being carried away; for three hours, we struggled without remission against furious hurricanes; the sailors were exhausted with fatigue; the captain appeared anxious about the fate of the vessel: at last he succeeded in gaining the shelter of a lofty shore, and an anchorage well known to sailors, abreast of a charming hill, called the Gardens of Hydra. We cast anchor there at a mile from the coast, and not far from the brig-of-war *Le Génie*, which had followed the same route.

We had a day's repose, though the sea was still agitated, and squalls whistled through our rigging; we landed on the coast—it was the prettiest spot we had yet visited in Greece; lofty mountains command the landscape; they retain, besides, some strata of earth, some patches of a pale green on their rounded flanks; they slope gently, and hide their feet in some forests of olives; farther off, they extend in moderate inclinations as far as the channel of Hydra, which flows at their feet like a large river rather than a sea. There the eye reposes on one or two country-houses, surrounded by gardens and orchards, cultivated fields, groups of chestnut trees and green oaks, flocks, some Greek peasants cultivating the ground. We let loose our dogs, and hunted all day on the mountain; we returned with game.

The town of Hydra, which covers all the little island of that name, was shining on the other side of the channel, white, resplendant, glittering like a rock newly cut. This island does not present an inch of ground to the eye—all is stone; the town covers the whole; the

houses are arranged perpendicularly to one another, and were the refuge of free commerce, and of Greek opulence, during the domination of the Turks. One can estimate the increasing or decreasing civilisation of a nation by the situation of its towns and villages; when security and independence augment, the towns descend from the mountains to the plains; when tyranny and anarchy revive, they reascend the rocks, or take refuge on the reefs of the ocean. During the middle ages, in Italy, on the Rhine, in France, the towns were eagles' nests, on the peaks of inaccessible rocks.

Same date.—The night was calm. We passed a delicious evening on deck. We shall sail to-morrow, if the north wind does not return in equal strength.

August 18: at sea.—We weighed anchor at three o'clock in the morning. A moderate wind allowed us to approach that point of the continent which advances into the Sea of Athens; but when there, a fresh tempest assailed us, still more violent than the former; we were in an instant separated from the two vessels that were sailing in company with us. The sea became enormous; we rolled from one abyss into another, the yards dipping into the wave, and the spray dashing over the deck. The captain persisted in doubling the cape; after several hours' ineffectual manœuvring, he succeeded. We were now in the open sea; but the wind was so powerful, that the brig made considerable leeway. We were obliged to stand for the mountains that were distinguishable on the other side of the Bay of Athens. We went six knots, amidst clouds of humid dust, and under showers of spray, flying from the head and sides of the vessel. Occasionally the horizon cleared up, and allowed us a glimpse of Cape Colonna whitening out ahead of us. We expected to anchor in the evening at the foot of these columns, and to salute the memory of the divine Plato, who was wont to come and meditate two thousand years before us on this same promontory of Sunium. I could not withdraw my view from the horizon, where appear the mountains of Athens, from which the tempest is repelling us. At length, towards sunset, the wind abated, and we made a tack towards the island of Egina. We got almost becalmed under shelter of the island, and of the coast of the mainland, and we entered at the fall of day another gulf, formed by the island and the lovely shores of Corinth. The sea was like a mirror, and we seemed to sail on a waveless river, whose imperceptible current was carrying us to the anchorage. We cast anchor at the moment when the night fell in an immense enchanted lake, enveloped with sombre mountains, and when the rising moon was striking with its silvery light the Acropolis of Corinth, and the columns of the Temple of Egina. We were some hundreds of paces from the island, opposite gardens shaded by beautiful planes. A few white houses shone forth amidst the verdure. We enjoyed repose, and a tranquil supper on deck, after a day of perils and fatigues. Such is the life of travellers, and of man on the earth.

On our right, the island of Egina, softening its dark and rapid declivities, extends along a gulf into a tongue of land, strewed with a few cypresses, vines, and fig-trees, and terminated by the town. The latter is less oddly situated than the few Greek towns we had as yet seen; the gymnasium, erected by Capo d'Istria, gleams in the centre—its museum. I did not go there; I am tired of museums, those cemeteries of the arts; fragments detached from their locality, their destination, and from the whole of which they formed a part, are dead—the dust of marble which has life no more. I went ashore alone, and passed two delicious hours in a garden of cypresses and orange trees belonging to Gergio, Bey of Hydra. At ten o'clock I returned to the vessel; on descending the ladder, I found half of the deck literally covered with heaps of water-melons, immense baskets full of grapes of all forms and colours, some of which weighed from three to four pounds, figs of Attica, and all the flowers that the season and the climate could furnish. They told me it was the governor of Egina, Nicolas Scuffo, who having learned, the evening before, through my Greek pilot, of my passage

through the gulf, had come to pay me a visit with a boat full of this present from his estate; he recognised in my name that of a friend to Greece, and had brought me the first pledge of that prosperity which so many generous hearts have desired for that country! He announced his intention of returning in the evening. I requested a boat from Captain Cuneo d'Ornano, and went to Ægina to carry my thanks to the governor; I found him afloat, and we returned together on board our vessel. He is a distinguished man, of very intellectual conversation. We spoke of Greece, of her future condition, and her present crisis. I saw with regret that the religious spirit is extinct in Greece; the ignorant clergy are despised; the commercial spirit has not sufficient virtue to resuscitate a people. I fear for that country; at the first European crisis, it will decompose itself afresh. It is as in Italy; men the most intelligent and courageous, brilliant individuals, but no common bond of union—Greeks, but no nation.

Having sailed at noon of the 18th from Ægina, we saw the sun set in the golden valley that is hollowed out on the isthmus of Corinth, between Acro-Corinthus and the mountains of Attica—it kindled up all that quarter of the heaven; and it was there that, for the first time, we witnessed that splendour of the firmament which gives to the East its charm and its glory. Salamis, the tomb of the fleet of Xerxes, was a few paces ahead of us—a grey coast, dark soil, with no other attraction but its name; its naval battle, and the memory of Themistocles, cause it to be saluted with respect by the mariner. The mountains of Attica raise their black summits above Salamis; and to the right, on one of the decreasing peaks of Ægina, the temple of Jupiter Panhellenicus, gilded by the last rays of day, rises above this scene, one of the finest of an historical nature, and casts its religious reminiscences over that record of places and times; the religious thoughts of humanity mingle with and consecrate the whole, but the religion of the Greeks, a religion of the mind and the imagination, and not of the heart, does not make on me the slightest impression; we know that these gods of the people were only the sportive creations of poetry and of art—gods feigned and dreamed of. There was nothing grave, nothing real, nothing drawn from the deep wells of nature, and of the human soul, before the age of Socrates and Plato! Then commenced the religion of reason! Then came Christianity, which had received from its divine founder the word and the key of human destiny! The ages of barbarism, which it had to traverse to arrive at us, have often impaired and disfigured it, but if it had fallen among Platos and Pythagorases, what should we not have attained to, owing to it, by it, and with it!

A settled calm came on, and we floated six hours without motion amid the transparent water and coloured vapours of the Sea of Athens. The Acropolis and the Parthenon rise like an altar six leagues in front of us, detached from Mount Pentelicus, Mount Hymettus, and Mount Anchismus. In fact, Athens is an altar to the gods, the finest pedestal on which past ages could have placed the statue of humanity! At the present day its aspect is sombre, sad, dark, arid, desolate—a weight on the heart; there is nothing living, green, gracious, or animated; we see there nature exhausted, which God alone could vivify. Liberty will not suffice for this: to the poet and the painter, it is written on these barren mountains, on these capes whitened with crumbling temples, on these marshy or pebbly heaths, which have no longer any thing but sonorous names, it is written—“It is finished!” It is a land of apocalypse that seems struck by some divine malediction, by some great word of prophecy; a Jerusalem of the nations, in which there is no longer even a tomb! Such is the idea of Athens and all the shores of Attica, of the islands and the Peloponese.

Having arrived at the Piræus at eight o'clock in the morning of the 19th August, we came to an anchor. Horses were waiting for us on the beach of the Piræus; we mounted. I found an ass, on which we placed a side-saddle for Julia; and we started. For half a league,

the plain, although of a light, manageable, and fertile soil, is completely naked and uncultivated. The Turks burned, during the war, a forest of olive-trees, which extended down to the sea; some black trunks still remain. We entered the wood of olives and fig-trees, which encircle the advanced group of the hills of Athens as with a verdant belt. We followed the foundations, still evident, of the long wall built by Themistocles, which united the city to the Piræus. A few Turkish fountains, in the form of wells, surrounded with rustic troughs of rough stone, are placed at intervals. Some Greek peasants, and a few Turkish soldiers, were lying near the fountains, and giving each other to drink. At length we passed under the lofty ramparts and black rocks that serve as a pedestal to the Parthenon. The Parthenon itself does not appear to us to increase in magnitude, but, on the contrary, to dwindle the more as we approach it. The effect of this edifice, the finest, by the judgment of all ages, that human hands have erected on the earth, does not, when thus viewed, correspond in any thing to what one expects; and the pompous language of travellers, artists, or poets, falls back sorrowfully on your heart, when you see that reality so remote from the descriptions. It is not gilded as by the petrified rays of the Grecian sun; it does not shoot upwards like an aerial island, carrying a divine monument; it does not shine from afar on the sea and land like a beacon-light, proclaiming, here is Athens!—here man has exhausted his genius, and hurled his defiance to the future! No, nothing of all this! Over your head, you see rising irregularly old blackish walls, covered with white spots. These spots are marble, the fragments of the monuments with which the Acropolis was crowned, before its restoration by Phidias and Pericles. These walls, flanked at intervals by other walls that sustain them, are crowned with a square Byzantine tower and Venetian battlements. They surround a broad eminence, which contained almost all the sacred monuments of the city of Theseus. At the extremity of this eminence, on the side of the Ægean Sea, there presents itself the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, the virgin that sprang from the brain of Jupiter. This temple, the columns of which are blackish, is marked here and there with spots of a dazzling whiteness; these are the impressions of the Turkish cannon, or of the hammers of the Iconoclasts. Its form is an oblong; it appears too low and too small for its monumental situation. It does not say of itself, “This is I; I am the Parthenon, I cannot be any thing else!”—you must ask this of your guide, and when he has answered you, you are still in doubt. Farther off, at the foot of the Acropolis, you pass through a dark low gateway, at which a few Turks in ragged garb are seated, beside their rich and beautiful weapons, and you are in Athens. The first monument worthy of regard is the temple of Jupiter Olympius, the magnificent columns of which rise alone on a naked and desert place, to the right of what was Athens, a worthy portico of the city of ruins! Some paces from this, we entered the city, that is to say, an inextricable labyrinth of narrow paths strewn with portions of fallen walls, of broken tiles, of stones and marble, scattered pell-mell; sometimes descending into the court of a ruined house, sometimes clambering along the staircase, or even on the roof of another. In these little, white, vulgar hovels, or ruins of ruins—dirty and infected haunts—some families of Greeks are huddled together and hidden. Here and there, several women, with black eyes, and the graceful Athenian mouth, came out, at the noise of our horses' footsteps, to the threshold of the door, and gave us the gracious salute of Attica, “Welcome, gentlemen foreigners, to Athens!” We arrived, after a quarter of an hour's walk, amidst the same scenes of devastation, and the same heaps of fallen walls and roofs, at the modest dwelling of M. Gaspari, agent of the consulate of Greece at Athens. I had sent him in the morning the letter that recommended me to his attentions. I had no need of it; politeness is the disposition of almost all our agents towards a stranger. M. Gaspari received us like unknown friends; and while

he was sending his son to search for a residence to us in some house still standing, one of his daughters, an Athenian girl, a fine and graceful specimen of that beauty hereditary in the women of her country, served up to us, with much eagerness and modesty, some iced orange juice, in vessels of porous earth, of antique form. After having refreshed ourselves a while in this humble asylum of simple and cordial hospitality, so sweet to meet with under a burning sun, several hundreds of miles from one's country, at the close of a day of storm, heat, and dust, M. Gaspari conducted us to the lower part of the town, across the same ruins, to a neat, white house, quite recently built, and where an Italian, M. —, had established an inn. A few rooms whitened with lime, and neatly furnished; a court refreshed by a spring, and by a little shade; at the foot of the staircase a fineness in white marble; abundance of fruits and vegetables; some honey of Hymettus, calumniated by M. de Châteaubriand; Greek servants, acquainted with Italian, attentive and intelligent—all this was doubly valuable to us, in midst of the desolation and absolute nakedness of Athens.

One could not be more comfortable on a tour through Italy, England, or Switzerland. May this inn maintain its ground, and prosper for the consolation and welfare of travellers to come! But, alas! for forty-eight days, no stranger had crossed its threshold or disturbed its silence!

In the evening, M. Gropius obligingly came and put himself at our disposal, to show us, and comment with us upon Athens. As happy as M. de Châteaubriand had been formerly when conducted through the ruins of Athens by M. Fauvel, we had in M. Gropius a second Fauvel, who had become an Athenian thirty-two years before, and built, like his master, a house for his old age, amidst these wrecks of a city where he had spent his youth, and which he assists as much as he can to raise, for the hundredth time, out of its poetical ashes. M. Gropius is consul for Austria in Greece, and a man of intellect and learning, joining to the most profound and correct knowledge of antiquity, that character of simple good nature and inoffensive grace, which is the distinctive feature of the true and worthy sons of learned Germany. When unjustly accused by Lord Byron, in his sarcastic notes on Athens, M. Gropius did not return injury for injury to the memory of the great poet: he was only afflicted that his name should have been dragged by him through edition after edition, and consigned to the rancour of fanatics ignorant of antiquity; but he did not choose to justify himself; and when one is on the spot, a witness to the constant efforts made by this distinguished man to restore some word to an inscription, some strayed fragment to a statue, or a form and date to a monument, one is sure beforehand that M. Gropius has never profaned what he adores, nor made a vile commerce of the noblest and most disinterested of studies, the study of antiquities.

With such a man days are worth years for the ignorant traveller like myself. I requested him to excuse me from all doubtful antiquities, conventional celebrities, and systematic beauties. I abhor falsehood and effort in every thing, but especially in admiration. I wish to see only what God or man has made beautiful—present, real, palpable beauty, addressing itself to the eye and to the soul; and not the beauty of a locality or an epoch, historical, or critical beauty—I leave that for the learned. To us poets, there must be beauty, evident and sensible: we are not creatures of abstraction, but men of nature and instinct. Thus have I many a time traversed Rome; thus have I visited seas and mountains; thus have I read sages, historians, and poets; thus have I visited Athens!

It was a pure and beautiful evening: the devouring sun was descending, bathed in a violet vapour, on the black and narrow bar which forms the Isthmus of Corinth, and was gilding with his last luminous beams the battlements of the Acropolis, which present their form, rounded like the crown of a tower, over the large and undulating valley, where sleeps in silence the shade of Athens. We issued out by paths without name or

track, having to clear at every moment breaches of fallen garden-walls, or of roofless houses, or of ruins lying in heaps on the white dust of the soil of Attica. As we descended towards the bottom of the deep and desert valley shaded by the Temple of Theseus, the Pnyx, the Areopagus, and the Hill of the Nymphs, we discovered a greater extent of the modern town opening out on our left, resembling in every thing what we had previously seen. A vast, confused, melancholy, disordered assemblage of fallen huts, of pieces of wall still standing, roofs sunk in, gardens and courts ravaged, mounds of stones heaped together, barring up the way, and rolling under our feet; the whole wore the colouring of recent ruins, that dull, feeble, and discoloured grey, which has not even for the eye the sanctity of time elapsed, nor the gracefulness of ruins. There was no vegetation, excepting three or four palm-trees resembling Turkish minarets, that had remained upright over the destroyed city; here and there, a few houses of vulgar and modern fashion, recently built by some Europeans, or by Greeks from Constantinople. These were houses such as are seen in our villages of France or England, roofs raised without any grace, numerous and narrow windows, with an absence of terraces, architectural lines, or decorations—residences for a lifetime, built in the expectation of a fresh destruction—but nothing of those palaces which a civilised people build with confidence for themselves and generations unborn. In the midst of all this chaos, there appear, though rarely, some fragments of the Stadium, some blackish columns of the Arch of Adrian, or of Lazara, the dome of the Tower of the Winds, or of the Lantern of Diogenes, inviting, but not detaining, the view. In front of us, appeared, increasing and detaching itself from the grey hill on which it is placed, the Temple of Theseus, isolated, exposed on all sides, standing quite entire on its pedestal of rock. This temple, after the Parthenon, is, according to scientific judges, the finest that Greece has erected to her gods or her heroes.

On approaching, assured from my reading of the beauty of the monument, I was astonished to feel myself cold and unmoved; my heart tried to be affected, my eyes endeavoured to admire; but in vain! I did not feel what one experiences at the sight of a faultless work, namely, a negative pleasure—was it then a real and strong impression, a now, powerful, and involuntary pleasure? No! This temple is too little; it is a sublime toy of art! It is not a monument for gods, for men, for centuries. I had only one instant of ecstasy; this was when, seated at the western angle of the temple, on the lowest steps, my view embraced, all at once, the magnificent harmony of its forms, and the majestic elegance of its columns, together with the wide and more sombre space of its portico, and the admirable bas-reliefs on its interior frieze of the combats between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ; and underneath, through the opening at the centre, the blue and resplendent sky, diffusing its serene and mystic light on the cornices and salient figures of the bas-reliefs: they then appeared to live and move. Great artists alone, of all descriptions, have this gift of life, alas, to their own cost! In the Parthenon, there remain only two figures, Mars and Venus, half crushed by two enormous fragments of the cornice which have fallen on their heads; but these two figures are worth to me, in themselves alone, more than all I have seen of sculpture in my life; they live as never canvass nor marble lived. One suffers from the weight that oppresses them; you would wish to relieve their limbs, which seem to bend and stiffen under this mass; you feel that the chisel of Phidias trembled and glowed in his hand, when these sublime figures were coming to life under his fingers. You feel—and this is no illusion, but the truth, the painful truth!—that the artist infused a portion of his own individuality, his own blood, into the forms and the veins of the beings whom he was creating, and that it is still a part of his life that you see palpitating in these living figures, in these limbs ready to move, on these lips ready to speak!

No! the Temple of Theseus is not worthy of its re-

noun; it does not live as a monument, it tells nothing of what it ought to tell; it is beauty, without doubt, but a beauty cold and dead, from which the artist alone should shake off the winding-sheet and wipe away the dust! As for me, I admired it, and I went away without any desire of seeing it again. The fine stones of the colonnade of the Vatican, the majestic and colossal shadows of St Peter's at Rome, have never allowed me to depart without regret, without a hope of returning.

Higher up, after clambering up a black hill covered with thistles and reddish pebbles, you arrive at the Pnyx, the scene of the stormy assemblies of the people of Athens, and of the inconstant ovations of their orators and favourites. Enormous blocks of black stone, some of which are of twelve or thirteen feet cube, rest one above another, and supported the terrace where the people used to meet. Higher still, at the distance of about fifty paces, you perceive an enormous square block on which steps have been cut, which served doubtless for the orator to ascend to that tribune, which thus overlooked the people, the town, and the sea. This has no trace of the elegance of the people under Pericles; it has a Roman character; the recollections connected with it are noble. From this, Demosthenes spoke, and excited or calmed that sea of people, more stormy than the Ægean, which he could also hear roaring behind him. I sat down there, alone and pensive, and remained till the night had nearly closed in, reanimating without an effort all that history, the finest, most ardent, and most fervid of all the histories of men who have wielded the sword or the tongue. What an age for genius! And what genius, greatness, wisdom, light, and even virtue (for not far from this Socrates died) for that age! The present day resembles it in Europe, and especially in France, that vulgar Athens of modern times! But it is only the cleft of France and of Europe that may be called Athens—the mass is barbarous still. Suppose Demosthenes speaking his glowing, energetic, and elevated language, to a popular audience in one of our present cities; who would comprehend him? The inequality of education and enlightenment is the grand obstacle to our complete modern civilisation. The people are masters, but they are not capable of being so; hence, they destroy every where, and raise up nowhere any thing beautiful, durable, or majestic! All the Athenians comprehended Demosthenes, knew their own language, and could judge regarding their own legislation and arts. They were a nation of chosen men; they had the passions of a populace, but not their ignorance; they committed crimes, but not absurdities. It is so no longer; hence democracy, though necessary in right, seems impossible in fact, among our great modern populations. Time alone can render nations capable of governing themselves. Their education is formed by their revolutions.

The destiny of an orator such as Demosthenes or Mirabeau, the only two worthy of the name, is more seducing than that of the philosopher or the poet; the orator partakes, at the same time, in the glory of the author, and in the power of the masses on whom and through whom he acts: he is the philosopher-king, if he is a philosopher; but his terrible weapon, the people, is broken in his hands, wounds and kills himself; and then, what he does and says, what he stirs up in humanity, being transitory passions, principles, and interests, all this is not durable, not eternal in its nature. The poet, on the contrary—and by poet I mean whoever creates ideas in bronze, in stone, in prose, in words, or in rhymes—the poet stirs up only what is imperishable in nature and in the human heart; ages pass away, languages are worn out, but he lives for ever all entire, for ever as much himself, as great, as new, as powerful over the soul of his readers; his destiny is less human, but more divine: he is above the orator.

The beauty would be to unite both destinies: no man has done so; but there is nevertheless no incompatibility between action and thought in a complete intellect. Action is the daughter of thought—but men, jealous of every pre-eminence, never grant two powers to one

same head. Nature is more liberal. They prescribe from the domain of action him who excels in the domain of intellect and speech; they would not have Plato to make real laws, nor Socrates to govern a borough.

I sent to request of the Turkish Bey, Yousouf Bey, commandant of Attica, permission to ascend to the citadel with my friends, and visit the Parthenon. He sent me a janissary to accompany me. We set out on the 20th, at five o'clock in the morning, accompanied by M. Gropius. Every thing is silenced before the incomparable impression of the Parthenon, that temple of temples built by Setinus, ordered by Pericles, decorated by Phidias; the unique and exclusive model of the beautiful in the arts of architecture and sculpture—a sort of divine revelation of ideal beauty received one day by that people who were emphatically a nation of artists, and transmitted by them to posterity in blocks of imperishable marble, and in sculptures that will live for ever. This monument, such as it was, taking into view as a whole its situation, its natural pedestal, its steps decorated with unrivalled statues, its grand figures, its execution, perfect in all the details, its material, its colour of petrified light—this monument has, for ages, crushed admiration, without satisfying it. When one sees of it what I have seen of it only, with its majestic fragments, mutilated by the Venetian bombs, by the explosion of gunpowder under Morosini, by the hammer of Theodore, by the cannons of the Turks and Greeks, its columns lying in immense blocks on its pavements, its fallen capitals, its triglyphs broken by the agents of Lord Elgin, its statues carried away in English vessels—what remains of it is sufficient to make me feel that it is the most perfect poem written in stone on the face of the earth; but still I also feel that it is too little; the effect is wanting, or it is destroyed. I passed delicious hours, reclined under the shade of the Propylæa, with my eyes fixed on the tottering pediment of the Parthenon; I feel the whole spirit of antiquity in what it has produced most divine; the rest is not worth the language that describes it! The aspect of the Parthenon exhibits, more than history, the colossal grandeur of a people. Pericles ought not to die! What superhuman civilisation was that which found a great man to order, an architect to conceive, a sculptor to decorate, statuary to execute, workmen to hew, a people to pay, and eyes to comprehend and admire, such an edifice! Where shall a like epoch and people be found again? Nothing announces it. As the human race gets older, it loses the sap, the mood, the disinterestedness, necessary for the arts! The Propylæa, the temple of Erechthius, or that of the Caryatides, are beside the Parthenon. They are themselves masterpieces, but drowned in that masterpiece; the soul, struck with too violent a shock at the sight of the first of these edifices, has no longer strength to admire the others; one has to look and go away, lamenting less the devastation of this superhuman work of man, than the impossibility of man ever equaling its sublimity and harmony. It is revelations such as these that heaven does not give twice to the earth—it is like the poem of Job, or the Song of Songs, like the poem of Homer, or the music of Mozart. It is done, seen, and heard; then it is done, seen, and heard no more, till the consummation of ages. Happy the men through whom these divine breathings pass!—they die, but they have proved to man what man can be; and God recalls them to himself to celebrate him elsewhere, and in a language more powerful still! I wandered the whole day, mute amidst these ruins, and I returned with my eyes dazzled by figures and colours, and my heart full of recollections and admiration! The Gothic style is beautiful, but order and light are wanting to it—order and light, those two principles of every eternal creation! Adieu for ever to the Gothic!

Of all books the most difficult to make, in my opinion is a translation. Now, to travel is to translate; it is to translate to the eye, thought, and soul of the reader, the places, colours, impressions, and sentiments which nature or human monuments give to the traveller. He must be able, at the same time, to look, to feel, and

to express; and how to express!—not with lines and colours like the painter—a simple and easy matter; not with sounds like the musician; but with words, with ideas, which contain neither sounds, nor lines, nor colours. Such were the reflections which I made, seated on the steps of the Parthenon, having before my view Athens and the olive wood of the Piræus, and the blue sea of Ægea, and over my head the majestic shadows of the frieze of the temple of temples. I wished to carry away for myself a living memorandum, a written memorandum, of this moment of my life! I felt that this chaos of marble so sublime, so picturesque to my sight, would vanish from my memory, and I wished to be able to find it again amid the common-place of my future life. Let us write, then: it will not be the Parthenon, but it will be at least a shade of that great shade that hovers this day above me.

From the midst of the ruins, which were Athens, and which the cannon of the Greeks and Turks have pulverised and scattered over the whole valley, and over the two hills to which the city of Minerva extended, a mountain rises precipitous on all sides. Enormous walls surround it, built at their base with fragments of white marble, higher up with the wreck of ancient friezes and columns, and terminated in some places by Venetian battlements. This mountain resembles an enormous pedestal, hewn out by the gods themselves for supporting their altars. Its summit, levelled to receive the floors of the temples, is scarcely five hundred feet in length by two or three hundred feet in breadth. It commands all the hills that formed the ancient ground of Athens and the valleys of Penthilicus, and the course of the Ilissus, and the plain of the Piræus, and the chain of dales and peaks which curves and extends as far as Corinth, and finally, the sea, strewn with the islands of Salamis and Ægina, where shine on the summit the pediments of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenicus. This view is even, at this day, admirable, although all these hills are naked, and reflect like polished brass the reverberated rays of the sun of Attica. But what a spectacle must Plato have had from this spot under his view, when Athens, living and clothed with her thousand inferior temples, murmured at his feet like an overflowing hive; when the great wall of the Piræus traced to the very sea an avenue of stone and marble, full of movement, and where the population of Athens were passing and repassing incessantly like waves; when the Piræus itself, and the port of Phaleros, and the sea of Athens, and the gulf of Corinth, were covered with forests of masts or with glittering sails; when the sides of all the mountains, from those that hide Marathon as far as the Acropolis of Corinth, an amphitheatre of forty leagues in a semi-circle, were diversified with forests, pastures, olives, and vines, and when the villages and towns decorated on all sides this splendid belt of mountains!

I see from here the thousand roads that descended from these mountains, traced on the flanks of the Hymettus, through all the sinuosities of the gorges and valleys, that all come, like beds of torrents, to discharge themselves into Athens. I hear the noises that rise from the town, the blows of the hammer from the workmen in the marble quarries of Mount Penthilicus, the rolling of the blocks which tumble along the slopes of its precipices, and all those sounds that fill with life and bustle the approaches to a great capital. On the side of the town, I see ascending by the sacred way, cut out in the very flank of the Acropolis, the religious population of Athens, coming to implore Minerva, and to burn the incense to all their domestic divinities, in the very place where I am now seated, and where I breathe only the dust of the temples.

Let us rebuild the Parthenon; that is easy, for it has lost only its frieze and its interior compartments. The exterior walls chiselled by Phidias, the columns, or the wrecks of the columns, are still there. The Parthenon was entirely constructed of white marble, called Penthilican marble, from the name of the neighbouring mountain whence it was brought. It consisted of an oblong, surrounded by a peristyle of forty-six columns of the

Doric order. Each column is six feet in diameter at its base, and thirty-four feet in height. The columns rest on the very pavement of the temple, and have no base. At each extremity of the temple, there exists, or did exist, a portico of six columns. The total dimensions of the edifice were 228 feet in length by 102 in breadth; the height was 66 feet. It presented to the eye only the majestic simplicity of its architectural lines. It was a single idea in stone, one and intelligible at a look, like the idea of the ancients. You had to approach it in order to contemplate the richness of the materials, and the inimitable perfection of the ornaments and details. Pericles had been desirous to make it as much an assemblage of all the masterpieces of genius and of human workmanship, as a homage to the gods, or rather, it was Greek genius all entire, offering itself under this emblem, as itself a homage to the Divinity. The names of all those who carved one stone, or modelled one statue of the Parthenon, have become immortal.

Let us forget the past, and let us now look around us, now that centuries, and the war of barbarous religions, and ignorant nations, have been trampling it under foot for more than 2000 years.

There are only wanting a few columns to the forest of white columns: they have fallen, in entire and glittering blocks, on the pavements or on the neighbouring temples: some, like the great oaks in the forest of Fontainebleau, have remained leaning on the other columns; others have slid from the top of the parapet which encircles the Acropolis, and lie, in enormous shattered blocks, one above another, as do in a quarry those parings of the blocks which the architect has rejected. Their flanks are gilt with that sunny coating which the lapse of ages spreads over marble; their fractures are as white as ivory freshly turned. They form, on this side of the temple, a streaming chaos of marble, of all shapes and colours, thrown or piled up in the most singular and most majestic disorder: from a distance one might fancy he saw the foam of enormous waves that were breaking and whitening on a headland beaten by the sea. The eye cannot tear itself away from the view of them; we follow, admire, and lament them, with that feeling which we should have for beings who might have had, or who might still have, the sentiment of existence. It is the most sublime effect of ruins that men have ever been able to produce, because it is the ruin of what they ever made most beautiful!

If we enter under the peristyle and porticoes, we might believe ourselves to be still at the moment when the edifice was being finished; the interior walls are so well preserved, the face of the marble so shining and polished, the columns so straight, the preserved parts of the edifice so wonderfully free from all damage, that the whole seems to be springing forth from the hands of the workman; only the heaven sparkling with light is the sole roof of the Parthenon, and through the chasms in the faces of the walls, the eye plunges into the immense and voluminous landscape of Attica. The whole soil around is strewn with fragments of sculpture, or with morsels of architecture, which seem to wait for the hand that is to raise them to their place in the monument that waits for them. The feet strike incessantly against the masterpieces of the Greek chisel—you pick them up, and then throw them down again, to pick up one more curious; you at length tire of this useless labour; the whole is but a masterpiece pulverised. Your footsteps print themselves in a dust of marble; you at length view it with indifference, and remain mute and insensible, overwhelmed in the contemplation of the whole, and in the thousand thoughts that arise from each of these fragments. These thoughts are of the very nature of the scene where you breathe them; they are grave, like these ruins of times passed away—like these majestic witnesses to the nothingness of human nature; but they are serene as the sky that is over our heads, inundated with a pure and harmonious light, elevated like that pedestal of the Acropolis, which seems to hover on high over the earth; resigned and religious like this monument erected to a

divine idea, which God has allowed to crumble before him to make way for ideas more divine! I feel no sadness here; my soul is light, though meditative; my thoughts embrace the order of the divine will, and of human destinies; she admires that it should have been given to man to raise himself so high in the arts and in a material civilisation; she conceives how God may have then broken that admirable mould of an incomplete idea; how the unity of God, recognised at length by Socrates in these very places, may have withdrawn the breath of life from all those religions which the imagination of the early ages gave birth to; how these temples may have fallen on their gods: the idea of the only God is worth more than these dwellings of marble, where only his shadow was worshipped. That idea has no need of temples built by human hand: entire nature is the temple where it worships!

In proportion as religions become spiritualised, the temples disappear; Christianity herself, which constructed the Gothic to animate it with her breath, leaves her admirable cathedrals to fall insensibly into ruins. The thousands of statues of her demigods descend by degrees from their ærial niches around her cathedrals; she is transformed also, and her temples become more naked and more simple as she divests herself more and more of the superstitious of her ages of darkness, and resumes more the great principle which she propagated on earth—the principle of the one only God, proved by reason and adored by virtue!

VISIT TO THE PACHA.

On the evening of the 20th, I went to thank Yousouf, the Bey of Negropont and Athens; I entered a Moorish-looking court; the wide galleries of the two stories were supported by little columns of black marble. A waterless fountain was in the centre of the court; and stables all around. I ascended a wooden staircase, on the landing of which were ranged several *spahis*, and I was introduced to the bey. At the extremity of a spacious and rich apartment, decorated with vainscoting in little compartments painted in flowers, in Arabesque and in gold, in the corner of a large Indian cloth ottoman, the bey was seated in the Turkish fashion; his head was under the hands of his hair-dresser, a fine young man dressed in a very rich military costume, and having superb arms in his belt; eight or ten slaves, in different attitudes, were scattered about the apartment. The bey desired my pardon to be asked for allowing himself to be surprised at the moment of his toilet, and begged me to be seated on the ottoman not far from him. I sat down, and the conversation commenced. We spoke regarding the object of my journey, the condition of Greece, the new boundaries assigned by the conference at London, the negotiations concluded by Mr Stratford Canning, all of them subjects about which the bey appeared to be in profound ignorance, and regarding which he interrogated me with the liveliest interest. After a short while, a slave carrying a long pipe, the end of which was of yellow amber, and the tube covered with plaited silk, approached me with measured steps and downcast looks: when he had exactly calculated to himself the precise distance of the point of the floor at which he should apply the pipe to my mouth, he pointed it to the ground, and walking circularly so as not to derange it from its perpendicular, he came towards me by a half turn, and, bowing, delivered into my hands the amber extremity, within reach of my lips. I bowed in my turn towards the pacha, who returned my salute, and we commenced smoking. A white Athenian greyhound, with yellow paws and tail, was sleeping at the feet of the bey. I complimented him on the beauty of this animal, and asked him if he was a sportsman. He answered in the negative, but said that his son, who was then at Negropont, was passionately fond of this exercise; he added, that he had seen me passing in the streets of Athens with a greyhound, which was white also, but of a smaller breed; that he thought it excessively beautiful, and that, if I had several of the same kind, he would be overjoyed at

possessing one. I promised, on my return to my native country, to transmit him one to Athens, in testimony of my remembrance and my gratitude for his kind attentions. Another slave then brought the coffee, in very small China cups, themselves contained in small network of gilt silver-thread.

The expression of this Turk had that character which I have since recognised in all the Mussulman countenances which I have had occasion to see in Syria and Turkey—nobleness, mildness, and that calm and serene resignation which these men derive from the doctrine of predestination, and which true Christians acquire from faith in providence. There is here the same adoration of the divine will; but the one is pushed to absurdity and error, while the other is the sad and true avowal of that universal and merciful wisdom which presides over the destiny of all that it has designed to create. If an opinion, held from conviction, could be considered a virtue, fatalism, or rather providentism, would be mine! I believe in the ever-acting and ever-present energy, of the will of God—it is the evil in us that alone opposes this divine will in always producing good! Whenever our destiny is changed, or injured, or perverted, if we consider well, we shall always recognise that it is through a will of our own, a human will, that is to say, a corrupt and perverse one; if we would allow the only ever-good will to act, we should be always good and always happy ourselves!—evil would not exist! Those dogmas of the Koran are but the Christian doctrine modified, but that modification has not been able to degenerate them. That worship of theirs is full of virtues, and I love this people, because they are a people of prayer!

August 22.—I have suffered deep anxiety regarding my daughter's health. I have had a sorrowful walk to the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and to the Stadia. I drank from the waters of the muddy and infectious stream which is the Illissus! I scarcely found enough of water to dip my finger. Aridity, nakedness, and the tinge of iron-dross, are spread over all that plain of Athens! Oh ye plains of Rome, ye gilded tombs of the Scipios, thou green and sombre fountain of Egeria!—what a difference! And how the sky also surpasses at Rome the so much vaunted sky of Attica!

August 23.—We sailed in the evening. We enjoyed a beautiful twilight under the olive groves of the Piræus, on going to sea.

The brig of war, *Le Génie*, Captain Cuneo d'Ornano, was waiting for us, and we got under way. A fine breeze from the northward carried us in three hours abreast of the cape of Sunium, whose yellow columns we saw marking out on the horizon the ever-living trace of the organ of Grecian wisdom, of that Plato whose disciple I would have been, if Christ had not spoken, nor lived, nor suffered, nor forgiven when expiring.

We passed a dreadful night in the midst of the Cyclades, but the wind abated at break of day. We had had fine, smooth sailing till the evening. At night we encountered a furious squall between the island of Amorgos, and that of Stampalia. There was the doleful groaning of the vessel, and the dull sound of the wave as it beat against our stern. The roll of the vessel threw us now on one billow, then on another. I spent the night in watching the child, and walking on the deck. What a distressing night! How often I shuddered on thinking that I had staked so many lives on a single chance! How happy I would have been, if a celestial spirit had transported Julia away to the peaceful retreat of Saint-Point! My own life, now half spent, has lost more than half its value to myself—but that life, which is mine also, which gleams in her beautiful eyes, which beats in that young heart, is a hundred times dearer to me than my own—it is for that life especially that I pray with fervour the blast that sets the waves in commotion, to spare that cradle which I have so imprudently trusted it to. It hears me!—the billows smoothen, the day appears, the islands fly behind us; Rhodes shows itself on the right, in the foggy distance of the horizon of Asia; and the lofty peaks of the coast of Caramania, white as the Alpine snow, rise

resplendant above the floating clouds of night. Here, then, is Asia!

The impression surpasses that from the horizons of Greece;—one feels a milder atmosphere; the sea and the sky are tinged with a calmer and paler blue; nature defines herself in more majestic masses! I breathe, and feel my entrance into a wider and loftier region! Greece is small—it is tormented and despoiled—it is the skeleton of a dwarf!—here is that of a giant! Dark forests stain the sides of the mountains of Marmoriza, and one sees from afar white torrents of foam falling into the profound ravines of Caramania.

Rhodes springs up like a verdant nosegay from the bosom of the waves; the light and graceful minarets of its white mosques rear themselves above its forests of palms, carobs, sycamores, planes, and fig-trees; they attract from a distance the mariner's eye to those delicious retreats of the Turkish cemeteries, where are to be seen, every evening, Mussulmans stretched out on the turf that covers the tomb of their friends, and quietly smoking and chatting, like sentries waiting till they are relieved, like indolent men that love to lie down in bed, and make an essay of sleep before the hour of their last repose. At ten o'clock in the morning, our brig was suddenly surrounded by five or six Turkish frigates, under full sail, that were cruising off Rhodes. One of them approached within hail, and interrogated us in French; they saluted us politely, and we soon came to an anchor in the roadstead of Rhodes, in the midst of thirty-six men-of-war of the Capitan-Pacha, Halil Pacha. Two French vessels of war, one a steamer, *Le Sphinx*, commanded by Captain Sarlat, the other a corvette, *L'Action*, commanded by Captain Vaillant, were lying at anchor not far from us. The officers came on board to ask us the news from Europe. In the evening we delivered our thanks to M. d'Ornano, the commander of the brig *Le Génie*—he proceeded on his return with the *Action*. We were now to continue our voyage alone to Cyprus and Syria.

I passed two days at Rhodes in examining this first specimen we had of a Turkish town—the oriental character of the bazaars, or Moorish shops, of carved wood—the street of the Knights, where every house still preserves uninjured, over the door, the escutcheons of the ancient families of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Rhodes presents some fine remains of its antique fortifications; the rich Asiatic vegetation with which they are crowned and enveloped, imparts to them more grace and beauty than those of Malta can lay claim to—an Order that could allow itself to be expelled from such a magnificent possession, received its death-blow! Heaven seems to have formed this island as an advanced post on Asia—a European power that should be mistress of it, would hold at the same time the key of the Archipelago, of Greece, Smyrna, the Dardanelles, and of the Egyptian and Syrian seas. I know not in the world either a finer military maritime position, or a lovelier sky, or a more smiling and fertile land. The Turks have impressed upon them that character of inaction and indolence which they carry every where! Every thing here is in a state of inertia, and in what may be called misery; but this people, who create nothing, who renew nothing, never break nor destroy any thing either—they at least allow nature to act freely around them—they respect trees even in the very middle of the streets, and of the houses which they inhabit; water and shade, the lulling murmur and voluptuous coolness, are their first, their only wants. Thus, as soon as you approach a land possessed by Mahomedans, whether in Europe or in Asia, you recognise from afar the rich and sombre verdure which covers it, the trees for shade, the spouting fountains for lulling to repose, the silence, and the mosques with their light minarets rising at every step from the bosom of a religious soil—it is all that is necessary to this people. They leave this soft and philosophic apathy only to mount their desert coursers, the first servants of man, and fearlessly to rush upon death for their prophet and their God. The dogma of fatalism has made them the bravest people on the earth, and although

existence may be to them both light and pleasant, that promised by the Koran as the reward of a life given up for its sake is the more prized, from their requiring but one weak effort to throw themselves from this to the celestial world, which they see before them redolent in beauty, repose, and love! It is the religion of heroes!—but this religion grows faint in the faith of the Mussulman, and heroism is extinguished with the faith which is its principle, so that as the people shall believe less either in a dogma or an idea, they will die less willingly and less nobly. It is as in Europe; why die if life avails more than death, if there is no immortal gain from the sacrifice to duty? Thus war will diminish and be abolished in Europe, until some faith shall reanimate and move the heart of man more highly than the base instinct of life.

The forms of women seated on the terraces by the light of the moon, are ravishing to behold. There is the eye of the Italian women, but softer, more timid, expressing more of tenderness and love; there is the figure of the Grecian women, but more rounded, more supple, with more gracious and winning motions. Their forehead is large, white, and polished, like that of the most beautiful women of England or of Switzerland, but the regular, straight, and high profile of the nose, gives to the countenance more majesty and nobleness. The Greek sculptors would have been yet more perfect, if they had taken their models of female figures from Asia! How sweet is it for a European, accustomed to the hard features, the studied and contracted expression of the women of Europe, especially of drawing-room women, to behold countenances as simple, pure, and smooth, as the marble broken from the quarry—countenances which have but one expression, the repose of tenderness, and which the eye can scan as quickly, and as easily, as the large type of some magnificent publication.

Society and civilisation are evidently enemies of physical beauty. They multiply impressions and sentiments too much; and as the features receive and involuntarily preserve their marks, they become complicated, and, as it were, adulterated; they acquire a certain confusion and uncertainty, which destroy their simplicity and their charm; they are like a tongue too full of words, which is inarticulate because it is too rich.

August 27.—We set sail from Rhodes for Cyprus on a splendid afternoon. I have my eyes turned upon Rhodes, which sinks at last into the sea. I regret this beautiful island as an apparition one wishes to recall; I could have settled there, if it were less separated from the moving world in which destiny and duty compel us to live! What delicious retreats on the sides of the high mountains, and on the declivities, shaded by all the trees of Asia! I was shown a magnificent house belonging to the former pacha, surrounded by three extensive and abundant gardens, bathed by numerous fountains, and adorned with ravishing kiosks. They asked 16,000 piastres for the purchase, that is to say, 4000 francs (£165)—happiness at a cheap rate!

August 28.—The sea is beautiful, but dull, and no wind; immense waves come from the west, rolling majestically on our stern, and throwing us, during three days and nights, from one side to the other. A motion, without result, is an insupportable martyrdom!—it is rolling the cask of the infernal regions! On the fourth day we perceive the eastern point of Cyprus; to run along the island takes up a day; we do not cast anchor in the road of Larnaca before the morning of the sixth day.

M. Bottu, French consul at Cyprus, recognises the vessel in which he knows we embarked. He sends on board one of the persons of his consulship to invite us to his house, and receive a hospitality to which we had no other right than his obliging and amiable disposition. I accept; we disembark: excellent and cordial reception from Monsieur and Madame Bottu; M. Perthier, and M. Guillois, attachés of the consulate, greet us with the same forwardness to oblige; we give and receive visits;—receive as presents, coffee, and wine of Cyprus, sent by M. Mathei, one of the Cyprian magnates.

August 31.—We passed two days at Cyprus, enjoying the delights of repose after a long voyage, with the most unexpected and most amiable attentions of hospitality. Such was the state of my mind at Cyprus; but that was all. This land, which had been pictured to me as an oasis amongst the islands of the Mediterranean, bears a complete resemblance to all the cropped, dull, and naked islands of the Archipelago; it is the carcase of one of those enchanted isles, where antiquity placed the scene of its most poetical rites. It is true, that in a hurry to arrive in Asia, I visited only with the eye the distant and picturesque scenes of which this island, as they say, is so full: on my return I must make a month's stay, and traverse in detail the mountains of Cyprus.

The island is fertile in all parts; oranges, olives, grapes, figs, vines, cotton, all succeed, even the sugarcane. This land of promise, this beautiful kingdom for a knight of the Crusades, or for a companion of Bonaparte, formerly contained 2,000,000 of people; there are now only 30,000 Greek inhabitants, and some Turks. Nothing would be more easy than to seize upon this sovereignty; an adventurer would succeed without trouble, with a handful of soldiers, and some millions of piastres; it would be worth the trouble, if there were a chance of preserving it; but Europe, which has so much occasion for colonies, is opposed to making them; the jealousy of the powers would come to the assistance of the Turks, scatter discord in the new conquest, and the victor would suffer the fate of king Theodore. What a pity!—it is a delightful dream, and a week may convert it into reality!

At sea: departure from the Isle of Cyprus, the 2d of September.—We hoisted sail yesterday at midnight. Our Cyprian friends, MM. Bottu and Perthier, passed the evening with us on the deck of the brig, and did not quit us till midnight. We are impressed with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude for the truly amicable welcome given us by M. and Madame Bottu. The traveller's fate is a singular one; he every where plants his affections, recollections, and regrets; he never quits a shore without indulging the desire, and the hope of returning to it, to seek again those whom he did not know a few days before. When he arrives, every thing is indifferent to him on the land he looks upon; when he departs, he feels that there are eyes and hearts which follow him from that shore, which he sees receding from him. He himself fixes his look upon it; he leaves there a part of his own heart; then the wind bears him to another horizon, where the same scenes, the same impressions, are renewed for him. To travel is to multiply, by arrival and departure, by greetings and farewells, impressions which the events of a sedentary life give only at rare intervals; it is to experience a hundred times in a year a little of what one finds in ordinary life from knowing, loving, and losing beings cast in our route by Providence. Departing, is as it were to die, for we quit distant countries where fate does not conduct the traveller a second time. Traveling, is summing up a long life in a few years; it is one of the strongest exercises a man can give his heart and his mind. The philosopher, the politician, the poet, should all have travelled much. Changing the moral horizon is to change thought.

September 3.—We arise in the wide sea. We no longer behold the white coasts of the island, or the rounded summit of Olympus. The sea is calm as a vast lake; a thick and silvery mist covers the horizon on all sides. A feeble breeze, lazy and inconstant, comes at intervals to exhaust itself in our large sails. The sun scorches the planks of the deck, which we water to cool it. Every one is extended on the beams or the ropes, speechless, motionless, the forehead streaming with perspiration. The air fails for respiration; it is a veritable simoom on the sea. It appears as if we breathe in advance the oppressive and burning blast of the desert, from which we are yet a hundred and fifty leagues. Thus the days are passed. We have no power to speak, not even to read. I sometimes open the Bible to seek what is related of Lebanon, the first height which

must soon strike our eyes. I read the history of Herod in Josephus.

September 4.—The same absence of wind; the same burning sky. The sea smokes with heat, and its dead waters are veiled by a mist which no wind stirs. We follow, till out of sight, the slight ripple which some expiring breeze causes on its surface; we see a light air slowly approaching the brig, giving a little colour to the sea; it imparts a momentary swelling to the large sails; the vessel creaks, and raises a little foam at its prow. Our breasts are expanded; we draw near the quarter from which the breeze has come. We feel an air of coolness pass along our foreheads, and beneath the moist curls of our hair; and then all returns into stillness and the accustomed stifling heat. The water we drink is tepid; no one has force to eat. If this state were prolonged, man could not long survive. Happily we have only six weeks of heat to fear; it will be over by the middle of October.

September 4, evening.—From five till eight o'clock, a fresh breeze out of the gulf of Alexandretta has pushed us on a few leagues. We must be nearly one-half of the way between Cyprus and the coast of Syria; perhaps to-morrow, on rising, we shall have it in sight.

September 5.—I heard, on getting up, the slight murmur produced by a vessel moving forward. I hasten on deck to see the coast; but we can see nothing yet. The frequent currents of this sea may have carried us far from our reckoning; we were perhaps on the low shores of Idumæ or of Egypt. We were all becoming impatient.

Same date, two o'clock.—The captain of the brig has distinguished the tops of Mount Lebanon. He calls me to show them; I seek them in vain through the heated mist where his finger points. I can see nothing but the fog which the heat raises, and above, some clouds of a dull white. He insists; I look again, but in vain. All the sailors show me Lebanon, laughing; the captain does not understand how I do not see it like him. "But where are you looking for it?" said he to me; "you are looking too far; here, nearer, above our heads!" I raised my eyes towards the sky, and I perceived in reality the white and gilded crest of Sannin, which stretched in the firmament above us. The mist of the sea prevented me from seeing its base and sides. Its head alone appeared, glorious and serene in the blue of heaven. It conveyed one of the most magnificent and delightful impressions I have felt in my long travels. There was the land to which all my immediate thoughts tended, as a man and as a traveller; there was the sacred land, the land to which I was going from such a distance to seek the recollections of primitive humanity; and, then, it was the land also where I was about to bring to repose, in a delicious climate, beneath the shade of oranges and palms, on the edges of snow-torrents, on fresh and verdant hills, all that I hold dearest in the world—my wife and Julia. I did not doubt that a year or two passed under this lovely sky, would strengthen the health of Julia, which for the last six months had sometimes given me gloomy forebodings. I saluted these mountains of Asia as an asylum where God led her to cure her; a silent and profound joy filled my heart; I could not draw my eyes from Lebanon.

We dine under the awning stretched over the deck. The breeze continues, and increases as the sun goes down. At every instant we run to the prow to calculate the progress of the vessel by the noise which it makes in cutting the sea; the wind becomes at length more brisk, the waves curl; we make five knots an hour; the sides of the lofty mountains pierce the mist, and show themselves as airy capes before us; we begin to distinguish the deep and black valleys which open from the coasts; the ravines grow whiter, the tops of the rocks are clearly discerned; the first hills which rise from the sea are rounding their forms; by degrees we think we recognise the villages scattered on the declivities of the hills, and the great monasteries which crown, like Gothic castles, the summits of the intermediate mountains. Every object that our vision seizes, creates heartfelt joy. Every body is on deck; each

makes his neighbour remark something that had previously escaped him; one sees the cedars of Lebanon as a black spot on the sides of a mountain; another, as a tower on the top of the mountains of Tripoli; some even think they can distinguish the foam of the cascades as they fall down the precipices. We wished to reach the shore so long dreamed of, so long desired, before night; we fear, that at the moment of reaching it, a fresh calm may keep the vessel for days slumbering on the waves which are become fatiguing, or that a contrary wind may spring up from the coast, and drive us back upon the sea of Candia; this sea of Syria, an immense gulf surrounded by the lofty summits of Lebanon and Taurus, is so perfidious to mariners: there is nothing but tempests, calms, or currents; the currents drive vessels very far from their course, and there are no ports on the coast; it is necessary to come to anchor in dangerous roads, at a great distance from the shore; an almost constant surge disturbs these roads and cuts the anchors; we shall not be tranquil, and sure of having arrived, until we are actually on land. Whilst we are making all these reflections, and wavering between hope and fear, night all at once falls—not as in our climates with the slowness and measure of twilight, but like a curtain drawn over the heavens and over the earth. All disappears, all is effaced on the blackened sides of Lebanon, and we see nothing more than the stars between which our masts are swinging. The wind falls also, the sea sleeps, and we go down into our cabins in great uncertainty for to-morrow.

I did not sleep; my mind was too much agitated: I heard through the ill-joined planks which separated my chamber from Julia's, the breathing of my sleeping child, and all my heart reposed upon her. I thought that to-morrow, perhaps, I should sleep more tranquilly, having my mind more at ease as to a life so dear, which I repented of having thus hazarded upon the sea, which a tempest might carry off in its bloom. I prayed God, in my thoughts, to pardon me this act of imprudence, not to punish me for having confided too much in him, for having asked from him more than I had any right to do. I became reassured; I said to myself, There is a visible angel who protects at once her destiny and that of us all. Heaven will count her innocence and purity as a ransom; it will carry us forward, it will bring us back, on her account. She will have seen, at the best age of life, at that age in which all the impressions incorporate themselves, so to speak, with us, and become the very elements of our existence, all that is beautiful in nature, in creation. The recollections of her infancy will be the wonderful monuments, the chief works of art, in Italy; Athens and the Parthenon will be engraved in her memory, like paternal spots; the beautiful islands of the Archipelago, Mount Taurus, the mountains of Lebanon, Jerusalem, the Pyramids, the Desert, the tents of Arabia, the palm trees of Mesopotamia, will be the recitals of her advanced age. God has given her loveliness, innocence, genius, and a heart moved by generous and sublime sentiments; I shall have given her what I could add to these celestial gifts—the sight of scenes the most marvellous, the most filled with enchantment, on the earth! What a being she will be at twenty years old! All will have been happiness, piety, love, and marvel in her life. Oh, who will be worthy of completing it by love! I wept, and prayed with fervour and confidence, for I can never entertain a powerful sentiment in the heart but it tends to the infinite, but it resolves itself into a hymn, or an invocation to him who is the end of all our sentiments, to him who produces and absorbs them all—to God.

As I was about to fall asleep, I heard on deck some hurried steps, as if preparing for a manoeuvre; I was astonished, for the silence had been unbroken for some time, and the sea only made that slight rippling noise which indicated the vessel moving onwards. Shortly, I heard the sonorous rings of the anchor-chain heavily unrolled from the capstan; then I felt that sudden shock which makes the whole ship vibrate, when the anchor

has fallen upon a solid bottom and digs into the sand or sea-weed. I got up, and opened my narrow window. We had arrived; we were in the road before Beirout; I saw some lights scattered upon the distant shore; I heard the barkings of dogs on the plain. It was the first noise which had come to me from the coast of Asia, and it rejoiced my heart. It was midnight. I returned thanks to God, and I sank into a deep and quiet sleep; no person but myself had been aroused below deck.

September 6: nine o'clock in the morning.—We were before Beirout, one of the best peopled towns on the coast of Syria, the ancient Berytus, made a Roman colony under Augustus, who gave it the name of *Felice Julia*. The epithet of "Fortunate" was bestowed upon it, on account of the fertility of its surrounding lands, of its incomparable climate, and of the magnificence of its situation. The town occupies a delightful hill, which sweeps with a gentle declivity to the sea; some banks of earth or of rocks advance into the waves, and support the Turkish fortifications, with an effect truly picturesque; the road is shut in by a tongue of land which defends it from the eastern winds. The whole of this tongue of land, as well as the neighbouring hills, is covered with the richest vegetation; mulberry trees for silkworms are planted all around, raised in rows one above the other, upon artificial terraces; carob trees, with their dark verdure and majestic dome; fig-trees, palms, oranges, pomegranates, and a quantity of other trees and shrubs foreign to our climates, extend on all parts of the shore near the sea the harmonious tints of their foliage. At a greater distance, upon the acclivities of the mountains, forests of olives strew the country with their grey and ashy leaves. At about a league from the town, the high mountains of the chain of Lebanon begin to rise; they open their deep gorges where the eye loses itself in the distant darkness; they cast down their broad torrents, which become rivers; they stretch in different directions, some towards Tyre and Sidon, others towards Tripoli and Latakia, and their unequal summits, lost in the clouds, or whitened by the refraction of the sun's rays, resemble our Alps covered with eternal snows.

The quay of Beirout, which the waves wash without ceasing, and sometimes cover with foam, was filled with a crowd of Arabs in all the splendour of their striking costumes, and of their arms. We perceived a movement as active as on the quays of our large maritime towns. Several European vessels were at anchor near us in the road; and the chaloupes, bearing merchandise from Damascus and Bagdad, came and went between the shore and the ships incessantly. The houses of the town arose in confused groups, the roofs of the lower serving as terraces for the upper ones. These houses with flat roofs, and some of them with turroted balustrades, the bars of painted wood which closed the windows hermetically with the veil of eastern jealousy, the tops of palm-trees, which appeared to spring from the stones, and showed themselves even under the roofs, as if to carry a little verdure to the eyes of the females, prisoners in the harems—all this captivated us, and announced the East. We heard the sharp cry of the Arabs of the desert who were disputing upon the quay, and the harsh and doleful groans of the camels, as they made them bend their knees to receive their loads. Occupied with this spectacle, so new and captivating to our eyes, we did not think of disembarking into our new country. The flag of France, however, floated on the top of a mast on one of the most elevated houses in the town, and appeared to invite us to go and repose ourselves, after our long and painful voyage, under its protection.

But there were too many of us, and we had too much luggage to risk the disembarkation before reconnoitring the country and choosing a house, if we could procure one. I left my wife, Julia, and two of my companions, in the brig, and I caused the boat to be lowered, to go on shore and make inquiries.

In a few minutes I reached the sand through the smooth and silvery water, and some Arabs with naked legs carried me in their arms to the bottom of a gloomy

and steep street which led to the French consulate. The consul, M. Guys, for whom I had letters, and whom I had already seen at Marseilles, was not arrived. I found in his place M. Jorelle, the acting member of the consulate, and French dragoman in Syria, a young man whose pleasing and amiable countenance bespoke our good opinion, and whose kindness during our long stay in Syria justified this first impression. He offered us a part of the consular house as a first asylum, and promised to have inquiries made in the environs of the town for a house where we could establish our household. In a few hours, the boats of several vessels, and the porters of Beirut, under the guardianship of the consular janissaries, had effected the landing of our party and of our baggage of all description; and before night we were all on shore, temporarily lodged and rendered comfortable by the care and attentions of M. and Madame Jorelle. That is a delightful moment, in which, after a long and stormy passage, when just arrived in an unknown land, you cast your eyes from a perfumed and smiling terrace upon the element which you have at last quitted for a long time, upon the ship which has brought you through the tempests, and which is yet heaving in the billows, upon the shady and quiet country which surrounds you, upon all those scenes in life on shore which seem so sweet when you have been long a stranger to them. We enjoyed this contemplation all the evening. Madame Jorelle, a young and charming woman born at Aleppo, had preserved the rich and noble costume of the Arab females; the turban, the embroidered vest, the dagger in the girdle: we never ceased for a moment admiring this magnificent costume, which so much heightened her truly oriental beauty.

When night was come, we were served with a supper in the European fashion, in a kiosk, the large latticed windows of which opened on the port, and in which the refreshing breeze of evening played round the lights. I opened a case of French wine, which I added to this hospitable entertainment, and we thus passed our first evening in conversation upon the two countries, that which we quitted and that which we came to visit; an inquiry respecting France was answered by a question upon Asia. Julia played with the long tresses of some Arab women, or of some black slaves who came to wait upon us; she admired the costumes so new to her; and her mother wove into tresses the long curls of her fair hair, in imitation of those of the Beirut ladies, or converted her shawl into a turban for the head. I have seen nothing more ravishing amongst all the female faces which are engraved in my memory, than the countenance of Julia thus dressed in the turban of Aleppo, with the band of carved gold, from which hung strings of pearls and chains of golden sequins, and her long hair flowing over her shoulders; joined to the surprised look she cast on her mother and me, and her smiles, which seemed to say to us, "See, how handsome I am in this attire!"

After having spoken a hundred times of our country, and repeated all the names of places and of persons which a common recollection brought to our minds—after we had exchanged all the information which could mutually interest us—we talked of poetry; Madame Jorelle begged me to let her hear some pieces of French poetry, and translated herself some fragments of the poetry of Aleppo. I told her that nature was always more perfectly poetical than poets, and that she herself at that moment, at that hour, in so beautiful a spot, in that strange costume, with that eastern pipe in her hand, and the poignard with a diamond hilt at her waist, was a more beautiful subject for the muse than all those which we surveyed by thought alone. And as she answered me that it would be very agreeable to have a memorial of our journey to send to her father at Aleppo, in some verses made for her, I retired for a moment, and I brought back some lines suitable to the place where they were written, and the feeling of gratitude which inspired me.

Child of the East, and dost thou ask a wreath of song from me?—
Thou, nursed where desert-winds pour forth their music wild and free!

Flower of Aleppo's gardens! thou, upon whose opening bloom,
The bulbul* might have loved to chant and languish in perfume!

Who to the balsam-tree brings back the sweets that from it flow?
Or would refix its beauteous fruits upon the orange-bough?
Who seeks to lend new lustre to the oriental morn?
Or would with added stars of gold night's glittering sky adorn?

No, this is not a place for verse! but if thou lovest well
All that which casts o'er poetry its most enchanting spell,
Look on the waters of this pool,† and there thyself behold—
Compared with loveliness like thine, all verse is weak and cold!

When, placed in the kiosk at night beside the lattice-bars,
Through which creeps, in the ocean-breeze, the light of moon
and stars,

Thou sittest on a mat to which Palmyra lent its gifts,
And whence the Moka's bitter fumes arise in heated drifts;

When to those half-closed lips of thine thy beauteous fingers raise
Thy pipe of jasmine-wood, on which the golden frettings blaze
And, drinking in the rose's sweet perfume the while, thy mouth
Makes murmurings in the water-cell, as of the breezy south;‡

When the winged mists which hover and embrace thee round
and round

With odorous vapours, have their chain about thy senses wound,
And visions, far-off dreams, of love, and days of youthful glee,
Float round us in the fragrant air exhaled in mists from thee;

When thou descriest the Arab steed, the spurrier of the sands,
Subjected to the foaming bit beneath thy child-like hands—
Thy slanting glance so lustrous bright, meanwhile, as to outvie
The soft yet burning brilliancy of his triumphant eye;

When, tapering like the handle of the polished vase, thine arm
Upon thy bended elbow props thy brow of many a charm,
And when a chance reflection of the evening lamp displays
Thy jewelled poignard's hilt and sheath, all bright with diamond
rays—

Then is there nought in all the sounds that language can employ,
Nought in the dreaming brow of those who know the poet's joy,
Nought in the soft sighs of a soul from stain and blemish free,
Nought half so fresh and redolent of poetry as thou!

I have o'erpast the happy time, in which life's flower of bloom,
Love, young love, opens up the heart, and fills it with perfume,
And admiration in my soul, though touched unto the core,
Has nought for beauty but a ray that carries warmth no more!

Alone in this unpassioned heart the harp is now adored:
Yet how would I, in younger years, my verses forth have poured,
For one of those most fragrant wreaths of light and cloudy air,
Which now thy lip sends up to float, unheeded, here and there

Or how should I have joyed to trace that most enchanting mould,
Of which a viewless hand now forms an outline dim and cold,
As night's soft rays, caressing with their light that form of thine,
Sketch on the wall its shadowy grace amid the sweet moonshine!

We could not tear ourselves from this first scene of Arab life. At length we went, for the first time these three months, to repose in beds, and to sleep without fear of the waves. An impetuous wind roared upon the sea, shook the walls of the lofty terrace under which we slept, and made us feel, with a more delicious sensation, the benefits of a tranquil abode after so many joltings. I thought that Julia and my wife were at length, for a long time, beyond the reach of danger, and I cast in my mind the means of preparing for them an agreeable and safe residence, whilst I pursued the course of my journey into those places which I visited in the sequel.

September 7.—I have arisen with the sun. I have opened the shutter of cedar-wood, the sole barrier of the chamber in which we sleep in this beautiful climate. I have cast my first look upon the sea, and upon the glittering line of coast which stretches from Beirut as far as Cape Batroun, half way to Tripolis.

Never has a view of mountains made such an impression upon me. Lebanon has a character which I have not seen either in the Alps or Mount Taurus: it is the mingling of the imposing sublimity of the outlines and the summits, with the gracefulness of the details and the variety of tints—it is a mountain solemn as its

* [The bulbul is the eastern name for the nightingale.]

† [The pool or fountain in the court of an oriental dwelling.]

‡ [The circumstance of a lady wearing a poignard, and of her smoking from a pipe, which contains perfumed water in a bowl or cell for cooling the fumes, will not surprise those acquainted with eastern manners.]

name—it is the Alps under the sky of Asia, plunging their aerial crests into the deep serenity of an eternal splendour. It appears that the sun reposes for ever upon the gilded angles of these summits; the dazzling whiteness with which it impresses them is confounded with that of the snows, which remain to the middle of summer upon the highest tops. The chain develops itself before the eye for a length of at least sixty leagues, from the Cape of Saïde, the ancient Sidon, to the environs of Latakia, where it begins to decline, in order to leave Mount Taurus to cast its roots into the plain of Alexandretta.

Sometimes the chain of Lebanon rises almost perpendicularly from the sea, with villages and large monasteries suspended upon their precipices; sometimes it retires from the shore, forming immense gulfs, and leaving verdant spots or ridges of sand between it and the waves. Vessels frequent these gulfs, and go to anchor in the numerous roads with which the coast is indented. The sea is there of the bluest and most sombre hue; and although it is always billowy, the waves, which are broad and high, roll in vast circles upon the sands, and reflect the mountains as in a stainless mirror. These waves produce a dull murmur at once harmonious and confused, which mounts to the vines and the carob-trees, and fills the fields with life and stirring sound. To my left the coast of Beirut was low; it was a continuity of little tongues of land crowned with verdure, and only preserved from the overflowing of the sea by a line of rocks and sand, covered for the most part with ancient ruins. Farther on, hillocks of red sand, like that of the Egyptian deserts, jutted out into a promontory, and served as a beacon to mariners; on the summit of this promontory the broad tops of a forest of Italian pines were visible, and the eye, glancing between their scattered trunks, fell upon the sides of another chain of Lebanon, and even upon the advanced sand-bank upon which Tyre (now Sour) was built.

When I turned to the land side, I saw the high minarets of the mosques, like isolated columns, mounting into the undulating azure of the morning; the fortresses which command the town, and from the crevices of their walls a multitude of climbing plants, wild figs, and wall-flowers springing; the round battlements of the fortifications; the level sweep of the mulberry-trees in the fields; here and there the flat roofs and white walls of country-houses, or of the huts of the Syrian peasants; and beyond, the green banks of the Beirut hills, covered with picturesque edifices of every description, Greek convents, Maronite convents, mosques, and santons, and clothed with foliage and tillage, like the most fertile hills of Grenoble, or of Chambéry. Then there was always Mount Lebanon, taking a thousand curves and bends, grouped in gigantic masses, and casting its heavy shadow, or making its snows glitter, over all the scenes of this landscape.

Same date.—I have passed the whole day in traversing the environs of Beirut, and seeking for a place of rest to establish my family.

I have hired five houses, which compose a group, and I shall unite them by wooden staircases, galleries, and doors. Each house here is formed only of a subterranean apartment, serving as a kitchen, and of one chamber, in which the whole family, howsoever numerous, sleep.

In such a climate, the real habitation is the roof turned into a terrace. It is there the women and the children pass the days, and frequently the nights. In front of the houses, between the trunks of mulberry or olive trees, the Arab makes a fire-place with three stones, and his wife prepares his food there. They cast a straw mat over a stick which stretches from the wall to the branches of the tree. Beneath this shade, the household economy is all carried on. The women and the girls are squatted there the whole day, occupied in combing their long hair, and putting it into tresses, in washing their veils, in weaving silk, in feeding their chickens, or in playing and chatting amongst themselves, like the girls on a Sunday morning in our vil-

lages of the south of France, when they collect at the doors of their dwellings.

Same date, evening.—The whole day has been occupied in unloading the brig, and carrying from the town to our country-house the luggage of our caravan. Each of us will have a chamber. A large grove of mulberries and oranges extends around the five united houses, and affords a few paces for promenade, and a little shade to breathe in, before the door of each. I have purchased Egyptian mats, and Damascus carpets, to serve us for beds and divans. I have found the Arab carpenters very active and intelligent; they are already at work upon the doors and windows, and we shall go this evening to sleep in our new abode.

September 8.—Nothing can be more delicious than our arising after the first night passed in our house. We have had breakfast brought upon the largest of our terraces, and we have looked over our environs.

The house is ten minutes' walk from the town. We arrive by pathways shaded with immense aloes, which hang their prickly fruit upon the heads of those passing under. We go by the side of some antique arches, and an enormous square tower built by the emir of the Druzes, Fakardin, which serves at present as an observatory for the sentinels of Ibrahim Pacha's army, and whence they command the whole country. We afterwards glide between the trunks of mulberries, and come to a group of low houses concealed in the trees, and flanked on both sides by citrons and oranges. These houses are irregular, and the middle one rises like a square tower or pyramid above the others. The roofs of all these little houses communicate by means of some wooden steps, and thus form a whole sufficiently commodious for persons who have just passed so many days beneath the deck of a merchant vessel.

A few hundred paces from us the sea advances into the land, and seen from here, above the green tops of the citron and aloe trees, it resembles a beautiful inland lake, or a large river of which only a portion is observable. Some Arab barks are at anchor, and are gently moved by the insensible undulation. If we ascend the upper terrace, this beautiful lake is expanded into an immense gulf, closed on one side by the Moorish castle of Beirut, and on the other, by the high dark walls of the mountain-chain which extends towards Tripolis. But in front of us the landscape is more extensive. It commences by sweeping over a plain of fields in admirable cultivation, studded with trees which entirely conceal the soil, and here and there with houses similar to our own, raising their roofs like so many white sails on a sea of green; it contracts, afterwards, into a long and agreeable hill, on the summit of which a Greek convent shows its whitened walls and its blue cupolas; some pine-trees rise above the very cupolas of the convent. Down the hill are terraces sustained by stone walls, on which grow olives and mulberries. The sea washes the lowest of the terraces, and then retiring, gives place to a second plain more distant, through which a river meanders amongst a wood of green oaks, and falls into the gulf, which is rendered yellow by its muddy waters. This plain is not terminated until it reaches the sides of the mountains. These mountains do not rise with a single spring; they begin by enormous hills resembling immense blocks, some rounded, others square; a slight vegetation covers the tops of these hills, and each of them bears either a monastery or a village, which reflects the glare of the sun, and attracts the eye. The sides of the hills shine like gold; they are composed of yellow freestone shivered by earthquakes, each particle of which reflects and darts out light. Above these first small mountains, the steps of Lebanon grow broader; there are table-lands of one and two leagues, uneven, broken, cut into ravines, deep beds of torrents, and dark gorges where the eye loses itself. After these table-lands, the high mountains show themselves almost perpendicularly; yet we see the black spots of the cedars and the firs which crown them, and some inaccessible convents, some unknown villages, which appear to hang upon their precipices. At the top of the most pointed of this second chain, some trees, which seem gigantic, are

visible, like straggling hairs upon a bald forehead. We distinguish their unequal heights, which are like the battlements on a citadel.

Behind this second chain, the real Lebanon at length arises; it is not possible to distinguish whether his sides are abrupt or sloping, whether they are naked or covered with vegetation: the distance is too great. The flanks are confounded in the transparency of the atmosphere with the air itself, of which they seem to be a part; we see only the ambient refraction of the sun's rays which obscures them, and their reddened crests, which are confounded with the purple clouds of the morning, hovering like unapproachable islands in the billows of the sky.

If our eyes descend from this sublime horizon of mountains, they find a resting-place only on the majestic groups of palm-trees, planted here and there in the country, near the houses of the *Afabs*, on the green undulating tops of the larch-pines scattered in small knots upon the plains or the hills, on the nopal hedges, or other thick plants, the heavy leaves of which fall down, as if for decoration, upon the little walls which sustain the terraces. These walls themselves are so covered with lichens in flower, ivy, wild figs, and bulbous plants, flowering in every variety of tint, that we cannot perceive the stones of which the walls are built; they are ramparts only of verdure and flowers.

In fine, near to us, just beneath our eyes, are two or three houses similar to our own, and half hidden by the orange-trees in flower and in fruit, which present to us those animated and picturesque scenes which are the life of every landscape. Arabs, seated upon mats, smoke upon the roofs of the houses. Some women lean on the windows to look at us, and conceal themselves when they perceive that we see them. Under our very terrace two Arab families, fathers, brothers, women and children, take their repast by the shade of a small plane-tree upon the threshold of their houses; and at some paces from them, under another tree, two young Syrian girls of incomparable beauty dress themselves in the open air, and cover their hair with white and red flowers. There is one of them whose hair is so long and bushy that it completely envelopes her, as the branches of a weeping-willow close around the trunk on all sides; we can only perceive her beautiful forehead, and her eyes radiant with simple gaiety, piercing for a moment this natural veil, as she shakes aside the waving hair. She appears to enjoy our admiration; I throw to her a handful of *ghasis*, small pieces of gold, of which the Syrians make necklaces and bracelets, by stringing them on a slip of silk. She joins her hands, and carries them to her head to thank me, and retires into the low chamber to show them to her mother and sister.

September 12.—Habib-Barbara, a Syrian Greek established at Beirut, and whose house is near ours, serves us as dragoman, that is, interpreter. Attached in this quality during twenty years to the different consulates of France, he speaks French and Italian; he is one of the most obliging and intelligent men whom I have met in my travels: without his assistance, and that of M. Jorelle, we should have had infinite difficulty in completing our establishment in Syria; he procures us domestics, both Greek and Arab. I buy at first six Arab horses of the half-blood, and I keep them, like the people of the country, in the open air in a field before the house, the legs fettered by rings of iron fastened to a stake in the earth. I cause a tent to be prepared beside the horses, for the *saïs*, or Arab grooms. These men appear quiet and intelligent; as to the animals, in two days they knew us and scented us like dogs. Habib-Barbara presents us to his wife, and to his daughter, who is to be married in a few days; he invites us to the wedding: curious to observe a Syrian marriage, we accept, and Julia prepares her presents for the bride. I give her a small gold watch, of which I have laid in a store for occurrences of this nature; she adds to it a small chain of pearls. We get on horseback to reconnoitre the environs of Beirut; Madame Jorelle mounts a superb Arab horse, caparisoned in blue velvet

plated with silver, a breast-piece of embossed silver cut in garlands, and clanging on the chest of the beautiful animal. M. Jorelle sells me one of his horses for my wife; I get Arab saddles and bridles made for fourteen horses.

About half a league from the town on the east, the Emir Fakardin had planted a forest of spreading pines, upon a sandy ridge which extends between the sea and the plain of Bagdad, a pretty Arab village at the foot of Lebanon. The emir had planted this magnificent forest, it is said, in order to oppose a rampart to the invasion of the immense hillocks of red sand which rise at a little distance, and threaten to overwhelm Beirut and its rich plantations. The forest has become superb; the trunks of the trees are sixty and eighty feet high, and their wide immovable branches stretch from one to another, covering an immense space with their shade; the sand creeps between the trunks, and forms the pleasantest soil for the hoofs of the horses. The rest of the ground is covered with a light downy turf, sprinkled with flowers of the most dazzling red; the roots of wild hyacinth are so large that they are not crushed beneath the iron of the horses' shoes. Through the columns of trunks, we see on one side the white and reddish downs of sand which hide the sea, on the other the plain of Bagdad, and the course of the river into this plain, and a corner of the gulf, looking like a small lake, so much is it lessened by the horizon of land, and the twelve or fifteen Arab villages upon the last slopes of Lebanon, which form the curtain of this scene. The light is so clear, and the air so pure, that we distinguish at several leagues' elevation, the forms of the trees upon the mountains, and the large eagles who float in the ethereal ocean without moving their wings. This wood of pines is certainly the most magnificent of all the spots I have seen in my life. The sky, the mountains, the snows, the blue horizon of the sea, the red and lurid aspect of the desert; the meandering course of the river, the isolated tops of the cypress trees, the clusters of palms in the fields, the delightful appearance of the huts, covered with oranges and vines overhanging the roofs; the austere aspect of the elevated Maronite monasteries, casting alternate shade and light on the chiselled rocks of Lebanon; the caravans of camels loaded with merchandise passing in silence amongst the trees; flocks of poor Jews mounted on asses holding two children on each arm; women enveloped in white veils on horseback, marching to the sound of the fife and the tambour, surrounded by a crowd of children, dressed in red stuffs embroidered with gold, and dancing before their horses; some Arab horsemen throwing the *djerid* around us, upon horses whose manes literally sweep the sand; some groups of Turks seated before a café built in the foliage, and smoking their pipes or performing their devotions; a little farther, the sandy desert hills without end, which are tinged with the golden rays of the evening sun, and from which the wind raises clouds of heated dust; and, in fine, the dull murmur of the sea, which mingles with the musical rustling of the wind amongst the branches of the pines, and with the song of myriads of unknown birds;—all this offers to the eye and the thought of the wanderer, a blending of objects the most sublime and beautiful, and at the same time the most melancholy, which have ever excited my mind; it is the site of my dreams; I will return to it every day.

September 16.—We had passed all these days in the pleasant occupation of making a general knowledge of men, manners, places, and in the amusing details of an establishment, in the bosom of a country so entirely new. Our five houses have become, by the assistance of our friends and Arab workmen, a sort of Italian villa, like those we have inhabited with such delight on the mountains of Lucca, or the coasts of Leghorn, in former times. Each of us has his apartment; and a saloon, having a terrace ornamented with flowers, is the centre of reunion. We have arranged divans there; we have placed on the tables our ship-library; my wife and Julia have painted the walls in fresco, have piled on a cedar table their books, and all these little objects of women,

which, in London and Paris, adorn tables of marble and mahogany; it is there that we assemble in the burning hours of the day, for in the evening our saloon is held in the open air, on the terrace itself; it is there we receive the visits of all the Europeans whom the commerce with Damascus, of which Beirut is the sea-port, fixes in this fine country. The Egyptian governor of Ibrahim Pacha has come to offer us, with a graciousness and cordiality more than European, his protection and his services for our sojourn, and for the journeys that we wish to venture upon. He has dined with me to-day; he is a man who would not disgrace any society. An old soldier of the Pacha of Egypt, he has for his master, and especially for Ibrahim, that blind devotion and confidence in fortune, which I recollect to have formerly witnessed in the generals of the emperor; but the Turkish attachment has something in it more touching and more noble, because it belongs to a religious sentiment, and not a personal feeling. Ibrahim Pacha is destiny, is Allah, to his officers: Napoleon was but glory and ambition to his.

He drank champagne with pleasure, and submitted to all our usages, as if he had never known any other. Pipes and coffee, taken at several intervals, filled up the afternoon. I have given him a letter for Ibrahim Pacha, a letter in which I announced to him the arrival of a European traveller in the country subject to his arms, and ask from him the protection which is to be expected from a man who combats for the cause of European civilisation. Ibrahim passed a short while ago with his army; he is at present beside Homs, a large town in the desert, between Aleppo and Damascus; he has left few troops in Syria; the principal towns, such as Beirut, Saïde, Jaffa, Acre, Tripolis, are occupied by agreement with Ibrahim by the soldiers of the Emir Beschir, or great prince of the Druzes, who reigns in Lebanon. This chieftain has not resisted Ibrahim; he abandoned the cause of the Turks, in appearance at least, after the taking of St Jean d'Acre by Ibrahim, and he now mixes his troops with those of the Pacha. The Emir Beschir, if Ibrahim should be defeated at Homs, could block his retreat, and destroy the remnant of the Egyptians. This skilful and warlike prince has reigned for forty years over the mountains of Lebanon. He has cast into one people the Druzes, the Metualis, the Maronites, the Syrians, and the Arabs, who live under his sway. He has sons as warlike as himself, whom he sends to govern the towns which Ibrahim entrusts to him; one of his sons is encamped a quarter of a mile from here, in the plain which reaches to Lebanon, with 500 or 600 Arab horsemen. We must see him; he has sent to compliment us.

An Arab related to me to-day the entry of Ibrahim into the town of Beirut. At some distance from the gate, as he passed along a deep road, the sides of which are covered with thick roots and interwoven plants, an enormous serpent issued from the bushes, and, crawling on the sand, slowly advanced under the feet of Ibrahim's horse; the horse, being alarmed, began to prance, and some slaves, who followed the pacha on foot, throw themselves forward to kill the serpent; but Ibrahim stopped them with a gesture, and, drawing his sword, cut off the head of the reptile before him, and crushed the body below his horse's feet. The crowd uttered a cry of admiration, and Ibrahim, with a smile on his lips, continued his route, enchanted at this circumstance, as it is an assured augury of victory amongst the Arabs. This people see no accident in life, no natural phenomenon, without attaching to it a moral and prophetic sense. Is it a confused reminiscence of that first more perfect tongue which mankind formerly understood, a language in which all nature was explained by nature? Is it a vivacity of imagination, which seeks to find relations amongst things which it is not permitted to man to comprehend? I do not know, but I lean to the first interpretation; humanity has no instincts without motives, end, and cause; the instinct for divination has tormented every age and every people, especially the people of the primitive ages. Divination, then, either must or might have existed; but it is a language of

which man lost the key, when leaving that superior state, that Eden of which all nations have a confused tradition. Then, doubtless, nature spoke more loudly and clearly to his spirit; man conceived the hidden relation of all natural events, and their connection could conduct him to the perception of truths, or of future circumstances, for the present is always the generating and infallible germ of the future; it requires only to be seen and to be comprehended.

September 17.—Still the same life. The day is passed in giving and receiving visits of Arabs and Franks, and in traversing the delicious environs of our retreat. We have found equally obliging dispositions amongst all the European consuls of Syria, whom the war has concentrated at Bierout. The consul of Sardinia, M. Bianco, the Austrian consul, M. Laurella, and the English consuls, MM. Farren and Abost, have put us in communication with all the Arabs who can assist us in our projects of travelling into the interior. It is impossible to meet greater welcome and hospitality. Some of these gentlemen have lived many years in Syria, and have relations with the Arab families of Damascus, Aleppo, and Jerusalem, who have again similar relations with the principal sheiks of the Arabs of the deserts which we have to travel over. We thus form in advance a chain of recommendations, and relations of hospitality, upon the different routes which may lead us to Bagdad.

M. Jorelle has procured me an excellent dragoman, or interpreter, in the person of M. Mazoyer, a young Frenchman by origin, but who, born and bred in Syria, is very well versed in the learned languages, and in the different dialects of the regions which we have to traverse. He is installed from to-day with me, and I hand over to him the government of all the Arab part of my household. This Arab portion is composed of an Aleppo cook, named Aboulia; of a young Syrian of the country, named Elias, who, having already been in the service of the consuls, understands a little Italian and French; of a young Syrian girl also speaking French, and who will serve to interpret for the women; in fine, of five or six Greek, Arab, or Syrian grooms, from different parts of Syria, destined to take charge of our horses, to fix the tents, and to serve us as an escort in travelling.

The history of our Arab cook is too singular not to preserve.

He was a young and intelligent Christian; he had established at Aleppo a small commerce in stuffs of the country, which he went himself to sell, mounted on an ass, amongst the tribes of wandering Arabs, who come in the winter to encamp in the plains about Antioch. His commerce prospered; but his quality of infidel giving him some anxiety, he thought it best to associate himself with a Moslem Arab of Aleppo. The trade only went on the better, and at the end of some years Aboulia found himself one of the most eminent merchants of the country. But he was enamoured of a young Græco-Syrian girl, and they would not give her to him except on condition of quitting Aleppo, and of establishing himself in the neighbourhood of Saïde, where the family of his young mistress resided. He required to realise his fortune; a quarrel ensued between the two partners about the partition of the wealth acquired in common. The Mahomedan Arab prepared a snare for the poor Aboulia; he posted concealed witnesses, who, in a dispute with his associate, heard him blaspheme Mahomed, a mortal crime for an infidel. Aboulia was dragged before the pacha, and condemned to be hanged. The sentence was put in execution; but the cord having broken, the unfortunate man fell to the foot of the gibbet, and was left for dead on the place of execution. However, the relations of his bride having obtained from the pacha permission to bury his body with the forms of their religion, carried it into their house, and perceiving that Aboulia gave signs of life, they resuscitated him, concealed him in a cave for some days, and interred an empty coffin, to avoid exciting the suspicion of the Turks. But they had got an idea of the deceit; and Aboulia was again arrested, at the moment he was escaping in the night

from the gates of the town. Conducted to the pacha, he related to him how his life had been saved without any fault of his. The pacha, according to a text of the Koran, which was favourable to the accused, gave him the alternative either of being hanged a second time, or of becoming a Turk. Aboulhas preferred the latter, and for some time practised Islamism. When his adventure was forgotten, and his conversion certified, he found means to escape from Aleppo, and to embark for the Isle of Cyprus, where he made himself once more a Christian. He espoused the woman whom he loved, obtained the protection of the French, and was enabled to reappear with impunity in Syria, where he continued his trade as a packman amongst the Druzes, Maronites, and Arabs. Such is the man whom we now required to travel in these countries. His talent as a cook consists in making a fire in the open air with prickly plants, or the dried dung of camels; in suspending a brass kettle upon two cross-sticks, and in boiling rice and chickens, or morsels of lamb, in the kettle. He also heats round flints in the fire, and when they are almost red, he spreads upon them a paste of barley meal which he has kneaded, and this forms our bread.

September 19.—To-day my wife and Julia have been invited, by the wife and daughter of a neighbouring Arab chief, to pass the day in the bath; it is the amusement of the women of the East amongst themselves. A bath is announced fifteen days beforehand, as a ball in Europe. The following is the description of this festival, as given us by my wife in the evening:—

The bath-rooms are in a public place, to which the approach of men is prohibited every day up to a certain hour, in order to keep them exclusively for the women, and the whole day when the bath is required for a bride, as was the case on the present occasion. The rooms are feebly lighted, through small domes of painted glass. They are paved with marble, in compartments of different colours, worked with great art. The walls are also covered with marble in mosaic, or adorned with mouldings or Moorish pillars. The rooms are graduated as to heat; the first of the temperature of the outer air, the second lukewarm, the others successively hotter, until the last, where the steam, from water nearly boiling, rises from basins, and fills the air with its stifling heat. In general, there is not a hollow bath in the centre of the room; there are only spouts always flowing, which pour on the marble floor about half an inch of water. This water escapes by channels, and is incessantly renewed. What is called the bath in the East is not a complete immersion, but a succession of sprinklings more or less hot, and the pressing of vapour on the skin.

Two hundred ladies of the town and the neighbourhood were invited this day to the bath, and in the number several young European females; each arrived enveloped in the immense cloak of white linen, which entirely covers the superb costume of the women when they leave home. They were all accompanied by their black slaves or free servants: as they arrived, they formed into groups, and seated themselves on the mats and cushions prepared in the first vestibule; their attendants removed the cloak which encompassed them, and they appeared in all the rich and picturesque magnificence of their clothes and jewels. These costumes are greatly varied in the colour of the stuffs, and the number and splendour of the jewels, but they are uniform in the shape of the garments.

These garments consist of pantaloons with large folds of streaked satin, bound at the waist by a tissue of red silk, and closed round the ankle by a band of gold or silver; a loose robe, worked in gold, open in front, and tied under the breast, which it leaves uncovered; the sleeves are tight from the shoulder, and hang loose from the elbow to the wrist; beneath is a chemise of silken gauze passing over the bosom. Above their robe they wear a vest of scarlet velvet lined with ermine or marten, embroidered with gold at all the seams, and the sleeves open.

The hair is parted at the crown of the head; one part falls down over the neck, the rest is twisted into tresses

with black silk resembling the hair, and descends to the feet. Little wreaths of gold or silver hang at the extremity of these tresses, and by their weight draw them down the full length of the figure; on their heads small strings of pearls, of golden sequins, and of natural flowers, are scattered, the whole mixed together with incredible profusion. It seems as if the contents of a casket had been thrown at hazard upon the brilliant hair, so redolent is it in jewels and flowers. This barbaric luxury has the most picturesque effect upon young girls of fifteen to twenty years of age. On the top of the head some women wear a cap of carved gold, in the form of an inverted cup; from the middle of this cap a string of gold, with a row of pearls, hangs pendant down the back.

The legs are unadorned, and the feet are covered with yellow slippers, which they drag as they walk. The arms are crowded with bracelets of gold, silver, and pearls; the breast with several necklaces, which shield the uncovered bosom with chains of gold or pearls.

When all the ladies were collected, a barbarous music was heard; women whose bodies were clothed in a simple red gauze, uttered sharp and doleful cries, and played on the fife and tambourine. This concert never ceased throughout the day, and imparted to a scene of pleasure and rejoicing a character of uproar and phrensy perfectly savage.

When the bride appeared, accompanied by her mother and her young friends, attired in a costume so magnificent that her hair, neck, arms, and bosom, were entirely concealed under a floating veil of garlands, gold, and pearls, the bathing-women seized her, and took off, piece by piece, all her garments. During this process, the other females were undressed by their slaves, and the different ceremonies of the bath commenced. They passed from one saloon to another always to the sound of the same music, and always with the most absurd ceremonies and words. They took the vapour bath; then the water bath; then they had thrown over them perfumed soap water. At length the sports began, and all the ladies, with various gestures and cries, gambolled like a troop of schoolboys taken to bathe in a stream, splashing each other, plunging their heads into the water, and throwing it upon their bodies; and the music struck up with an increased roar every time that any of these infantine tricks excited the noisy laughter of the young Arab girls. At length they left the bath; the slaves and servants twisted afresh the damp hair of their mistresses, arranged again the necklaces and bracelets, put on the silk robes and velvet vests, stretched the cushions on the mats in the rooms where they had dried the floors, and drew from baskets and silk coverings the provisions brought for the collation. They consisted of pastry and sweetmeats of all kinds, in which the Turks and Arabs excel; sherbet, orange-flowers, and all the iced drinks of which the orientals make use at every moment of the day. Pipes and hookahs were brought for the elder females; a cloud of odoriferous smoke filled and obscured the atmosphere; coffee, served in little cups enclosed in small open vases of gold or silver thread, never ceased circulating, and conversation became animated. Then followed the dancing-girls, who executed, to the sounds of the same music, the Egyptian dances and the monotonous evolutions of Arabia. The whole day was thus passed, and it was not till the fall of night that this cortège of women reconducted the young affianced bride to the house of her mother. This ceremony of the bath usually takes place a few days before marriage.

September 20.—Our establishment being complete, I occupy myself with organising my caravan for the journey into the interior of Syria and Palestine. I have bought fourteen Arab horses, some from Lebanon, others from Aleppo and the desert; I have caused bridles and saddles to be made in the fashion of the country, richly ornamented with silken fringe and thread of gold and silver. The respect of the Arabs is in proportion to the luxury displayed; it is necessary to dazzle them, to strike their imagination, and to betray no distrust in travelling amongst their tribes. I have got our arms

put in order, and I have bought some very beautiful ones to arm our *carvas*. These *carvas* are Turks who are substituted for the janissaries which the Porte formerly granted to ambassadors or travellers whom it wished to protect; they are at the same time soldiers and magistrates; they answer very nearly to the gendarmes of the states of Europe. Each consul has one or two attached to his person; they travel on horseback with them; they announce them in the towns which they have to visit; they go to apprise the *scheik*, *pacha*, or governor; they get emptied and put in order the house which it pleases them to select in the town or village; they protect, by their presence and authority, every caravan to which they are attached; they are clad in costumes more or less splendid, according to the wealth or importance of the person who employs them. The ambassadors or consuls are the only persons who have a right to them; but owing to the exertions of M. Jorelle, and the kindness of the Egyptian governor of Beirout, I am granted several. I shall leave some of them at the house for the service of my wife and Julia, and for their security when they leave home; and I take the youngest, the most intelligent and brave, to march at the head of our detachment. These men are quiet, servicable, attentive, and require scarcely any thing but fine arms, fine horses, and glittering costumes; they live, like all my other Arabs, on cakes of barley-meal and fruits; they sleep in the open air, under the mulberries in the garden, or in a tent which I have had erected near the place where the horses are kept.

M. Bianco, the Sardinian consul, whom we see every day, like a friend of several years' standing, facilitates all those internal arrangements which will tend to the security of my wife and child during my absence, and which will contribute also to our own safety in travelling. I buy tents, and he lends me the best of his own.

September 22.—The stifling heats of September delay our departure for some time. We pass the days in exchanging visits with our Greek, Arab, and Maronite neighbours, and in forming relations which may render our stay agreeable. We could find in no part of Europe more kindness and cordiality than they evince towards us here; these people are accustomed only to see Europeans arrive in their country who are absorbed in commerce, and who enter into such connections as are likely to be advantageous to themselves merely; they do not understand at first that any one can come to live and journey amongst them, simply to know them, and to admire their beautiful country, and their ruined monuments. They begin by suspecting the intentions of a traveller; and as traditions lead them to believe that treasures are concealed in all the ruins, they think that we have the power of drawing forth these treasures, and that such is the object of our expenses and fatigues. But when once they can be convinced that we do not travel with this intention, that we come solely to admire the works of God in the most beautiful countries of the world, to study manners, to see and love mankind; when, further, we offer them presents, without demanding in exchange any thing but their friendship—when we have with us, as we have, a physician and a medicine-chest, and we distribute amongst them, without fee, recipes, prescriptions, and medicines—when they see that the stranger who arrives amongst them is an object of regard and attention to the other Franks, that he has a beautiful vessel with him which bears him at his pleasure from one port to another, and who refuses to load himself with any article of commerce, their imagination is struck with an idea of power, greatness, and disinterestedness, which overthrows all their systems, and they pass at once from distrust to admiration, from admiration to devotedness.

Such is their disposition for us. Our court is for ever filled with the Arabs of the mountains, Maronite monks, *scheiks* of the Druzes, with women, children, and invalids, who come from fifteen to twenty leagues to see us, to ask for our advice, and offer us hospitality, if we wish to pass through their territories; almost all are preceded by some presents of the wines or fruits

of the country. We receive them with kindness, make them take coffee, smoke the pipe, and drink iced-sherbet; I give them in return for their presents the fabrics of Europe, some arms, a watch, little jewels of small value, of which I have brought a great quantity; they return enchanted at our welcome, and spread far and wide the reputation of the *Emir Frangi*, for it is thus that they have named me—the *Prince of the Franks*. I have no other designation in all the environs of Beirout, and in the town itself; and as this estimation may be of the greatest utility to us in our adventurous career in these countries, M. Jorelle, and the European consuls, have had the kindness not to undeceive them, and to allow the humble poet to pass for a potent man of Europe.

It is not possible to imagine the rapidity with which news circulates from mouth to mouth in Arabia; it is known already at Damascus, Aleppo, Latakia, Saïde, and Jerusalem, that a stranger is arrived in Syria, and is about to travel through those countries. In a country where there is little movement in affairs and minds, the most petty circumstance of an unusual nature becomes all at once the topic of every conversation; it circulates with the rapidity of speech from one tribe to the other; the lively and exalted imagination of the Arabs exaggerates and heightens every thing, and in fifteen days a renown is gained at a hundred leagues' distance. This disposition of the country, of which Lady Stanhope formerly experienced the effect, in circumstances nearly similar to mine, is too favourable for us to be complained of. We let them do and say what they like, and I accept, without contradiction, the imaginary titles, riches, and virtues, with which the Arab imagination has endowed me, to lay them humbly down hereafter, when returning again into the just proportions of my native mediocrity.

September 27: *Fakardin's Tower*.—We have passed all the day at the nuptials of the young Syrian-Greek girl. The ceremony commenced by a long procession of Greek, Arab, and Syrian women, who came, some on horseback, others on foot, through the roads of aloes and mulberries, to assist the bride during this fatiguing day. For several days and nights, a certain number of these women has never left Habib's house, nor ceased to utter shrill and prolonged cries, songs, and groans, similar to those shouts which the reapers and hay-makers make on the coasts of France during the harvests. These clamours, lamentations, tears, and rejoicings, must prevent the bride from getting any sleep for several nights before the marriage. The old and young men of the family of the husband make as many on their side, and permit him scarcely any repose for eight days beforehand. We cannot comprehend the motives for such a usage.

Introduced into the gardens of Habib's house, the females were made to enter into the interior of the divan, to pay their compliments to the young girl, to admire her dress, and to see the ceremonies. As for us, we were left in the court, or called into an outer room. There a table was laid out in the European manner, covered with a multitude of dried fruits, honey, and sugar-cakes, liquors, and sherbet, and during the evening they renewed these refreshments, as the numerous visitors exhausted them. I succeeded in being admitted as an exception into the divan of the women, at the moment when the Greek archbishop was bestowing the nuptial benediction. The young girl was standing up by the side of the bridegroom, covered from head to foot with a veil of red gauze, embroidered with gold. The priest lifted up the veil for a moment, and the young man for the first time got a glimpse of her to whom he was uniting his fate; she was extremely pretty. The paleness which fatigue and emotion spread upon her cheeks, was rendered yet more striking by the reflection of the red veil, and the countless ornaments of gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds, with which she was covered, and by the long tresses of her jet black hair which fell around her person. This, joined to her eyelashes painted black, as well as her eyebrows, and the margins of her eyes, her hands, with the tips

of her fingers and nails, stained red with henna, and marked with Moorish designs, all gave to her ravishing beauty a character of novelty and solemnity with which we were singularly struck. Her husband had scarcely time to see her. He appeared exhausted, and fainting under the infliction of the vigils and fatigues with which these ridiculous customs extinguish even the force of love. The prelate took from the hands of one of his priests a chaplet of natural flowers, placed it on the head of the young girl, took it off, put it on the hair of the youth, again took it off to set it on the veil of the bride, and thus passed it several times from one head to the other. Then he put in the same alternate manner rings on the fingers of both. They afterwards broke the same piece of bread, they drank the consecrated wine in the same cup. After which they removed the bride into the apartments, where women alone could follow her, in order to change her dress. The father and friends of the bridegroom led him into the garden, and made him sit down at the foot of a tree, surrounded by all the males of his family. The musicians and dancers then arrived, and continued till the setting of the sun their barbarous symphonies, their piercing cries, and their contortions, around the young man, who had sunk into sleep at the foot of the tree, resisting all the efforts of his friends to awaken him.

At night they conducted him alone and in procession to his father's house. It is not until after eight days that a newly-married husband is permitted to take his wife, and conduct her to his own house.

The women, who filled the house of Habib with their exclamations, also issued forth a little later. Nothing was more picturesque than this prodigious procession of women and young girls, in their strange and splendid costumes, covered with glittering stones, surrounded by their servants and their slaves, bearing torches of resinous pine to lighten the road, and extending thus their luminous train through the long and narrow paths, shaded by aloes and oranges, to the borders of the sea, sometimes in a profound silence, sometimes uttering piercing cries which resounded over the waves, or beneath the large plantains at the foot of Lebanon. We returned to our house, close to the country residence of Habib, where we continued to hear the noise of the women of the family conversing; we mounted upon our terraces, and followed with our eyes, for a long time, the wandering lights, which danced on all sides through the trees in the plain.

September 29.—There is a report of the defeat of Ibrahim. If the Egyptian army suffers a reverse, the vengeance of the Turks, oppressed at present by the Christians of Lebanon, is to be feared, and excesses will take place in isolated spots such as ours. I have determined to hire a house, by way of precaution, in the town. I have found one this morning which can lodge us all; it is composed, like all Arabian palaces, of a small dark corridor, which opens on the street by an elliptical doorway: this corridor conducts to an inner court, paved with marble and surrounded with divans or open rooms. In the summer, they throw an awning over this court, and the Arabs there receive visits. A cascade of water flows and murmurs in the middle of the court; when there is no running stream, there is at least a closed well in one of the corners. From this court, we pass into several large apartments, likewise paved in mosaic or with flags of marble, and adorned, to the height of the ceiling, either with marble sculptured in niches, in pilasters, or in small fountains, or with a wainscoting of yellow cedar, admirably carved. The first part of these divans is lower by a step than the second half, and this second half is separated by a balustrade of elegantly worked wood. The slaves and attendants keep in the first division, standing with the cup of coffee, sherbet, or pipe, in their hands: the masters are seated on the carpets, supported by cushions, in the second. Generally, at the bottom of the room, is a small wooden staircase, concealed in the wainscot, which leads to a sort of high gallery, which fills the far end of the apartment. This gallery opens, on one side, upon the street, with little windows, furnished with

bars; and on the side of the room, it is also hidden by wooden lattices, in the manufacture of which the carpenters of the country expend all their art in design and workmanship. These galleries are very narrow, and can only contain a sofa, covered with a mattress and silk cushions: the rich Turks or Arabs retire there for the night; the others are contented with cushions laid on the floor, and sleep upon them in their clothes, without any other covering than the heavy and beautiful furs in which they are habitually clad.

There are five or six similar rooms, in my town-house, on the first floor, and as many on the second, besides a great number of small chambers detached, for the European domestics. The janissaries, the saïs, and the Arab servants, will sleep at the street-door, or in the corridor, or in the court; they never trouble themselves to find these people with a room or a bed. The lower classes here have no other bed than the earth or a straw mat; the loveliness of the climate is a sufficient provider, and we ourselves find that there is not under heaven a more delightful canopy than the beautiful starry firmament, where the light sea-breezes waft their freshness and provoke to sleep; there is little or no dew, and it is sufficient to cover the eyes with a silk kerchief, to sleep in this manner without any inconvenience.

This house is intended only as a refuge for my wife and child, in case of Ibrahim Pacha's retreat; I have contented myself with taking the keys, and we shall not occupy it unless the rest of the country becomes uninhabitable. Under the guardianship of the European consuls, in a town surrounded with walls, and close to a harbour where vessels of all nations are perpetually at anchor, there cannot be any imminent peril for travellers. I have taken the town-house for a year, at 1000 piastres, that is to say, about 300 francs (£12, 10s.); the five conjoined houses in the country cost me only 3000 piastres—in all, 1300 francs (£45, 11s. 8d.) per annum, to have six houses, of which one alone, that in the town, would cost 4000 or 5000 francs in Europe.

Upon a tongue of land to the left of the town, there is one of the most delicious abodes that a man could desire on the earth. It belongs to a rich Turkish merchant, to whom I have made proposals for letting it to me. He has declined giving it me on hire, but has offered to sell it to me for 30,000 piastres, or about 10,000 francs (£416, 13s. 4d.). It is built in the midst of a very large garden, planted with cedars, oranges, vines, and figs, and irrigated by a fountain of clear spring water; the sea encompasses it on two sides, and the foam dashes at the foot of the walls; the beautiful road of Beirout extends before you, with its ships riding at anchor, and you can hear the whistling of the wind in their rigging. The road is closed by an old Moorish castle, which juts into the sea, and is connected by bridges to beautiful green banks. The elevated turrets of the castle fall in a sombre shade upon the snows of Sannin, and the sentinels of Ibrahim are seen in their intervals, pacing about, and looking at the sea.

This house is far more beautiful than the one which I have just hired. All the walls are covered with marble, elaborately sculptured, or with wainscotings of cedar, of the richest workmanship. Inexhaustible waterspouts murmur in the midst of the rooms on the ground-floor; and projecting grated balconies, running round the upper stories, permit the women to pass day and night in the open air, without being seen, and to feast their eyes with the wonderful spectacle of the sea, the mountains, and the animated scenes of the harbour. The Turk received me with great civility; lavished upon me sherbet, pipes, and coffee, and conducted me himself into all the rooms of his house. He sent, beforehand, a black eunuch to request his women to retire into a pavilion of the garden; but when we came to their apartments, or harem, the order was not yet executed, and we perceived five or six young women, some fifteen or sixteen years old at the most, the others from twenty to thirty, in the beautiful and graceful costume of the Arab women, and in all the disorder of their household toilet, who arose with precipitation from their mats and divans, and took to flight in their bare legs

and feet, here throwing their veils hastily over their faces, there snatching little children to their breasts, with all the bashfulness and confusion natural to so complete a surprise. They glided into a dark passage, and the eunuch placed himself at the door. The Arab merchant appeared in no degree embarrassed or annoyed at the circumstance, and we visited all the secret recesses of the harem, as we might have done in a European house.

VISIT TO LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

Lady Hester Stanhope, the niece of Mr Pitt, after the death of her uncle, left England, and travelled through Europe. Young, beautiful, and rich, she was welcomed every where with the cordiality and respect which her rank, fortune, wit, and beauty, were calculated to secure her; but she constantly refused to unite her lot to that of her most worthy suitors, and, after some years passed in the chief capitals of Europe, she embarked with a numerous suite for Constantinople. The motives of this expatriation have never been known; some have attributed it to the death of a young English general, killed at that period in Spain, and whom a never-ending sorrow for his fate brought perpetually to the mind of Lady Hester; others to the pure love of adventure, which the enterprising and courageous character of this young lady seemed to evince. Whatever it was, she departed. She passed some years at Constantinople, and at length embarked for Syria in an English vessel, which also bore the greater part of her treasures, and immense sums in jewels, and presents of all kinds.

A tempest assailed the ship in the Gulf of Macri, upon the coast of Caramania, opposite the Isle of Rhodes. It struck upon a rock some miles from the shore. The vessel was shattered to pieces in a few seconds, and the treasures of Lady Stanhope were buried in the waves. She herself escaped death with difficulty, and was borne, on a remnant of the wreck, to a small desert island, where she passed twenty-four hours without food or assistance. At last, some fishermen of Marmoriza, who were searching for the spoils of the shipwreck, discovered her, and conducted her to Rhodes, where she made herself known to the English consul. This deplorable disaster did not diminish her courage. She went to Malta, and thence to England. She collected the residue of her fortune; she sold, at a sacrifice, part of her lands, embarked her riches, and presents adapted to the countries she purposed visiting, a second time on board a vessel, and put to sea. The voyage was fortunate, and she landed at Latakia, the ancient Laodicea, upon the coast of Syria, between Tripolis and Alexandretta. She established herself in the environs, learnt Arabic, surrounded herself with all the persons who could facilitate her intercourse with the Arab, Druze, and Maronite populations of the country, and prepared, as I was then doing myself, for travels of discovery into the least accessible parts of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and the Desert.

When she had rendered herself familiar with the language, costume, manners, and usages of the country, she organised a numerous caravan, loaded camels with rich presents for the Arabs, and traversed all the districts of Syria. She sojourned at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Koms, Balbek, and Palmyra. It was in this last station that the numerous tribes of wandering Arabs, who had facilitated her approach to these ruins, collected around her tent to the number of forty or fifty thousand, and, enraptured with her beauty, grace, and magnificence, proclaimed her Queen of Palmyra, and delivered to her patents, by which it was stipulated, that every European, protected by her, might come in full security to visit the desert and the ruins of Balbek and Palmyra, provided that he engaged to pay a tribute of one thousand piastres. This treaty still exists, and would be faithfully executed by the Arabs, if positive proof were given of the protection of Lady Stanhope.

On her return from Palmyra, she was, however, about to be carried off by a numerous tribe of other Arabs, who were at enmity with those of Palmyra. She

was apprised in time by one of her people, and owed her safety, and that of her caravan, to a forced march at night, and to the swiftness of her horses, which cleared an incredible extent of desert in twenty-four hours. She returned to Damascus, where she resided some months, under the protection of the Turkish pacha, to whom the Porte had especially recommended her.

After a wandering life in all the countries of the East, Lady Hester Stanhope settled at last in an almost inaccessible solitude, upon one of the mountains of Lebanon, near Saïde, the ancient Sidon. The Pacha of Acre, Abdallah-Pacha, who entertained for her a profound respect, and an absolute devotion, ceded to her the ruins of a convent, and the village of Digioun, peopled by the Druzes. She built there several houses, surrounded by an outer wall, like our fortifications of the middle ages. She formed a charming garden by artificial means, in the manner of the Turks—a garden of flowers and fruits, vineyards, kiosks enriched with arabesque sculpture and paintings; water flowing in marble channels, water spouting in the midst of the kiosks, avenues of oranges, figs, and citrons. There Lady Stanhope lived several years in a luxury altogether oriental, accompanied by a great number of European or Arab dragomans, by a numerous suite of women and black slaves, and maintaining amicable and even political relations with the Porte, Abdallah-Pacha, the Emir Beschir, sovereign of Lebanon, and, above all, with the Arab scheiks of the deserts of Syria and Bagdad.

Her fortune, still considerable, was diminished by the derangement her affairs suffered from her absence, and she found herself reduced to thirty or forty thousand francs of income, which was, however, sufficient in this country for the establishment she is obliged to keep up. But the persons who had accompanied her from Europe died or removed; the friendship of the Arabs, which it is necessary to sustain by unceasing presents and imposing illusions, cooled, the intercourse became less frequent, and Lady Hester fell into the complete isolation in which I found her; but in this state the heroic cast of her character was displayed by all the energy and constancy of courage. She never thought of retracing her steps; the world and the past caused her no regret; she flinched not under abandonment, misfortune, or the prospect of an old age amidst oblivion. She remained alone where she is yet, without books, journals, letters from Europe, friends, or even servants attached to her person, surrounded only by some negresses and black children, and a few Arab peasants to cultivate her garden, to take care of the horses, and to protect her personal safety. It is generally believed in the country, and my communications with her induce me likewise to believe, that the supernatural vigour of her mind and resolution is sustained not only by her strength of character, but also by exalted religious ideas, in which the mysticism of Europe is mingled with certain oriental superstitions, and especially with the ravings of astrology. Whatever it may be, Lady Stanhope has a great renown in the East, and excites the astonishment of Europe. Finding myself so near her, I desired to see her; her choice of solitude and meditation had so much apparent sympathy with my own inclinations, that I felt glad in the idea of ascertaining in what we coincided. But nothing is more difficult for an European than to gain admission to her; she refuses any communication with English travellers, with women, or with the members of her own family. I had, therefore, little hope of being introduced to her, and I had no letter of recommendation; knowing, however, that she preserved some distant relations with the Arabs of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that a protection from her hand, addressed to these tribes, might be of the very greatest utility to me in my future travels, I resolved to send her, by an Arab, the following letter:—

“MR LADY—A traveller like yourself, a stranger like you, in the East, and an imitator of you, in my search after the contemplation of its territories, its ruins, and

the great works of God, I have just arrived in Syria, with my family. I should reckon that day amongst the most interesting of my journey, on which I should become acquainted with a woman, who is herself one of the wonders of this East which I come to visit.

If you will do me the favour of receiving me, be pleased to name the day which will be convenient to you, and let me know if I must come alone, or if I may bring with me some of the friends who accompany me, and who will attach no less value than myself to the honour of being presented to you.

Let not this request, my lady, in any degree constrain you, from politeness, to grant me what is offensive to your habits of complete seclusion. I understand too well myself the value of liberty, and the charm of solitude, not to appreciate your refusal, and to respect its motives.—Accept,” &c.

I had not long to wait for an answer: the 30th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the equerry of Lady Stanhope, who is at the same time her physician, arrived at my house with orders to accompany me to Digioun, the residence of this extraordinary woman.

We started at four o'clock. I was accompanied by Doctor Leonardi, M. de Parseval, a domestic, and a guide. We were all on horseback. I passed through, about half an hour from Beirout, a wood of magnificent firs, originally planted by the Emir Fakardin upon an elevated promontory, the view from which extends to the right, over the stormy sea of Syria, and to the left over the magnificent valley of Lebanon—an admirable landscape, in which the choicest of western vegetation, the vine, fig-tree, mulberry, and pyramidal poplar, are united with the lofty columns of eastern palms, the broad leaves of which shake in the wind like bunches of feathers. A few paces beyond, we enter into a sort of desert of red sand, raised into immense moving masses like the waves of the ocean. There was a brisk wind this evening, and it ploughed up the sand, raised it aloft, and scooped out hollows, as it makes the breakers of the sea lash and roar. This spectacle was new and sad, as an insight into the true and vast desert which I was soon to enter upon. No mark of men or animals was visible on this turbulent scene; we were guided only by the bellowing of the waves on the one side, and by the transparent ridges of Lebanon on the other. We soon recovered a sort of road or path, strewn with enormous angular blocks of stone. This road, which follows the sea even into Egypt, conducted us to a ruined house, the remnant of an old fortified tower, where we passed the gloomy hours of the night, stretched upon a mat of rushes, and covered up with our mantles. As soon as the moon had risen, we got on horseback again. It was one of those nights in which the sky is resplendent with stars, in which the most perfect serenity appears to reign in those vast ethereal regions we contemplate from below, but in which nature immediately around us seems to groan and torture herself into violent convulsions. The desolate aspect of the coast for some leagues added to this painful impression. We had left behind us, with the twilight, the beautiful shady slopes, the verdant valleys of Lebanon. Savage hills, strewn from top to bottom with black, white, and grey stones, the relics of earthquakes, arose close beside us; to our left and to our right, the sea, agitated since the morning by a growling tempest, rolled its heavy and threatening waves, which we saw as they came from afar, by the shadow which they cast before them, and broke upon the beach with the noise of thunder, throwing their thick and bubbling froth upon the ridge of damp sand we were travelling on, bathing each time the feet of our horses, and threatening to drag us back with it. A moon as brilliant as a winter sun, shed sufficient light upon the sea to discover to us its fury, and not sufficient clearness upon our route to satisfy our eyes as to the perils of the road. A glimmering light shortly broke on the top of the mountains of Lebanon, with the white or sombre fog of morning, and spread over all this scene a false and pale tint which was neither day nor night, which had neither the splendour of the one nor the serenity of the other;

an hour painful to the eye and to the thought, a contest of two opposing principles of which nature often presents the afflicting image, and which we more often find in our own hearts.

At seven in the morning, under a sun already oppressive, we quitted Saïde, the ancient Sidon, which sits upon the waves as a glorious memento of a past dominion, and we climbed the slaty, naked, and broken hills, which, rising insensibly from stage to stage, led us to the solitude that we sought in vain to forestall with our eyes. Each peak as we cleared it disclosed to us one more elevated, which we had to wind round or climb up; the mountains were linked with mountains, like the rings of a chain, leaving between them only deep ravines, dry, scorched, and scattered with blocks of greyish rock. These mountains are completely bare of vegetation and of soil. They are the skeletons of hills which the waters and the winds have gnawed for ages. It was not there that I expected to find the residence of a female, who had visited the world, and who had had the universe to select from. At length, from the top of one of these rocks, my eyes fell upon a deeper and broader valley, closed in on all sides by mountains more majestic, but not less sterile. In the middle of this valley, the hill of Digioun, like the base of a large tower, took root, and mounting in circular layers of rock, grew attenuated as it approached the summit, and formed an esplanade of some hundred fathoms broad, covered with a beautiful lively green vegetation. A white wall, flanked by a kiosk at one of its angles, encircled this verdant spot. This was the abode of Lady Hester. We reached it at mid-day. The house is not what we call by the same name in Europe, it is not even what is called a house in Asia; it is a confused and strange aggregation of ten or twelve little houses, each containing but one or two chambers on the ground floor, without windows, and separated from one another by small courts or gardens—an assemblage very similar in aspect to those poor convents which we meet with in Italy or Spain upon high mountains, belonging to the mendicant orders. According to her custom, Lady Stanhope was not to be seen until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We were each conducted into a sort of narrow cell, dark, and without furniture. We were served with breakfast, and we threw ourselves on a divan, whilst waiting for the rising of the invisible hostess of this romantic habitation. I fell asleep. At three o'clock they came and knocked at my door, to announce to me that she expected me. I passed through a court, a garden, an open kiosk with hangings of jessamine, then two or three gloomy corridors, and I was introduced by a little negro child, six or eight years old, into the cabinet of Lady Hester.

So profound an obscurity reigned, that I had great difficulty in distinguishing the noble, grave, mild, and majestic features of the white form, which in oriental costume rose from the divan, and came forward stretching out her hand. Lady Hester appears to be fifty years old; she has those features which years cannot alter. The freshness, colour, and grace of youth, are gone; but when the beauty is in the figure itself, in the chasteness of the outlines, in the dignity, majesty, and expression of a male or female face, it changes at the different epochs of life, but it does not pass away. Such is the beauty of Lady Stanhope. She had upon her head a white turban, on her forehead a little fillet of purple wool falling on each side of the head upon the shoulders. A long shawl of yellow cashmere, and an immense Turkish robe of white silk, with hanging sleeves, covered her person in simple and majestic folds, and it was only in the opening which this first tunic left upon her breast, that a second robe of Persian flowered stuff, reaching to the neck, and fastened by a clasp of pearls, could be perceived. Yellow Turkish boots, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful oriental costume, which she wore with the freedom and gracefulness of a person who has never worn any other since her infancy.

“You have come a long way to see a hermit,” she said to me; “you are welcome; I receive few strangers, scarcely one or two in a year; but your letter pleased

me, and I desired to know a person who loved, like me, God, nature, and solitude. Something, besides, told me that our stars were friendly, and that we should agree well together. I see with pleasure that my presentiment has not deceived me; and your features which I now see, and the very noise of your steps whilst you were traversing the corridor, have sufficiently informed me respecting you to prevent my repenting of having resolved to see you. Let us sit down and converse. We are already friends." "How!" said I to her; "do you honour so quickly with the name of friend, my lady, a man whose name and life are completely unknown to you? You are ignorant who I am." "True," replied she; "I know neither who you are according to the world, nor what you have done whilst living amongst men; but I know already what you are before God. Do not take me for a fool, as the world often calls me; but I cannot resist the inclination to speak to you with an open heart. There is a science, lost at present in your Europe, a science which was born in the East, where it has never perished, and where it yet survives. I possess it. I read in the stars. We are all children of some one of those celestial fires which preside at our birth, and whose fortunate or malignant influence is written in our eyes, on our foreheads, in our features, in the lines of our hand, in the form of our foot, in our gesture, and in our gait. I have only seen you a few minutes, and yet I know you as if I had lived an age with you. Do you wish that I open to you yourself? Do you wish that I predict your destiny?" "Pray avoid doing so, my lady," answered I, smiling; "I do not deny what I am ignorant of; I will not affirm, that in visible and invisible nature in which every thing is held, every thing enchainèd, beings of an inferior order, like man, may not be under the influence of superior beings, like stars or angels; but I have no need of their revelation to know myself—corruption, infirmity, and woe! And as to the secrets of my future destiny, I should consider it a profanation on the Divinity, who conceals them from me, if I sought them from a creature. In regard to the future, I believe only in God, free-will, and virtue." "Never mind," said she to me, "believe what you please; as to me, I see evidently that you are born under the influence of very happy, potent, and benevolent stars, which have endowed you with analogous qualities, and which conduct you to an end which I could, if you pleased, indicate to you from this moment. It is God who leads you here to enlighten your mind; you are one of those desirable and good-intentioned men, of whom there is a great want as instruments for the wonderful works which are soon to be accomplished amongst men. Do you believe the reign of the Messiah come?" "I was born a Christian," said I to her; "it is for you to answer." "A Christian!" retorted she with a slight sign of dissatisfaction; "I also am a Christian; but he whom you call Christ, has he not said, 'I speak to you in parables, but he who shall come after me will speak in the spirit and in truth.' Now, it is this one whom we are waiting for! This is the Messiah who is not yet come, who is not far off, whom we will see with our eyes, and for the coming of whom all is prepared in the world! What will you answer? And how will you deny or twist the very words of your Gospel which I have just cited to you? What are your motives for believing in Christ?" "Excuse me, my lady," I interrupted, "from entering with you into such a discussion; I do not enter into it with myself. Man has two lights: the one which illumines the understanding, which is subject to discussion and doubt, and which often leads only to error and mistake; the other which actuates the heart, and never deceives, for it is at once evidence and conviction; and for us miserable mortals, truth itself is but a conviction. God alone possesses truth otherwise, and as truth; we possess it only as faith! I believe in Christ, because he has brought to the earth the most holy, fruitful, and divine doctrine, which has ever beamed upon human intelligence. A doctrine so heavenly cannot be the fruit of a lie and a cheat. Christ has spoken as reason speaks. His doctrines are known

by their morality, as a tree by its fruits. The fruits of Christianity (I speak of its fruits to come, much more than of those which are already gathered and corrupted) are infinite, perfect, and divine; therefore its author is that divine Word which he described himself. Such are the reasons for which I am a Christian, such is the whole of my religious controversy with myself; with others I have none; we can prove to man only what he already believes."

"But," resumed she, "do you find the social, political, and religious world, well constituted? And do you not think that all the world feels the want, the necessity, of a Revealer, of a Redeemer, of the Messiah whom we expect, and whom our desires have already pointed out?"

"Oh! as to that," said I, "it is another question. No one regrets and laments more than myself the universal suffering of nature, of men, and of society. No one acknowledges more distinctly the enormous social, political, and religious abuses. No one more desires and hopes for an alleviator of those intolerable evils of humanity. No one can be more convinced that this alleviator must be divine! If you call that expecting a Messiah, I expect him like you—and, farther than you, I sigh for his early appearance; like you, and farther than you, I perceive in the wavering creeds of man, in the tumult of his ideas, in the emptiness of his heart, in the depravity of his social state, in the incessant totterings of his political institutions, all the symptoms of an overthrow, and consequently of a near and impending renovation. I believe that God always shows himself at the precise moment in which every thing that is human avails nothing, in which man confesses that he is helpless. The world is now so. I believe, therefore, in a Messiah near to our own epoch; but in this Messiah I do not see the Christ, who has nothing more in wisdom, in virtue, and in truth, to give us; I see him who Christ announced was to come after him—that Holy Spirit ever urging, ever assisting man, always revealing to him, according to time and occasion, what he ought to do and know. It matters little whether this Holy Spirit is incarnate in a man, or in a doctrine, in deed, or in idea—it is the same; man, or doctrine, deed, or idea, I believe in it, I place my hopes upon it, and I expect it, and, more than you, I invoke it! You thus see that we can understand each other, and that our stars are not so far asunder as this conversation has led you to think."

She smiled; her eyes, occasionally obscured by a little discontent during the confession of my Christian system of belief, were lighted up with a tenderness of expression, and a brilliancy almost supernatural. "Believe what you will," said she to me; "you are still one of those men whom I was looking for, whom Providence sends to me, and who have an important part to play in the work which is preparing. You will soon return to Europe; Europe is done; France alone has a grand mission yet to accomplish; you will participate in it; I do not at present know how, but I can tell you this evening, if you desire it, when I have consulted your stars. I do not yet know the names of all; I see more than three; I distinguish four, perhaps five, and, who knows, more yet? One of them is certainly Mercury, who gives clearness and emphasis to the intellect and to the power of expression; you ought to be a poet—that is evident from your eyes and the higher part of your face; lower, you are under the empire of quiet distinct, almost opposing stars, in which there is an influence of energy and action. There is the sun also," continued she, with a start, "in the leaning of your head, and in the manner you throw it on your left shoulder. You may thank God: there are few men who are born under more than one star, few whose star is happy, still fewer whose star, when favourable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposing star. You, on the contrary, have several, and all are in harmony to serve you, and to act in concert for your advantage. What is your name?" I told it to her. "I had never heard of it!" she exclaimed, in the accent of truth.

"See, my lady, what glory is! I have composed some verses in my life which have made my name be echoed a million of times in the literary circles of Europe; but this echo is too weak to traverse your sea and mountains, and here I am quite a new man, a man completely unknown, with a name never pronounced! I am only the more flattered by the kindness you have showered upon me; I owe it only to you and myself."

"Yes," said she, "poet or not, I esteem you, and I place hopes in you; we shall see each other again, be assured! You will return to the West, but you will not be long in returning to the East; it is your country." "It is, at least," said I, "the country of my imagination." "Do not laugh," she resumed, "it is your actual country—it is the country of your fathers. I am now certain of it; look at your foot!" "I see there," said I, "nothing but the dust of your roads which covers it, and which would make me blush in a saloon of old Europe." "That's nothing," continued she; "it is not that. Look at your foot. I had not myself taken notice of it before. See; the instep is very high, and between your heel and toes, when your foot is on the ground, there is a sufficient elevation to let water pass without wetting you. It is the Arab's foot; it is the foot of the east; you are a son of these climates, and we draw near the day on which we shall each return to the land of our fathers. We shall see each other again."

A black slave now entered, and, prostrating herself before her, bowing her forehead to the ground, and placing her hands upon her head, spoke to her some words in Arabic. "Go," said she to me; "dinner is served; be quick and return: I am going to concern myself about you, and to see more distinctly through the confusion of my ideas as to your person and your future. As for me, I never eat with any one; I live too abstemiously; bread, and some fruits, as I feel hungry, are sufficient; I cannot put a guest upon my diet."

I was conducted beneath a bower of jessamine and laurel-rose, at the gate of the garden. The table was set for M. de Parseval and me; we dined with great dispatch, but she did not even wait for our rising from table, but sent Leonardi to tell me she was waiting for me. I hastened to her; I found her smoking a long eastern pipe; she ordered one to be brought to me. I was already accustomed to see the most elegant and beautiful women smoking in the east; I no longer felt any thing shocking in the graceful and careless attitude, nor in the odoriferous smoke escaping in light curls from the lips of a handsome woman, and interrupting the conversation without stifling it. We conversed a long time, and always on the favourite subject, the sole and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman, the modern enchantress, recalling the famous magicians of antiquity—the Circe of the deserts. It appeared to me that the religious doctrines of Lady Hester were a clover though confused mixture of the different religions in the midst of which she had condemned herself to live; mysterious as the Druzes, whose mystic secret she, of all the world, perhaps, alone knew; resigned as the Moslem, and like him a fatalist; with the Jew, expecting the Messiah; and with the Christian, professing the worship of Christ and the practice of his charity and morality. Add to this, the fantastic colouring and supernatural dreams of an imagination tinged with oriental extravagance, and heated by solitude and meditation, the impressions, perhaps, of the Arabic astrologers, and you will have an idea of this compound of the sublime and ridiculous, which it is more convenient to stigmatise as madness, than to analyse and comprehend. No; this woman is not mad. Madness, which displays itself in the eyes, as so never to be mistaken, is not expressed in her mild and straight look; madness, which is always betrayed in conversation by the interruptions it gives to the chain of discourse by sudden, disordered, and eccentric bursts, is not perceptible in the elevated, mystic, and obscure, though sustained, connected, and powerful conversation of Lady Hester. If I were called upon to decide, I should rather say it was the voluntary and studied madness

of one who knows what she is about, and who has her own reasons for appearing insane. The sway, founded on admiration, which her genius has exercised, and still exercises, over the Arab population which surrounds her mountains, proves sufficiently that this affected madness is but a means. To the men of this land of prodigies, to these men of rocks and deserts, whose imagination is more vivid and wreathed in mist than the horizon of their sands or seas, the words of Mahomet or Lady Stanhope are necessary! They require the knowledge of the stars, prophecies, miracles, the second sight of genius! Lady Stanhope has comprehended this from the extent of her truly superior intellect. Then, perhaps, like all others gifted with powerful intellectual faculties, she has concluded by deceiving herself, and by becoming the first neophyte of the symbol she had elevated for others. Such is the effect this woman produced upon me. One cannot judge or classify her in a sentence; she is a statue of enormous dimensions, which we can estimate only in proportion as we see it. I would not be surprised if an early day should bring about the realisation of part of the destiny she promises herself. An empire in Arabia, a throne in Jerusalem!—the least political commotion in the region she inhabits, might lift her to that height.

"Upon this subject," said I to her, "I have only one reproach to make to you, namely, that you have been too timid in the course of events, and have not yet pushed your fortune as far as it might have conducted you." She answered, "You speak to me like a man who believes too much in human volition, and not sufficiently in the irresistible control of destiny alone: my power is in it. I await it, but do not invoke it. I am growing old; I have greatly lessened my fortune; I am at present alone, and abandoned to myself, upon this desert rock, a prey to the first audacious ruffian who may force my gates, surrounded by a band of faithless domestics and ungrateful slaves, who rob me every day, and sometimes threaten my life. Yet more, I owe my safety solely to this poignard, with which I have been compelled to arm myself, to guard my breast against the weapon of a black slave whom I have reared. Well, in the midst of all these tribulations, I am happy; I respond to every thing by the sacred phrase of the Mussulmans, 'Allah Kerim!' (It is the will of God!)—and I await the future, of which I have spoken to you, with confidence: and I wish I could inspire you with the conviction respecting it with which you ought to be impressed."

After having smoked several pipes, and drunk several cups of coffee, which the black slaves brought every quarter of an hour, she said to me, "Come, I will lead you into a sanctuary where I allow nothing profane to enter—my garden." We descended to it by some steps, and, in a positive enchantment, I followed her through one of the most beautiful Turkish gardens which I had yet seen in the East. There were arbours of vine where the light was dulled, but on the verdant arches of which glittered the grapes of the promised land, like myriads of lustres; kiosks (summer-houses), where the sculptured arabesques were entwined in jessamine and the climbing canes of Asia; canals, in which an artificial water came murmuring for a league of distance, and spouted up through marble jets; alleys, lined with all the fruit-trees of England, Europe, and these beautiful climates; plots of green sward, sprinkled with shrubs in flower, and marble compartments surrounding the shoots of flowers new to my eyes. Such was her garden. We rested in several of the kiosks with which it was ornamented; and never did the inexhaustible conversation of Lady Hester lose the mystic tone or the elevation of style which it had assumed in the morning. "Since destiny," said she to me at the close, "has sent you here, and so astonishing a sympathy in our stars permits me to confide to you what I conceal from the profane—come, and I will let your eyes behold a prodigy of nature, the destination of which is known only to myself and my scholars; the prophecies of the East had many ages ago announced it, and you will judge yourself if these prophecies are accomplished." She

opened a door of the garden, which introduced us to a small inner court, where I perceived two magnificent Arabian mares, of pure race and of rare symmetry. "Approach and look at this bay mare," said she; "see if nature has not accomplished in her all that is written touching the mare which is to carry the Messiah—'She shall be born ready saddled.'" I saw, in fact, upon this fine animal, a sport of nature sufficiently uncommon to serve as a delusion for vulgar credulity amongst a half-barbarous people; the mare had, from a defect in the shoulders, a cavity so broad and deep, and so much in the form of a Turkish saddle, that it might be said with truth, she was born ready saddled; and even to the stirrups, she could be easily mounted without the aid of an artificial saddle. The mare, a splendid animal in other respects, appeared used to the admiration and respect which Lady Stanhope and her slaves testified for her, and to have a presentiment of the dignity of her future mission; no person had ever mounted her, and two Arab grooms attended and watched her, without losing her a moment out of sight. Another white mare, and, in my opinion, infinitely more beautiful, partook, with the Messiah's mare, the respect and attentions of Lady Stanhope. No one had ever mounted her either. Lady Hester did not tell me, but she left me to infer, that although the destiny of the white mare was less sanctified, she had likewise one of great mystery and importance: and I thought I understood that Lady Stanhope reserved her for herself, on the day when she should make her entry, by the side of the Messiah, into the reconquered Jerusalem. After having caused the two animals to be promenaded for some time upon a green plot, outside the enclosure of the fortress, and admiring their suppleness and grace, we returned; and I renewed to her my request, that she would at length allow me to present to her M. de Parseval, my friend and fellow-traveller, who had followed me, in spite of myself, to her house, and who had been vainly waiting since the morning for a favour of which she was so chary. She consented at last, and we all three returned into the little saloon which I have already described, to pass the evening or the night. Coffee and pipes reappeared in oriental profusion, and the room was soon filled with such a cloud of smoke, that the figure of her ladyship was visible only through an atmosphere similar to that of a magical invocation. She conversed with the same vigour, grace, and abundance, but with infinitely less of the supernatural, upon subjects not so sacred for her, as she had exhibited with me when alone throughout the day.

"I hope," said she to me suddenly, "that you are an aristocrat; I do not doubt it from your appearance." "You are deceived, my lady," replied I; "I am neither an aristocrat nor a democrat; I have lived long enough to see the two sides of the human medal, and to find both equally unsound. I am neither aristocrat nor democrat; but I am a man, and the exclusive partisan of what may ameliorate and perfect every member of the human race, whether he be born at the top or the bottom of the social ladder. I am neither for the people nor for the nobles, but for all humanity; and I do not ascribe any exclusive capacity for improving humanity either to aristocratic or democratic institutions: this capacity is only in a divine morality, the fruit of a perfect religion! Faith is the civilisation of nations!"

"That is true," replied she; "but yet I am an aristocrat in spite of myself: and you will acknowledge that if there be vices in aristocracy, there are at least lofty virtues to redeem and compensate them; whilst in democracy I see many vices, and vices of the lowest and most malevolent order, but I seek in vain for the elevated virtues." "It is not so, my lady," said I in return; "there are on both sides vices and virtues; but in the higher classes these very vices have a brilliant cast; in the lower classes, on the contrary, these vices exhibit themselves in all their naked deformity, and wound the moral sentiment more in the contemplation. The difference is in appearance, and not in fact; but, in reality, the identical vice is more a vice in the rich, educated, and instructed man, than in the wretch

without information and without bread—for with the one the vice is matter of choice, with the other of necessity. Let us despise it, then, every where, and yet more in a profligate aristocracy, and let us judge humanity not by classes, but by men; the nobles would have the vices of the people, if they themselves were of the people, and the inferiors would have the vices of the superiors if they were nobles! The balance is even, let us not weigh it down." "Very well, let it pass," she remarked, "but give me leave to believe that you are an aristocrat like myself; it would cost me much uneasiness to think that you are of the number of those young Frenchmen who rouse the popular froth against all the institutions which God, nature, and society, have made, and who would overthrow the edifice to rear for themselves, out of its ruins, a pedestal upon a level with their own grovelling envy." "No!" said I to her; "be tranquil on that head; I am not one of these men; I am only of those who do not despise what is below them in the social grade, whilst respecting what is above them, and whose desire or dream is to call all men, independently of their standing in the arbitrary hierarchies of society, to the same enlightenment, the same liberty, and the same moral perfection!—and since you are religious, since you believe that God loves all his children equally, and you await a second Messiah to institute a new order of things, you think, doubtless, like them and me." "Yes," replied she, "but I concern myself no longer with human politics; I have had enough of them; I have seen too much of them for the ten years which I passed in the cabinet of Mr Pitt, my uncle, when all the intrigues of Europe were resounding in my ears; in my youth I have despised humanity, and I do not wish to hear any further mention of it; all that men do for men is fruitless!—the forms by which it is done are indifferent to me." "And to me also," said I. "The foundation of things is God and virtue!" "I think exactly with you," I responded, "so let us talk no more about it, as we are both of one opinion."

Passing to subjects less grave, and joking on the species of divination which enabled her to comprehend a man at the first glance, and upon a simple inspection of his star, I put her wisdom to the proof by interrogating her upon two or three travellers of my acquaintance, who, fifteen years ago, had come under her observation. I was struck with the perfect justness of her glance over two of these individuals. Amongst others, she analysed, with an amazing clearness of judgment, the character of one of them, which was known intimately to myself, a character difficult to understand at a first view—lofty, but veiled beneath appearances of the most simple and engaging good-nature: and what carried my astonishment to the highest pitch, and made me admire her grasp of memory as altogether surprising, was the fact of this traveller having passed but two hours in her house, and of sixteen years having elapsed between the period of his visit, and that of the account which I asked from her of the impressions she entertained regarding him. Solitude concentrates and fortifies all the faculties of the mind. The prophets, the saints, great men, and poets, have perfectly understood this truth, and their dispositions have made them seek the desert or isolation in the midst of mankind.

The name of Bonaparte dropped, as usual, in the course of conversation. "I thought," said I to her, "that your fanaticism for this man would have raised a barrier between us." "I have been a fanatic only from his misfortunes, and from pity for him," answered she. "And I also; so we understand each other again," I replied.

I could not explain to myself how a religious and moral woman should adore force alone without piety, without morality, and without liberty. Bonaparte was a grand reconstructor, without doubt; he remodelled the social world, but he did not pay sufficient attention to the elements which compose it: he fabricated his statue with dirt and personal interest, instead of sculpturing it in divine and moral sentiments, in virtue and in liberty.

The night thus wore away in the free discussion, with-

out any affectation on the part of Lady Hester, of all the subjects which hazard calls up, and brings into conversation. I found that no chord was wanting in her high and strong intellect, and that every key that was touched gave out a just, full, and powerful sound, except perhaps the metaphysical chord, which too much stretching and solitude had rendered false, or elevated to a diapason* too high for mortal intelligence. We separated, with a sincere regret on my part, and an obliging reluctance testified on hers.

"No farewells," said she to me; "we shall often meet again in this journey; and more often yet in other journeys, of which you have not formed any project. Go to repose, and recollect that you leave a friend in the solitudes of Lebanon." She stretched out her hand to me; I put mine upon my heart, in the manner of the Arabs, and we retired.

On the morrow, at four o'clock in the morning, M. de Parseval and I were on horseback descending the steep declivity which leads from her monastery to the deep valley of the torrent Belus; we cleared at a ford the waters exhausted by the summer heat, and we began to climb the high mountains of Lebanon which separate Digioun from Deir-el-Kammar, or the Convent of the Moon, the palace of the Emir Beschir, sovereign prince of the Druzes, and of all the mountains of Lebanon. Lady Hester had given us her physician as interpreter, and an Arab groom as a guide. We arrived, after two hours' ride, in a more deep, narrow, and picturesque valley, than any of those that we had already traversed. On the right and on the left, like two perpendicular ramparts, arose two mountain chains from three to four hundred feet high, which appeared to have been recently torn from each other by a thunderbolt of the creator of worlds, or perhaps by the earthquake which shook Lebanon to its foundations, when the Son of Man, returning his soul to God, not far from these same mountains, heaved that last sigh which scattered the spirit of error, oppression, and falsehood, and breathed truth, liberty, and life, into an invigorated world. Gigantic blocks detached from the sides of the mountains, and spread like pebbles by the hands of children in the bed of a brook, formed the horrible, sunken, and uneven course of the dry torrent. Some of these blocks were higher and longer than large houses. Some stood straight up like solid and eternal bodies; others, suspended upon their angles, and sustained by the pressure of other unseen rocks, appeared as if they were yet falling and rolling, thus presenting the image of a ruin in action, of an incessant downward movement, of a stony chaos, of a never-ending avalanche of rocks:—rocks of dismal colour, grey, black, veined with red and white, opaque; the petrified waves of a river of granite. Not a drop of water was in the deep interstices of this torrent-bed, crumbling to dust in the broiling sun of Syria; not an herb, a plant, a blade, either in the torrent or on the indented and harsh sides of the abyss; it was a sea of stones, a cataract of rocks, to which the diversity of form, the variety of position, the strangeness of their impending fall, the play of shade and light on their sides and surfaces, appeared to impart motion and fluidity. If Dante had wished to paint in one of the circles of his hell, the hell of stones, the hell of aridity, of ruin, of the decay of things, of the sinking of worlds, of the rottenness of age, this is the scene which he would have had simply to copy:—it is a flood of the last hours of the world, when fire shall have consumed everything, and the earth, heaving up its entrails, shall be but one block of stone, burnt to ashes beneath the feet of the terrible judge who shall come to visit it.

We followed this valley of lamentations for two hours, without the scene varying otherwise than by the winding circuits which the torrent made for itself between the mountains, and by the manner, more or less terrific, in which the rocks were grouped in their stony bed. Never will this valley be effaced from my imagination. This land must have been the first, the land of horror-striking poetry, and of human lamentation. The pathetic and

sublime accent of the prophecies was felt in its savage, affecting, and awe-inspiring aspect. All the images of biblical poesy are engraved, in capital letters, on the furrowed face of Lebanon, and on its gilded summits, on its gushing valleys, and on its valleys mute and dead. The divine spirit, the superhuman inspiration, which breathed into the souls, and upon the harps of the poetic people, to whom God spoke by symbols and images, struck thus forcibly the eyes of the sacred bard from their infancy, and nourished them with a stronger maintenance than us old and withered inheritors of the ancient harp—than us who have beneath our eyes only a graceful, soft, and cultivated nature, a nature civilised and discoloured like ourselves.

At noon we reached the highest mountains we had to clear. We began to descend again by the steepest paths, where our horses' feet trembled on the loose stones which alone separated us from the precipices. After an hour's descent we perceived, on turning a hill, the fantastic palace of Dptedin, near to Deir-el-Kammar. We uttered a cry of surprise and admiration, and with an involuntary movement we stayed our horses, to contemplate the novel, picturesque, and truly oriental scene which opened before us.

A few paces from us, an immense sheet of foaming water rushed from a mill-dam, and fell from a height of fifty or sixty feet upon a bed of rocks, which broke it into fleeting shreds; the noise of this waterfall, and the freshness which it spread in the air, moistening our burning foreheads, gave us a delicious preparation for the rapture which our senses were eager to enjoy. Above the cascade, which was lost in the bottomless abyss, unfathomable to our eyes, a vast and deep valley opened through a vista planted from the bottom to the top with mulberries, vines, and figs, and in which the earth was everywhere clothed with the freshest and lightest verdure; some beautiful villages were suspended like terraces, on the declivities of all the mountains which surrounded the valley of Deir-el-Kammar. On one side only the horizon stretched, and permitted the Sea of Syria to be seen over the least elevated summits of Lebanon. "*Ecce mare magnum!*" said David. "See below the great blue sea with its waves, and its roarings, and its immense reptiles!" David was *there*, perhaps, when he uttered this poetical exclamation! In fact, we perceive the Sea of Egypt, tintured with a deeper blue than that of the sky, and confounded at a distance with the horizon, in the foggy and purple vapour which veils all the coasts of this part of Asia.

At the bottom of this immense valley, the hill of Dptedin, on which the emir's palace is erected, took root and arose like an enormous tower, flanked with rocks covered with ivy, and shoots of waving verdure hanging from their fissures and indentations. This hill rose to a level with the precipice on which we ourselves were suspended; a narrow and groaning abyss separated us from it. On its summit, the Moorish palace of the emir stretched majestically over all the table-land of Dptedin, with its square towers and battlements; long galleries, rising one above the other, and presenting extended rows of projecting arcades, light as the trunks of the palms which crowned them with their aerial plumes; vast courts ranged by lofty steps from the top of the hill to the outward walls of the fortification. At the extremity of the largest of these courts, on which our eyes plunged from the height on which we were placed, the irregular façade of the women's palace presented itself to us, ornamented with slender and graceful colonnades, which in irregular and unequal forms reached to the roof, and bore, like an umbrella, a light covering of painted wood, serving as a portico to the palace. A marble staircase, decorated with balustrades sculptured in arabesque, led from this portico to the door of the women's palace; this door, inlaid with wood of various colours, with frames of marble, and surmounted with Arabic inscriptions, was surrounded by black slaves, magnificently attired, armed with silver-mounted pistols, and with Damascus sabres, glittering with gold and chasings; the large courts which faced the palace were likewise filled with a crowd of servants,

* A musical term signifying an eighth.

courtiers, priests, and soldiers, in all the varied and picturesque costumes which distinguish the five populations of Lebanon; the Druzes, Christians, Armenians, Greeks, Maronites, and Metualis. Five or six hundred Arab horses were attached by the feet and head to cords which stretched across the courts, saddled, bridled, and covered with shining cloths of all colours; several groups of camels were lying, standing, or bent on the knee, to receive or discharge their loads; and on the most elevated terrace of the inner court, some young pages were throwing the djerid, rushing with their horses upon each other, crouching down to evade the blow, returning at full speed upon their disarmed adversary, and going through, with an admirable grace and vigour, all the rapid evolutions which this warlike sport requires. After having contemplated for some instants this oriental scene, so full of novelty for us, we proceeded to the immense and massive gate of the first court of the palace, guarded by Arabs, armed with muskets and long slight blades, similar to the stalks of long reeds. There, we sent to the prince the letters which we had for him. A few moments afterwards he dispatched to us his first physician, M. Bertrand, a native of Syria, of a French family, who still preserved the language and recollection of his country. He conducted us to the apartments which the hospitality of the emir offered us, and the slaves led our suite and horses to another quarter of the palace. Our apartments consisted of a pretty court, decorated with Arabic pilasters, and with a spouting fountain in the centre falling into a large marble basin; round this court were three rooms and a divan, that is to say, a chamber larger than the others, formed by an arcade, which opened on the inner court, and which had neither door nor shutters to close it. It is a place of transition between the house and the street, serving as a garden to the lazy Mussulmans, its motionless shade supplying for them that of the trees, which they have neither the industry to plant, nor energy to go and seek, where nature herself causes them to grow. Our rooms, even in this magnificent palace, would have appeared ruinous to the poorest peasant of our huts; the windows had no glass, an unknown luxury in the east, notwithstanding the rigour of winter in these mountains; no beds, tables, or chairs; nothing but the naked walls, mouldering and riddled with rat and lizard holes; and as a floor, the battered clay, uneven, and mixed with chopped straw. Slaves brought mats of rush, which they stretched upon this floor, and Damascus carpets, with which they covered the mats; they afterwards brought a small table of Bethlehem, made of wood, encrusted with mother-of-pearl. These tables are not half a foot either in diameter or in height; they resemble the trunk of a broken column, and are not capable of holding more than the tray on which the Mahomedans place the five or six dishes which compose their repasts.

Our dinner, which was served on this table, consisted of a pilau, of a dish of sour milk which is mixed with oil, and some pieces of hashed mutton, which they heap on boiled rice, and garnish with certain gourds like our cucumbers. This is, in fact, the most desirable and savoury food which one can eat in the East; for drink, pure water, which they drink in earthen jugs, with long spouts, which are passed from hand to hand, and from which they make the water fall into the opened mouth, without the vase touching the lips. No knives, spoons, or forks; they eat with the hands—but the repeated ablutions render this custom less revolting for the Mussulmans.

Scarcely had we finished dinner, than the emir sent to tell us that he was waiting for us. We traversed an immense court, ornamented with fountains, and a piazza, formed of high slim columns rising from the ground, and supporting the roof of the palace. We were introduced into a very beautiful saloon, the pavement of which was marble, and the ceilings and walls painted with lively colours and elegant arabesques, by artists from Constantinople. Water-spouts murmured in the corners of the apartment; and at the end, behind a colonnade, the inter-columniations of which were barred

and glazed, an enormous tiger was seen sleeping with its head upon its paws. The half of the room was filled with secretaries in long robes, each bearing a silver inkstand, pushed like a poignard into their belts; Arabs richly armed and clothed; negroes and mulattoes waiting the orders of their master, and some Egyptian officers, clad in European vests, and having on their heads the Greek bonnet of red cloth, with a long blue tuft hanging on the shoulders. The other part of the saloon was raised about a foot, and a large sofa, or divan,* of scarlet velvet, ran round it. The emir was squatted at a corner of this divan. He was a fine-looking old man, with a lively and penetrating eye, a fresh and ruddy complexion, and a flowing grey beard. A white robe, bound by a cashmere shawl as a belt, entirely covered him, and the glittering handle of a long and wide poignard issued from the folds of his robe as high as his breast, and bore a cluster of diamonds of the size of an orange. We saluted him in the manner of the country, first carrying our hand to the forehead, and then to the heart. He returned us our salutation with grace and a smile, and made us a sign to come near, and seat ourselves beside him on the divan. An interpreter was on his knees between him and us. I commenced the conversation by expressing to him the pleasure which I experienced in visiting the interesting and beautiful country, which he governed with so much firmness and wisdom; and I told him, amongst other things, that the highest eulogy I could pass on his administration was to find myself there; that the security of the roads, the richness of the cultivation, the order and peace reigning in the towns, were undoubted testimonies of the virtue and ability of the ruler. He thanked me, and put to me a multitude of questions on Europe, and especially on the policy of Europe in the contest between the Turks and Egyptians, which showed the interest with which he regarded that affair, as well as a knowledge and acquaintance with things very uncommon for an eastern prince. Coffee and long pipes were brought, which were several times renewed, and the conversation continued for nearly an hour.

I was delighted with the sagacity, the information, and the noble and dignified manners of this old prince, and I arose, after a long conversation, to accompany him to his baths, which he resolved upon showing us himself. These baths consisted of five or six rooms, paved with marble flags, the arched roofs and walls being stuccoed and painted in water colours, with great taste and elegance, by Damascus artists. Jets of hot, tepid, and cold water, sprang from the pavement, and spread their varied temperatures through the rooms. The last was a vapour-bath, where we could not remain a minute. Several handsome white slaves, with only a shawl of raw silk drawn over their limbs, held themselves in readiness in these rooms to exercise their functions as assistants in the bath. The prince proposed to us to take the bath with him, but we declined the honour, and we left him in the hands of his slaves preparing to undress him.

We went from there, under the care of one of his equerries, to visit the courts and stables, where his splendid Arabian stallions were kept fastened. It is only in the stables of Damascus, or in those of the Emir Beschir, that an idea can be had of the Arabian horse. This superb and graceful animal loses his beauty, his gentleness, and his picturesque form, when he is transplanted from his native country and familiar habits into our cold climates, and the darkness and solitude of our stables. He must be seen at the door of the tent with the Arabs of the desert, his head between his legs, shaking his long black mane like a moving umbrella, and lashing his sides, polished like brass or silver, with his spreading tail, the end of which is always dyed with henna, a purple colour; he must be seen with his sparkling trappings turned up with gold, and embroidered with pearls; his head covered with a net of red

* It must be remembered, in order to avoid confusion, that the word "divan" in the East, is applied both to a large room and to the sofa which runs round every principal apartment in a house.—(Note by Translator.)

or blue silk woven with gold or silver tissue, and the resounding waving points, which fall from his forehead over his nostrils, and which display or conceal by turns, at every undulation of his neck, the large, intelligent, fiery, the soft yet proud orbit of his eye. Above all, he must be seen when in a body of two or three hundred, as we saw him; some stretched on the dust of the court, others shackled with rings of iron, and fastened to long cords which reached across the courts; others loose upon the sand, and clearing, at a bound, the rows of camels which were opposed to their flight; here were some held in the hand by young black slaves, clad in scarlet vests, and their heads resting in a caressing manner upon the shoulders of the boys; there were some frisking together, free and tetherless as colts in a meadow, rearing against each other, or rubbing their foreheads together, or mutually licking their shining and silvery skins: all looking at us with an unquiet and inquisitive attention, on account of our European costumes, and of our strange tongue, but soon familiarising themselves, and coming gracefully forward to yield their necks to our caresses, and the pleasing stroke of our hands. The varied expression and transparency of physiognomy possessed by these horses, is not to be believed by those who have not witnessed it. All their thoughts are depicted in their eyes, and in the convulsive movement of their jaws, lips, and nostrils, with as much certainty, force of character, and varied motion, as the impressions of the mind on the countenance of a child. When we drew near them, for the first time, they pouted, and gave signs of repugnance and of curiosity perfectly similar to those which a nervous man would make at the appearance of an unforeseen and disquieting object. Our language especially struck and astonished them; and the motion of their ears held erect, thrown back, or pointed forwards, testified their surprise and alarm. I admired above the rest several priceless mares, reserved for the emir exclusively. I made an offer to the equerry through the interpreter as far as 10,000 piastres for one of the most beautiful; but no temptation will induce an Arab to part with a mare of pure blood, and this time I could purchase nothing.

At the close of day, we returned to our rooms, and they brought us a supper similar to the dinner. Several officers of the emir came to pay us a visit on his part. M. Bertrand, his first physician, passed the evening with us. We were able to hold a conversation with him, owing to a little Italian and French which he had preserved from the recollections of his family. He gave us the most interesting details touching the domestic life of the Emir of the Druzes. This prince, although seventy-two years of age, having recently lost his first wife, to whom he was indebted for all his fortune, had just married again. We regretted that we could not see his new wife; she was, they said, remarkably beautiful. She was only fifteen years old—a Circassian slave, whom the emir sent to buy at Constantinople, and whom he made a Christian before he espoused her; for the Prince Beschir is himself a Christian, and even a Catholic, or rather he is, as usual in all countries of toleration, of all the official creeds in his country—a Moslem for the Mussulmans, a Druze for the Druzes, a Christian for the Christians. There are both mosques and a church in his palace; but for several years his family religion, the faith of his heart, is Catholicism. His policy is such, and the terror of his name so well established, that his Christian faith inspires neither distrust nor hatred in the Mahomedan Arabs, in the Druzes or Metualis, who live under his sway. He does justice to all, and all equally respect him.

In the evening, after supper, the emir sent us some of his musicians and singers, who improvised Arabic verses in our honour. He has amongst his servants some Arabs solely devoted to this sort of ceremony. They are exactly what the troubadours were in the castles of the middle ages, or the popular bards in Scotland. Standing behind the cushion of the emir, or of his sons, whilst at their repasts, they sing verses in praise of the

masters whom they serve, or of the guests whom the emir wishes to honour. We got M. Bertrand to translate some of these poetic toasts; they were, in general, very insignificant, or their ideas were so far-fetched, that it would be impossible to put them into ideas or images appropriate to our European tongues. The following is the only thought possessing a little perspicacity which I find noted in my album:—

“Your vessel has wings, but the courser of the Arab has wings also. His nostrils, when he flies over the mountains, imitate the noise of the wind in the sails of a ship. The motion, caused by his rapid gallop, to the hearts of the weak, is like the rolling of the waves; but it rejoices the heart of the Arab. May his back be for you a seat of honour, and may it often conduct you to the divan of the emir!”

Amongst the secretaries of the emir, there was at that time one of the greatest poets of Arabia. I was ignorant of the circumstance, and knew it only somewhat later. When he learnt from other Syrian Arabs that I was myself a poet in Europe, he wrote me some verses, always full of that affectation and straining, always spoiled by that play on words, which characterise languages and civilisation weakened by age, but in which were nevertheless perceptible a high order of talent, and ideas far superior to what we figure to ourselves in Europe.

We slept upon the cushions of the divan spread upon mats, to the murmuring noise of the water spouting on all sides in the gardens, the courts, and the saloons of this part of the palace. When it was day, I saw through the grate several Mussulmans at their devotions in the great court of the palace. They stretched a carpet on the ground, to avoid touching the dust; they stood a moment erect, then inclined their whole bodies, and several times touched the carpet with their foreheads, the face being always turned towards the mosque; they afterwards laid themselves flat down on the carpet, and struck the ground with their foreheads; they again rose, and recommenced a number of times the same ceremonies, reassuming the same attitudes, and murmuring prayers. I never discovered any thing in the least ridiculous in these attitudes and ceremonies, however odd they may seem to our ignorance. The physiognomy of the Mussulmans is so penetrated with the religious sentiment, which they express by these gestures, that I have always deeply respected their praying—the motive sanctifies all. Wherever the divine idea descends and acts in man, it impresses upon him a dignity more than human. We may say:

I do not pray like thee, but I pray with thee to the common master, the master whom thou believest, and whom thou wishest to acknowledge and honour, as I myself wish to acknowledge and honour him under another form. It is not for me to laugh at thee; it is for God to judge us.

We passed the morning in visiting the palaces of the emir's sons, which are at a little distance from his; and also a small Catholic chapel, quite similar to our modern village churches in France or Italy. We went through the gardens of the palace likewise. The emir has erected another country palace about a mile from Dptedin. It is the sole object of his rides, and the road to it is almost the only one where a horse, even an Arabian, can gallop without danger. On all other sides, the paths which lead to Dptedin are so steep and suspended on the edges of precipices, that one cannot pass, even in a walk, without shuddering.

Before quitting Dptedin and Deir-el-Kammar, I transcribed the faithful and curious notes which I collected on the spot concerning the able and warlike old man whom we had just seen.

NOTES UPON THE EMIR BESCHIR.

Upon the death of the last descendant of the Emir Fakardin, the command of the mountain passed into the hands of the Chab family. This family has only been established on Lebanon for about 110 years. This is what the old Arabic chronicles of the desert relate.

Towards the commencement of the first age of the

Hegira, at the era when the armies of Abubeker overran Syria, a man of distinguished bravery, named Abdallah, an inhabitant of the small village of Bet-Chiabi, in the desert of Damascus, covered himself with glory at the siege of that city, and was slain beneath its walls. The Moslem general showered benefits on his family, who then quitted Bet-Chiabi, to establish themselves at Housbaye, on Anti-Lebanon. The primitive stock of the family, whence issued the branch now reigning on Lebanon, is still to be found there.

The Emir Beschir, one of Abdallah's descendants, was left an orphan at a tender age. His father, the Emir Hassem, had been invested with the pelisse of dignity, and had received the signet-ring of command, at the time his uncle, the Emir Milhem, gave up the administration of affairs, in order to finish his days in a peaceable retreat; but the government of Hassem was unskilful and weak, and Milhem, being forced to reassume the command, had to repair the faults of his nephew, and appease the troubles his rashness had excited.

Thus, as Volney has related, the power afterwards passed in succession from Mansour to Joussef, the one the father, the other the son of Milhem. When Joussef assumed the command, for the first time, the Emir Beschir was only seven years old. Joussef attached him to his person, and caused him to be carefully educated. Some years afterwards, having perceived in him a quick and courageous spirit, he made him enter into the affairs of the government.

At this period, Djezzar, Pacha of Acre, who had succeeded Daher, had for a long time annoyed the Emir Joussef by his attacks and exorbitant exactions. War broke out; but Beschir could not follow his uncle in this expedition: it was not until 1784 that he took part in the second expedition against Djezzar Pacha. The young Beschir, then twenty-one, ran great danger in the town of Ryde, of which the Druzes had gained possession. Pursued by a body of the pacha's troops, and forced to evacuate the town, he found himself, in his retreat, hemmed in by the enemy. His situation was critical; Beschir forced his horse violently up a wall, and precipitated himself from the top of it under a shower of bullets. Happily he was not injured, but his horse was killed in the fall.

On his return to Lebanon, the Emir Beschir applied himself entirely to business, and attempted to institute order in the administration of the Emir Joussef. His ambition was soon inflamed; he recalled to mind whose son he was, and, although poor, he coveted supreme power. His manners and his courage had gained him the friendship of several powerful families; he laboured to attach others, whom he had administration of Joussef disgusted, and succeeded in drawing into his interest a considerable and very influential family, that of Kantar, the chief of which was the most able man then in Lebanon, possessing great wealth, and bearing the title of Scheik-Beschir, that is to say, great and illustrious. Opportunity was now all that Beschir required, and it presented itself.

From 1785, in which year Djezzar-Pacha had restored to Joussef the command of which he had deprived him for more than twelve months, hostilities had completely ceased between these two princes. The Emir Joussef sent every year certain officers to St Jean d'Acre, who brought him the pelisse, accompanied with the usual compliments; he was, however, always apprehensive of a misunderstanding between him and the pacha, which was not long in occurring.

In 1789, a violent rupture broke out between these two chiefs; and the Emir Joussef, in no condition for resistance, resolved to abdicate. Beschir possessed credit, Joussef loved him. He called him to him, and advised him to go to Acre, and ask the investiture from Djezzar. Beschir at first refused, and let his uncle understand that he found himself at that time obliged to remove from his states, because the pacha required it, and because his presence in Lebanon would present an incessant aliment to faction. Joussef, in making the proposal to his relation, was urged by two reasons:

first, to prevent the power going out of his own family, and to reassume the command, when Beschir had smoothed the difficulties, either by conciliation or force of arms.

Joussef was urgent; and on the promise which he made of quitting the country as soon as Beschir should have received the command, the young prince departed for Acre. Djezzar received him with kindness, granted him the sway over Lebanon, and gave him 8000 men to secure his power, and to seize upon the Emir Joussef. Beschir, having arrived at the bridge of Gesser-Cadi, wrote secretly to his uncle, informed him of the instructions he had received from the pacha, and urged him to retire. The Emir Joussef fell back on Gibel in Kosrouan, where he collected his partisans. Beschir joined to his followers the soldiers whom he had brought from Acre, and marched against Joussef, whom he fell in with in Kosrouan. He gave him battle, and destroyed many of his troops; however, several months elapsed without any definitive result.

To put an end to the dispute, Joussef sent to Acre a messenger who promised to the pacha a greater tribute than that paid by Beschir, if he would restore him to the command. Djezzar consented, called him to Acre, invested him with the pelisse, and gave him, in order to chase Beschir away, the same 8000 soldiers who had fought against him. Beschir retired into the district of Marmeri, whence he laboured to procure the downfall of his rival, by offering yet more than Joussef had promised. The pacha agreed, and Joussef was again compelled to give up the dignity. He returned to Acre, to attempt new intrigues, but Beschir offered to the pacha 4000 purses (of 500 pieces of 40 cents, or 4d. each), if he would order the death of Joussef, wishing by that means to put an end to the troubles which distracted the mountain.

Djezzar was then at Damascus. His treasurer, a Greek who possessed his confidence, and who was considered in his absence as the Pacha of Acre, treated in his name, and informed his master of the bargain which he had concluded. The proposition at first pleased Djezzar, who ratified the engagement, and ordered the Emir Joussef, and his minister Gandour, to be hanged.

Scarcely had Djezzar dispatched the order, than he repented of having done so; it occurred to him, that the enmity of the two princes was useful to him, and he sent a second order which revoked the first; but whether it arrived too late, or the minister was won, the Emir Joussef was hanged. This execution irritated the pacha; he returned to Acre, investigated the affair, pretended that he had been deceived, caused his treasurer to be drowned, and with him all his family, besides several other persons accused of having been concerned in the business.

Djezzar confiscated the immense treasures of his favourite, and wrote a letter of reproaches to the Emir Beschir. The tone of this dispatch convinced the young prince that he was compromised. He attempted to justify himself with the pacha, who dissembled until the time for the re-election of the governor; then Djezzar invited the prince to come to Acre to receive the investiture. He went without distrust, accompanied by his minister, the Scheik Beschir; but they had no sooner arrived than they were thrown into a dungeon, where they endured all sorts of sufferings, during eighteen or twenty months of captivity. The object of Djezzar, in treating them thus, was to induce them to pay a rich ransom; but the prince had nothing; he had governed too short a time to have amassed great wealth. His minister supplied the deficiency. He secretly sent to the pacha the widow of a Druze prince, named Sest-Abous, with whom he had had intimate relations; he commissioned her to offer to the pacha the required sum, and to pretend that she herself would pledge her own jewels to complete the ransom. She was an adroit and bold woman, with a considerable share of ability. She found the pacha at Acre, and gained him so completely, by the charms of her person and understanding, that Djezzar reduced considerably the sum which he at first demanded. The investiture was granted to the

Emir Beschir, who obtained the good graces of the pacha.

During his captivity, the brother of the Emir Joussef, and his cousin the Emir Kaïder of Bubda, had seized upon the government, and taken the necessary measures to prevent the Emir Beschir from returning to his dominions, if the pacha should restore him to liberty. As soon as he was released from prison, the prince, not judging it prudent to re-appear at that time amongst his people, sent his minister, the Scheik Beschir, to sound the public feeling, and, in the meantime, retired to the village of Homs, to wait the effect of his negotiations. He endeavoured, likewise, to gain the Emir Abbets, a Druze prince of Soliman, who had hitherto preserved neutrality, and who enjoyed the highest consideration amongst the Druzes and the Christians, especially those of the Marcaentre district.

The Emir Abbets, concluding the cause of Beschir just, declared himself in his favour, and invited him to come to him. As the communication was difficult, he sent his dispatch to him by an Italian, a lay-brother of the convent of Soliman. Beschir suddenly appeared in the midst of his partisans, the number of whom the scheik had augmented by his largesses, and tact, fell with impetuosity on the army of his rivals, dispersed it, got possession of the persons of the two princes, and strangled them without ceremony.

Now peaceable possessor of supreme power, the Emir Beschir married the widow of a Turkish prince, who had been like himself of the family of Chah, and whom he had caused to be put to death two years before. This union rendered him master of an immense fortune. Before espousing the princess, who possessed great beauty, he made her be baptised. The marriage was attended with much happiness. When sixty-eight years old, the princess was overwhelmed with infirmities, and by a paralysis which took from her the use of her limbs: they, however, presented an example of the most lively affection, and of the most perfect union.

The Emir Joussef at his death had left three children very young. Giorgios-Bey, and his brother Abdallah, educated them with great care, in the hope that they would one day collect the party of Joussef, and overthrow Beschir; but the latter triumphed over all obstacles, and peaceably enjoyed his power until the year 1804.

Events of the highest importance were passing in Egypt. Bonaparte having entered Syria with a division of his army, arrived before Acre, which was to open to him the gates of the East. The French general dispatched pressing letters and emissaries to the prince of Lebanon, to induce him to enter into his views, and to assist him in becoming master of the place. The Emir Beschir answered that he was disposed to unite himself to him, but he would not do so until after Acre was taken. A Frenchman one day reproached the emir with not having embraced with enthusiasm the cause of the French army, and with having by his backwardness perhaps prevented the regeneration of the East. The prince answered him: "Notwithstanding the strong desire which I had to join General Bonaparte, and in spite of the profound hatred which I had vowed to the pacha, I could not embrace the cause of the French. The fifteen or twenty thousand men whom I might have sent from the mountain, could have done nothing towards the success of the siege. If Bonaparte had taken the place without my assistance, he would have carried the mountain without opposition, for the Druzes and the Christians ardently desired his arrival; I should then have lost my command. On the contrary, if I had aided the General Bonaparte, and we had not conquered the place (which would have been the case), the pacha of Acre would have had me hanged, or thrown into a dungeon. Who then would have succoured me?—whose protection should I have implored? Would it have been that of France, who was so far off, who had England and all Europe on her hands, and who was herself torn by civil war and intestine factions?"

General Bonaparte understood the position of the Prince Beschir, and, as a proof of his friendship, sent

him a superb musket, which Beschir has preserved in memory of the great captain.

Before resuming the history of the events which followed the ruin of the Emir Joussef's party, it will be appropriate to relate an adventure, which was perhaps instrumental in rendering the Pacha Djazzar so cruel and ferocious.

During the first years of his command, he went, according to usage, to meet the caravan returning from the pilgrimage of Mecca. (Afterwards the Pacha of Damascus was charged with this duty, and he of Acre was held bound only to the furnishing of a proportion of the expenses of the caravan, and of the tribute to the Arabs of the Desert.) The Mamelukes to whom Djazzar had left the guard of his seraglio in his absence, forced open the gates, and abandoned themselves to all the brutality of lustful passions. The pacha returned, and, far from taking to flight at his approach, the Mamelukes seized upon the treasure, closed the gates of the town, and decided upon repelling force by force. With the weak escort which accompanied him, Djazzar could not vanquish; but the Mamelukes sent him word that if he would let them retire with their arms and horses, they would open the gates of the town to him; if not, that they accepted war, and would sooner die with arms in their hands than surrender. Djazzar was not long in deciding. He knew that he was hated by the Turks as well as by the Christians, on account of his exactions; he was not ignorant, besides, that if the Emir Joussef came to learn his position, he would join with the Mamelukes, and commence a war which might be fatal to him.

He granted to the Mamelukes what they demanded, and they retired with great dispatch, whilst the pacha entered the town. Scarcely was Djazzar in his palace, than he sent out his cavalry to pursue the fugitives, but without effect; they arrived safe in Egypt. Djazzar then wreaked his vengeance on the women. He caused them all to be scourged, thrown into a great pit, and covered over with quick-lime. He excepted from this atrocious punishment his favourite, whom he caused to be decked out in her jewels and finest garments, enclosed in a sack, and cast into the sea.

This event rendered the character of Djazzar more morose. He was before a miser and a spoiler; he now became fierce and cruel; he talked henceforth only of cutting off noses and ears, or tearing out eyes. At the moment of his death, unable any longer to speak or order executions, he made a sign to those surrounding him, pointing to the pillow of his bed. Fortunately he was not understood. After his death, a long list of persons whom he designed for death when he recovered his health, was found. His ferocity accompanied him to the tomb.

Let us return to the Prince Beschir. As soon as the sons of the Emir Joussef were old enough to dispute the possession of power, Giorgios-Bey and Abdallah resolved to put their designs in execution. They took advantage of a moment of disagreement between Djazzar and Beschir, and raised the party of their pupils. The emir, taken unawares, was obliged to retire into the Huran, and to invoke the mediation of the pacha, whose cupidity and avarice he flattered. Djazzar interposed, and dictated a treaty which put an end to the strife between the two parties, but which was extremely favourable to Beschir, to whom he gave the country of the Druzes, whilst the sons of Joussef had to content themselves with the districts of Gibel and Kosrouan.

This treaty was not observed many years. The sons of Joussef tried all possible means to overthrow their enemy. As they were the strongest, they succeeded, and Djazzar disregarding the representations of Beschir, their usurpation was sanctioned. The Emir had then no resource but to throw himself into the arms of the Viceroy of Egypt.

The English Admiral, Sydney Smith, was at this period with some vessels in the roads of Syria. Beschir entreated him to receive him on board, and transport him to Egypt. After being several months at sea, and

touching at Cyprus, Smyrna, Candia, and Malta, he disembarked at Alexandria, where he went to seek the viceroy, followed by some friends who remained faithful to his fortunes.

The viceroy gave him a reception of the most flattering description, treated him with all the respect due to his station, loaded him with presents, and sent him back to Syria in one of the Admiral Sydney Smith's ships, with a letter for Djazzar full of reproaches and menaces, in the midst of which he ordered him to re-establish the Emir Beschir in his government.

The Egyptian viceroy was powerful, and Djazzar-Pacha hastened to obey him, for the tone of the dispatch made him feel that he should neglect nothing to give satisfaction to the Prince Beschir. He therefore enjoined the sons of Joussef, who durst not offer any resistance, to conform to the treaty in every particular; and up till the period of his death the most profound peace reigned between the two parties.

The Emir Beschir, however, did not entirely rely on the single protection of Mahomet Ali; he saw the party of the three princes grow stronger every day, and was apprehensive of falling before some plot, as he knew the ardent thirst for vengeance which inspired them against him. The skill of their ministers, Giorgios-Bey and Abdallah, likewise increased his fears. He therefore resolved to come to a conclusion with them by a decisive blow, capable of striking terror into his enemies. To accomplish his project, he took advantage of the investiture of Soleyman-Pacha, who succeeded Djazzar. At this time every thing appeared tranquil in Lebanon; the three princes governed their provinces in peace, and seemed reconciled to the supremacy which the treaty granted to their enemy, whilst their ministers prepared in secrecy for a new attack.

Beschir was beforehand with them. Informed of the favourable moment by his emissaries, he sent for Giorgios-Bey to Deir-el-Kammar, upon pretext of business; at the same time his brother, the Emir Hassen, attacked Gibel, seized the princes, and hanged Abdallah. The three brothers were conducted to Yong-Michael, where their eyes were put out. Their property was seized for the benefit of Beschir. Upon hearing of these events, Giorgios-Bey threw himself from a window of his prison and killed himself, which did not prevent the emir from having him hanged as an example to his enemies. Five chiefs of Deir-el-Kammar, and a brother of the Scheik Beschir, all of the house of Gruimbelad-el-Bescantar, accused of having aided the dethroned princes, were put to death and their goods confiscated.

Having performed these bloody sacrifices, the Prince Beschir obtained supreme authority over all Lebanon, and he gave the command of Kosrouan, the chief seat of which was Gazyr, to his brother Hassen; but as he died a short time afterwards, the Emir Beschir was accused of having poisoned him from entertaining suspicions of ambitious designs on his part. This accusation is without foundation, and public opinion has done him justice in discrediting it.

In 1819, the districts of Gibel-Biscarra, Gibes, and Kosrouan, rose in insurrection, on occasion of a contribution which excited general discontent. The rebels, acting under the advice of the Bishop Joussef, resolved to proceed to attack the Emir Beschir in the country of the Druzes, where he was then residing. The prince, without allowing them time to collect their forces, advanced himself to meet them at the head of a small detachment of his army, after giving orders to his lieutenant-general, the Schiek Beschir, to follow him with 3000 men, whom he had assembled on the spur of the moment. The Emir entered the country of Gibes, and pitched his tent in a valley of Agousta, between Djani and the territory of Gazyr. During the night, and on the following morning, he was exposed to a brisk firing, from several detachments of the enemy posted on the heights. His tent was riddled with balls; but resisting all the entreaties of his son, Halil, he refused to change his position. When the day was more advanced, the firing of the enemy became hotter, and Beschir thought

the rebels had got an increase of force, and were preparing to block up his passage. Then he rose from the carpet on which he had been extended during the firing, got on horseback, and marched direct upon the enemy, accompanied by his trifling escort. At his approach the insurgents dispersed without offering any resistance, and he arrived at Gibes, where he took energetic steps to prevent them increasing their numbers.

His lieutenant-general, the Scheik Beschir, who followed him by slow marches, passed the river of Chieu, and took possession of the two first villages of Kosrouan, Yong-Michael, and Yong-Monsbak, which stood on his route. The very day of this occupation, his advanced guard arrested a priest who carried dispatches to the Bishop Joussef. The Schiek Beschir, having read these letters, presented his kangiar to him who had brought them to him, and ordered him to kill the priest, and bury him in the place where he had been taken. A few hours afterwards, another secret messenger met with the same fate.

The following day the Schiek Beschir resumed his march, overran, without obstacle, Kosrouan, and strangled all those whom the emir had inscribed on a list which he had sent him. He afterwards advanced to Gibel-Biscarra, where he joined the prince, who met him from Gibes. The Emir Beschir remained nine days in this province, during which he succeeded in stifling the revolt, by hanging and strangling all the rebels of distinction in the three districts of Gibes, Kosrouan, and Gibel-Biscarra. The bastonade was performed on various others, and afterwards ruinous ransoms exacted from them.

In the number of these last was a poor old man of seventy-five years of age, condemned to seventy purses, which he was not able to pay. His son wrote to him, that he would raise the money by loan if he sanctioned it, but the old man answered that he would pay nothing, adding expressions by no means complimentary to the prince. The letter was intercepted, and the old man handed over for torture. Already oppressed by age, he could not support so many inflictions, and when he was carried to the Schiek Beschir, according to his orders, he died after twenty days of suffering. His son inherited his father's condemnation; the emir seized his goods for his own profit, leaving him only a thousand piastres (£14) of patrimony.

The emir mounted the hill to Eden, passed the Cedars, and descended the other side of the mountain to Balbek, whilst the Scheik remained in occupation of the rebellious provinces. On arriving at Balbek, the chief ordered his lieutenant-general to return by the same route by which he had come, and to levy on his journey a contribution of 400 purses (of 500 pieces each) from the three districts. That the prince of Lebanon could put down an insurrection in three such powerful provinces, with a force of only 3000 men, would appear miraculous, if we did not recollect that the revolt was partial, and that the party of Beschir in the provinces themselves facilitated his triumph.

The Pacha of Damascus had in this interval sent an aga to Bkaa for the purpose of taxing, according to custom, the produce of the lands dependent on his pachalik. This officer advanced to the village of Haunie, belonging to the principality of Lebanon, and there raised contributions in cattle and money. The inhabitants, not being inclined to submit, apprised Prince Beschir, who wrote to the aga testifying his displeasure, but the latter paid no attention to his remonstrances, and, after levying very heavy exactions, he returned to Damascus. The emir, greatly irritated, gave advice to the Pacha of Acre, and expressed his resentment in a very forcible strain. Abdallah, either from regard for Beschir, or from personal hatred for the aga, demanded from the Pacha of Damascus his severe punishment. The latter returned an evasive answer, indicating his surprise that the Pacha of Acre should interest himself in an affair concerning the Christians. Abdallah sent his letter to Beschir, with instructions to take vengeance on the Pacha of Damascus. The Prince of Lebanon assembled in haste 10,000 men, and advanced

towards Damascus. The pacha came forth to meet him, and the two armies had several conflicts, the superiority in which was always on the side of Beschir.

During these events, Abdallah gave proclamation to a forged firman, which declared the Pacha of Damascus deprived of his pachalik, and uniting it to that of Acre. But the Pacha of Damascus, applying to the neighbouring pachas, and to the court of Constantinople, obtained from the Porte a true firman, condemning the Pacha of Acre to death, and dethroning the Emir Beschir from his government. This prince was already at the gates of Damascus when the firman arrived. He then perceived the one promulgated by Abdallah was spurious, and he judged it prudent to retire into the province of Deir-el-Kammar, where, learning that the same fate as Abdallah's was reserved for himself, he fled to the environs of Beirout, and solicited the governor to receive him with his escort. This officer refused, alleging that the presence of the emir in the town would excite sedition. The prince then sent to apprise his brother, the Emir Abbets, whom he had left in command of the mountain, that he would return to his territories, and try the fortune of arms against the pachas sent by the Sublime Porte; but his brother answered him that the mountain was void both of provisions and money, and he advised him therefore very strongly not to attempt so perilous a project.

In this sad state of affairs, the prince again turned his eyes towards Egypt, and addressed himself to a Frank, begging him to assist him in his departure from Syria. M. Aubin procured his safe embarkation on board of a French ship lying between Beirout and Saïde, which then set sail for Alexandria. After his departure, the Scheik Beschir and the Emir Abbets joined themselves to the coalition of pachas, and intrigued for the command of the mountain. This was the source of the divisions which distracted Lebanon in 1823.

The combined troops began the siege of Acre in July 1822, and continued it until April 1823, when it was raised. Then the young Pacha of Acre, who was very avaricious, conceived a means of getting rid of the tribute which he owed to the Porte. With this design, he caused the officers who carried the tribute to be assassinated near Latakia, and obtained from the murderers the restoration of the money. He then complained to the Porte of the murder committed on his agents, and of the robbery of a rent belonging to the Grand-Seigneur. The pacha by this detestable conduct indulged two expectations—first, of exempting himself from tribute, and, secondly, of compromising the Pacha of Latakia, to whom he expected the bow-string would be forwarded, whilst his pachalik would be re-united to that of Acre; but Abdallah was deceived in his hopes.

The Sultan, apprised of the pacha's perfidy, a second time demanded his head. But what availed against Acre the pachas of Damascus, Aleppo, and Adama, with an army of 12,000 men, ill disciplined, without artillery capable of effecting a breach, possessing only some pieces of ordnance, of such large calibre that the balls were quite unfit for them, having 3000 or 4000 horsemen without baggage, and an infantry which consumed both day and night in smoking tobacco beneath the tents! Thus, Abdallah Pacha, being master of the strongest fortress in the East, prepared without fear for a vigorous defence.

An English corvette lying at anchor in the road, offered an officer from its crew to direct the artillery of the besiegers. The pachas accepted the offer, and put the cannons under his order. But at the end of three days, he saw that he would never carry the place with the Turks, who would not approach the walls with the artillery, which was the only means of breaching the fortifications.

Abdallah was perfectly at ease, in spite of the army of the pachas. He had nothing to fear on the land side from troops so ill organised, and, by way of showing his contempt for them, he replied to their cannon-balls by musket-shots. He had good soldiers well paid; provisions and munitions of war arrived for him in abun-

dance by sea, both from Europe and Asia. He was even suspected of holding an intercourse with the Greeks of the Morea.

The Emir Beschir, who was now under the protection of the Viceroy of Egypt, maintained a regular correspondence with Abdallah, who, under the mediation of Mahomet Ali, solicited peace and pardon from the Porte. If the pacha had nothing to fear from the land, he was afraid that the Divan of Constantinople would procure the blockade of the town by sea, and intercept his communications with strangers, which would soon reduce his people to famine, incite his soldiers to mutiny, and compel him to stretch out his own neck to the bow-string of the Sublime Porte. The divan pardoned him, knowing that Abdallah could deliver the place to the insurgents of the Morea; but it condemned him to a fine of 3000 purses, and the expenses of the war.

The viceroy, having obtained the pardon of Abdallah Pacha, demanded and secured that also of the Emir Beschir, who resumed his command. He took advantage of this crisis to make his influence at the divan be felt, and to obtain a sway over the Prince of Lebanon, whose political interests are at this moment united with those of Mahomet Ali.

At the end of the year 1823, the Emir Beschir landed at Acre, to regulate with Abdallah the expenses of the siege, and to fix the sum at which his part of the debt should be estimated. On his return to Lebanon, he levied a contribution of a thousand purses, for he was by no means in an easy position after his exile and the expenses of his sojourn in Egypt. His people also were very poor; and feeling indisposed to excite their antipathy against him by so severe an exaction, he resolved to make it be borne by his former lieutenant-general, the Scheik Beschir, wishing thus to revenge himself for the intrigues which he had had with his brother Abbets to deprive him of the command of the mountain. The Scheik Beschir refused to pay the sum, and retired to Karan, a province of Lebanon. He afterwards returned to his palace of Moctura, where he negotiated with Prince Abbets for the overthrow of Beschir. He even drew into the conspiracy three young brothers of the prince, who till then had lived tranquilly in their retreats. This conspiracy must have been fatal to the emir, without the aid of Abdallah Pacha.

The Scheik Beschir was pursued, and arrested in the plains of Damascus, with an escort of 200 persons. He might easily have saved himself; but upon the assurance given him by a Turkish officer, in the name of the Pacha of Damascus, that the Prince of Lebanon pardoned him, he yielded himself up, and was conducted to Damascus. There he was stripped of his garments, his hands bound, the one upon his breast, the other behind his back, and cast into a dungeon, where he remained several months. A process was instituted against him at Constantinople, and he was condemned to death. When the bow-string was presented to him, he appeared unmoved, and only asked to speak with the pacha and the emir. He was answered that it was useless, that neither the one nor the other could do any thing, as the sentence emanated from Constantinople. Then the Scheik Beschir submitted to his destiny. He was strangled, then beheaded, and his body, cut into pieces, was thrown to the dogs.

This execution took place in the beginning of 1824. The three brothers of the prince were afterwards arrested; their tongues and eyes were torn out, and they were sent into exile with their families, each into a village at remote distances. After that, tranquillity reigned in Lebanon; the family of Chab enjoyed power in peace; thanks to the active police which the emir maintained in his government, and to the friendship of Abdallah Pacha, who was not, however, ignorant of the intimate connexion which existed between him and Mahomet Ali.

Such is the policy which the Emir Beschir has followed up to this day, and every thing announces that he will pursue it with success in the new crisis which the attack of Mahomet Ali upon the Ottoman empire has produced. The emir took no part in the war until

Ibrahim Pacha, having taken Acre, and sent Abdallah Pacha a prisoner to his father in Egypt, entered Syria. It was then necessary to declare himself; and, according to the practice of orientals, he perceived the hand of God in victory, and ranged himself on the side of success. However, he has done so as if with regret, and alleging to the Porte the pretext of constraint. It is probable, that if Ibrahim Pacha sustained any reverse, the Emir Beschir would turn to the side of the Turks, and aid them in crushing the Arabs. Ibrahim, who is doubtful of this two-edged policy, compromises the prince as much as he can. He has forced him to give him one of his sons, and some of his best horsemen, to accompany him on the side of Homs; and his other sons, having come down from the mountain, hold military government, in the name of the Egyptians, over the principal towns of Syria.

The head of the Emir Beschir depends on the success of Ibrahim at Homs. If he should be conquered, the re-action of the Turks against the Christians of Lebanon, and against the prince himself, will be implacable. On the other side, if Ibrahim continues master of Syria, he will not be long in viewing with umbrage a power independent of his own, and he will endeavour to overcome it by political intrigue, or destroy it for ever, by eradicating the family of Chab. If the Emir Beschir were younger, and more active, he might resist both attempts, and establish for a long time, perhaps for ever, his dominion, and that of his descendants, over the most inaccessible, the best peopled, and the richest part of Syria. The mountaineers whom he commands are brave, intelligent, and well disciplined; the roads leading to the centre of Lebanon are impracticable; the Maronites, who are becoming very numerous on Lebanon, would be devoted to the emir by the common sentiment of Christianity, and by hatred and terror for Turkish dominion. The only obstacle to the creation of a new power in these countries is the difference of religion between the Maronites, Druzes, and Metualis, who people, with almost equal numbers, the territories subject to the authority of the emir. The strongest tie of nationality is community of religious creeds, or at least it has hitherto been found so. Civilisation in its advance reduces religious feeling to an individualism, and other common interests form a nationality; these interests, being less grave than the cause of religion, national feelings become feeble; for what so strong, as an incentive to man, as religious belief, his creed, his inward faith! It is the voice of intelligence, it is the thought in which he includes all others—manners, laws, country, every thing, is comprised in religion. It is this which, in my opinion, will render it so difficult to institute a single great nation in the East; it is this which makes the Turkish empire totter. You perceive no signs of an existence in common, or symptoms of a possible nationality, except in those parts of the empire where tribes of the same faith are congregated; it is visible amongst the Asiatic Greek race, amongst the Armenians, the Bulgarians, the Servians; every where besides you see men, but not nations.

October 3.—This day I descended the lower grades of Lebanon, which inclined from Deir-el-Kammar towards the Mediterranean, and I have come to sleep in a solitary khan in the mountains.

At five o'clock in the evening, we mounted our horses in the court of the emir's palace. Upon leaving the gate of the palace, we began to descend by a road cut in the rock, which wound round the peak of Dptedin. On our right and left the plots of soil sustained by the artificial terraces, were planted with mulberry trees, and carefully cultivated. The shade of trees and of vines everywhere covers the ground; and numerous rivulets, turned by the Arab husbandman, come from the mountain-heights divided into canals, and irrigate the roots of the trees and the gardens. The gigantic shadow of the palace and terraces of Dptedin reaches over the whole of this scene, and follows you to the foot of the peak, where you re-commence to ascend another mountain, which bears upon its summit the town of

Deir-el-Kammar. In a quarter of an hour we arrived there. Deir-el-Kammar is the capital of the Emir Beschir and the Druzes; it contains a population of ten or twelve thousand souls. But, except an ancient edifice, adorned with Moorish sculpture and high balconies, exactly resembling the ruins of one of our castles of the middle ages, Deir-el-Kammar possesses no feature of a town, still less of a capital; it is very similar to a little town of Savoy or Auvergne, or to a large village in a distant province of France. The sun was just rising when we went through it; troops of mares and camels issued from the courts of the houses, and spread themselves over the unpaved quarters and streets of the town. On a wide open square, some black tents of a vagabond race (zingari) were erected; men, women, and children, half-naked, or enveloped in the immense blankets of white wool which is their only garment, were huddled round a fire, combing their hair, or searching after the vermin which were feeding on them. Some Arabs, in the service of the emir, passed on horseback in their magnificent costumes, with superb arms stuck in their belts, and holding a lance twelve or fifteen feet long in their hands. Some were bringing to the emir cows from Ibrahim's army; others were descending towards the coast to deliver the orders of the prince to the detachments commanded by his sons, lying encamped on the plain. Nothing is more imposing and rich than the costume and equipments of these Druze warriors. Their immense turban, composed of shawls of brilliant colours wound in graceful folds, casts over their swarthy visage and black eyes a shade which adds to the commanding and savage energy of their physiognomies. Long moustachios cover their lips, and fall over both sides of the mouth. A species of short tunic of a red colour is invariably worn by all the Druzes and mountaineers; this tunic is woven, according to the importance and wealth of the wearer, of cotton and gold, or only of cotton and silk, into elegant designs, in which the variety of colours contrasts with the gold or silver tissue sparkling on his breast and back. Immense trousers, in numberless plaits, cover the limbs; the feet are covered with short boots of red morocco, and with slippers of yellow morocco above the boots; furred jackets with hanging sleeves are thrown over the shoulders. A belt of silk or morocco leather, similar to that of the Albanians, encircles the waist in numerous folds, and serves the horseman to carry his arms. The handles of two or three kangars, or yatagans—poignards and short sabres in use amongst the orientals—are always seen sticking out of the belt, and shining on the breast; generally the stocks of two or three pistols, encrusted with gold or silver, complete this portable arsenal. All the Arabs have, besides, a lance, the shaft of which is thin, supple, and hard, like a long reed. This lance, which is their principal weapon, is decorated with waving tufts and strings of silk; they generally hold it in their right hand, the iron towards the sky, and the handle almost touching the ground; but when they urge their horses to the gallop, they brandish it horizontally above their heads, and in their military sports they throw it to an enormous distance, and pick it up, bending their bodies to the earth. Before throwing the lance, they give it an oscillating movement for some time, which adds considerably to the force of the cast, and enables them the more surely to hit the mark they design. We met a great number of these cavaliers in the course of the day. The Emir Beschir had himself given us some of them to serve as guides, and as a mark of honour. They all saluted us with extreme politeness, and drew up their horses to permit us to pass along the road.

About two miles from Deir-el-Kammar, there is one of the most beautiful views of Lebanon that can be imagined. On one side its deep gorges, into which we were about to descend, open all at once beneath your feet. On the other, the castle of Dptedin rises like a pyramid on the summit of its hill, clothed in verdure, and furrowed by foaming torrents; and before you are the mountains gradually sinking to the sea, some all black, others struck with the rays of light, and rolling like a

cataract of hills, until they are lost in the green ridges of the olive woods in the plains of Sidon, or in the sandy beaches, red as brick, which border the coasts of Beirut. Here and there the variegated colouring of the mountain sides, and the waving lines of the immense horizon described by their descent, are intercepted and cut off by the groups of cedars, firs, or pines with broad tops; and numerous villages glitter at their bases, or on their summits. The sea bounds this landscape; one follows with the eye, as upon an enormous chart or a raised plan, the hollows, the projections, and the undulations of the coasts, the capes, the promontories, and the gulfs of its shore, from Mount Carmel to Cape Batroun, a stretch of fifty leagues. The air is so pure that one imagines points can be reached in a few hours' descent, which require three or four days' march to arrive at. At this distance, the sea is so confounded at the first glance with the firmament, which closes on it at the horizon, that one cannot distinguish the two elements, and the land appears to float as it were in a boundless and double ocean. It is only after fixing with more attention the eyes upon the sea, and observing the little white sails shining on its blue expanse, that we can tell exactly what we see. A light mist, more or less gilded, floats at the edge of the horizon, and divides the water and the sky. At intervals, fleecy clouds, roused from the sides of the mountains by the morning breezes, were detached like the white feathers which a bird scatters in the wind, and were borne over the sea, where they evaporated in the rays of the sun, just commencing to scorch.

We quitted with regret this magnificent scene, and we began our descent by a path more perilous than any I have ever seen in the Alps. The declivity was perpendicular, the road was not two feet broad, bottomless precipices yawned on one side, walls of rock rose on the other. The path was formed of loose stones, or of pieces of rock, so polished by water and the iron shoes of horses and the tread of camels, that these animals are obliged to seek with care a place to plant their feet: as they always fix them in the same spots, they have at last dug cavities in the stone, into which their hoofs sink some inches deep, and it is entirely owing to these holes that any points of resistance are afforded to the horses' shoes, so as to enable the animal to keep himself from sliding forwards. From time to time we found also steps cut in the rock two feet high, or round blocks of granite which it was impossible to clear, so that it is necessary to wind into the interstices, scarcely so wide as the limbs of the animals we bestrode. Such are almost all the roads in this part of Lebanon. At times the sides of the mountains swerved or grew into a plain, and we marched more at our ease on beds of yellow sand, of a sort of freestone, or of vegetable earth. One cannot conceive how such a country is filled with so many beautiful horses, and how they get accustomed to it. No Arab, however inaccessible his village or his dwelling, ever leaves home but on horseback, and we saw them descending or mounting, in perfect carelessness, with the pipe in their mouths, such declivities as our mountain goats would find it difficult to scale.

After an hour and a half's continual descent, we came in sight of the bottom of the gorge which we had to traverse and follow. A river murmured in its depths, still veiled from us by the mist of its waters, and by the branches of walnut, carob, plane, and Persian poplar trees, growing on the lowest banks of the ravine. Limpid fountains issued to our right from the grottoes of rock, hung with a thousand unknown creeping plants, or gushed from beds of green sward, sprinkled with the flowers of autumn. In a short time we spied a house amongst the trees on the edge of the stream, and we passed at a ford this river or torrent. There we stopped to rest our horses, and to enjoy for a moment one of the most extraordinary scenes which we had met in our journey.

The gorge to which we had descended was quite overflowed by the waters of the torrent, which foamed round the masses of rock fallen into its bed. Here and

there islets of vegetable soil gave root to gigantic poplars, which rose to a prodigious height, and cast their long tapering shadows on the banks of the mountain where we were seated. The torrent, on our left, tumbled headlong between two walls of granite, which it seemed to have cleaved to form a gulf for itself; these walls rose to a height of four or five hundred feet, and nearly joining at their summits, appeared an immense arcade, which in time would crumble on itself. The tops of Italian pines hung like clusters of wall-flowers over the ruins of ancient walls, and stood out in sombre green upon the vivid blue of the sky. On our right, the gorge winded for a quarter of a mile between the retreating and more sloping banks; the waters of the river stretched in freedom, washing a multitude of small isles or verdant promontories: all these isles, and tongues of land, were decked in the richest and most graceful vegetation. It was the first time I had met the poplar since on the banks of the Rhone and the Saone. It cast its wan and restless shade over the whole of this watery valley; but as it is not lopped or planted by the hand of man, it grows in groups, and extends its unrestrained branches with much more majesty, diversity of form and grace, than in our countries. Between these groups of trees, and multitudes of rushes and high reeds, growing also on the islands, we saw the broken arches of an old bridge, built by the ancient emirs of Lebanon, and fallen in the lapse of ages. Beyond the ruined arches of the bridge, the gorge widened into an immense landscape of valleys, plains, and elevated spots, studded with villages inhabited by the Druzes, and all was surrounded, like an amphitheatre, by a circular chain of high mountains. The elevations were almost all covered with green, and plantations of pine. The villages, suspended above each other, seemed to the eye as if they touched; but when we reached some of them, we found that the distance between them was considerable, both from the difficulty of the paths, and the necessity of descending and remounting the deep ravines which separated them. Some of these villages are so situated that it is quite easy to hear the voice of a man speaking in another village, yet it requires an hour to go from one to another. What increased the effect of this beautiful landscape were two large monasteries, planted like fortresses on the top of two hills behind the river, which seemed like huge blocks of granite blackened by age. The one is inhabited by Maronites, who devote themselves to the instruction of young Arabs, destined to the priesthood. The other is deserted; it formerly belonged to a congregation of Lazarites of Lebanon; and it now serves as an asylum and refuge to two young Jesuits sent there by their order, at the request of the Maronite bishop, to furnish rules and models to the Arab instructors. They live there in complete solitude, in an exemplary poverty and sanctity (I knew them afterwards). One of them learns Arabic, and uselessly labours for the conversion of the Druzes in the neighbouring villages; he is a man of great intelligence and information. The other is occupied with medicine, and traverses the country distributing medicines gratuitously. Both are much loved and respected by the Druzes, and even by the Metualis. But they can expect no result from their residence in Syria. The Maronite clergy are greatly attached to the Roman church; yet this clergy have their own traditions, and their independent discipline, which they will not allow to be borne down by the manœuvres of the Jesuits. They possess the real spiritual authority in the whole of Lebanon; they would very quickly have rivals in the active and indefatigable corporations of Europe, and this rivalry they very naturally look upon with alarm.

After having rested half an hour in this enchanting spot, we got again on horseback, and commenced climbing the steep ascent which was before us. The road became more and more difficult as we scaled the last chain of Lebanon, separating us from the coasts of Syria. But in proportion as we mounted, the aspect of the immense hollow, which we left on our right, became more imposing from its vastness.

The river which we had quitted meandered in the midst of a plain slightly undulated with hills, and sometimes expanded into pools of water as blue and glittering as the lakes of Switzerland. The black hills, crowned at their summits with clusters of pines, interrupted its course at every moment, and divided it to appearance into a thousand luminous streaks. Step by step the hills leaving the plain, rose cumulating and supporting each other, all redolent with flowering heaths, and bearing here and there at intervals trees with widely spreading tops, which threw a gloom on detached spots. Woods of cedars and pines stretched from the more lofty elevations, dying away in solitary groups and glades as they came around the numerous Druze villages, the terraces, balconies, and latticed windows of which we saw rising from out the greenness of the pines. The inhabitants, clad in their beautiful scarlet mantles, and their foreheads bound by red turbans in wide folds, stood on their terraces to see us pass, and added, by the brilliancy of their costume, and the gracefulness of their attitudes, to the imposing, novel, and picturesque effect of the prospect. At the entry, and at the termination of each of these villages, handsome Turkish fountains were playing. The women and young girls, who came to get water in their long and narrow jugs, were grouped around the basins, and lifted up a corner of their veils to get a look at us. The population appeared to us superb; men, women, and children, all had the aspect of vigour and of health. The women are very handsome; their features, in general, bear a haughty and elevated expression, without a shade of ferocity.

We were saluted on all sides with an agreeable politeness, and the hospitality of the dwellings was offered us by all. We declined their kindness, however, and continued ascending for about three hours precipitous paths, winding in the pine woods. We reached at length the concluding crest, white and naked, of the mountains, and the vast horizon of the Syrian coast stretched before us at a single glance. It presented a prospect widely different from that which we had had under our eyes for some days; it was like the view of Naples, seen from the top of Vesuvius, or from the heights of Castellamare. The immense expanse of ocean was at our feet, without limits, or only with some clouds heaped at the extremity of its waters. Beneath these clouds we might have believed we perceived land—the land of Cyprus, which is thirty leagues at sea; Mount Carmel on the left; and on the right, until all sight was lost, the interminable chain of the shores of Beirut, Tripolis, Syria, Latakia, and Alexandretta: and in fine, confusedly, and under the gilded mists of evening, the glittering peaks of the mountains of Taurus; but this must have been an illusion, for the distance is enormous. Immediately from under our feet the mountain began to sink; first down the rocks, and the dry heaths of the summit, on which we stood; then the descent becoming less rapid, it stretched out from hill to hill, first over grey rocky eminences, afterwards over the dark-green tops of pines, carobs, and holly-oaks; then in more gentle declivities over the lighter and youthful green of planes and sycamores; finally appeared the brown hills, in the velvet foliage of the olive woods. All at last fell away, and was lost in the narrow plain which separates Lebanon from the sea. There, upon slips of land, we saw ancient Moorish towers, guarding the shore, and in the bottom of the gulfs, towns or large villages with their walls glittering in the sun, and their little coves hollowed in the sands, whilst their barks were pulled dry on shore, or with sails set were leaving or entering the havens. Saïde, and Beirut especially, surrounded by rich plains of olives, of citrons, and of mulberries, with the minarets and domes of their mosques, their castles and battlements, stood out from this expanse of tints and outlines, and drew the observation to the two promontories jutting into the waves. Beyond the plain of Beirut, the great Lebanon, broken by the course of the river, began again to rise, first yellow and gilded like the columns of Prestum, then grey, sombre, and gloomy; afterwards green and sable, in the region of

the forests, and lastly presenting its peaks of snow, which seemed confounded in the transparency of the heavens, and where the white rays of day slept in an eternal serenity upon a couch of perpetual snow. Naples or Sorrente, Rome or Albano, has no such landscape.

After having pursued our descent for nearly two hours, we found a khan, isolated under magnificent palm-trees, on the borders of a fountain. It is proper to describe, once for all, what they call a khan in Syria, and generally in all the countries of the East. It is a cabin built of stone, with its walls badly joined, without cement, and giving free ingress to both wind and rain. The stones are generally blackened with the smoke of the hearth, which is perpetually stealing through the numerous crevices. The walls are scarcely seven or eight feet high; they are covered with pieces of rough wood, with the bark and branches of trees; the whole is surmounted with dried faggots, which serve for a roof. The interior is not paved, and according to the season, it is a bed either of dust or of mud. One or two stakes serve as support to the leafy roof, and the traveller hangs there his mantle or his arms. In a corner is a small hearth raised on unhewn stones; upon this hearth a perpetual fire burns, and there are one or two brass coffee-pots, always full of thick and mearly coffee, the habitual refreshment and solitary want of the Turks and Arabs. There are, ordinarily, two rooms, such as I have described. One or two Arabs are authorised, upon payment of a rent to the pacha, to perform the honours of hospitality, and to sell coffee, and cakes of barley flour, to the caravans. When the traveller arrives at the door of one of these khans, he descends from his camel or his horse, and detaches the straw mat or Damascus carpet, which has to serve as his bed; it is stretched in a corner of the smoky chamber. He then seats himself, asks for coffee, lights his pipe or his hookah, and he waits until his slaves have collected a little dry wood to prepare his repast. His meal consists, generally, of two or three cakes, half-baked on a heated flint, and of some pieces of hashed mutton, which is stewed in a brass kettle, with rice. Most frequently there is neither mutton nor rice to be bought in the khan, and he contents himself with the cakes, and excellent fresh water, which is never wanting in the vicinity of the khans. The domestics, slaves, and moulkres (conductors of camels), with the horses, remain in the open air, round the khan. There is usually some well-known centenarian tree in the neighbourhood, which serves as a distant beacon to the caravan; it is oftenest an immense fig-sycamore, a tree which I have never seen in Europe. It is as high as the largest oaks, and attains a greater age than they; its trunk is sometimes thirty or forty feet in circumference, often much more; its branches, which commence to shoot out fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, extend horizontally, at first with an immense sweep, but they rise in less enlarged cones, and at a distance give an idea of the form of our beeches. The shade of these trees, which Providence seems to have thrown here and there like a welcoming cloud over the burning sand of the desert, stretches to a great distance from the trunk, and it is not uncommon to see sixty camels, or horses, and as many Arabs, encamped beneath the shelter of one of these trees during the heat of the day. But here, as everywhere, we discover with regret the carelessness of the orientals, and of their government. These trees, which should be preserved with care, as hotels provided by nature for the necessities of caravans, are abandoned to the stupid indifference of those whom they shelter; the Arabs light their fires at the foot of the sycamore, and the greatest number of these beautiful trees have their trunks all blackened and hollowed by the flame from these fires. Our small caravan established itself beneath one of these majestic sycamores, and we passed the night enveloped in our mantles, and stretched on a straw-mat, in a corner of the khan.

October 4.—This morning we left the khan; and after some hours' ride over the rapid sweeps of Lebanon, we arrived at the beautiful villages midway to the coast. There, all the asperity of the mountain disappears, and

we marched for two hours in the midst of rising ground, more pleasing, and better cultivated, than can be imagined. It resembled Tuscany. Walls of support every where sustain the terraces of soil, where the trees are entwined with vines, casting a shade over the crops of all kinds, without preventing them from flourishing. Villages, where every thing announces order, peace, industry, and wealth, are thickly scattered on the hills; the houses, or rather the castles, of the scheiks command them, as our Gothic castles formerly frowned over our small towns. Immense convents of Maronite monks occupy the tops of the eminences, like fortresses. The monks are seen issuing out, proceeding with the plough to the fields, or collecting the leaves of the mulberries. The Arabs, without distinction of sex, are peaceably at work in the enclosures, and look at us as we pass, with a smile at our European costumes. The scheik, and his principal servants, are generally seated on a carpet at the door of his castle, or beneath a great sycamore in the middle of the road; he smokes his pipe, and gives us a salute, by pressing his hand to his heart, and saying to us, "*Sala el kaer*"—"May the day be fortunate for you, travellers!")

At length we reach the plain, which we traverse under an arch of verdure, formed by long reeds, palms, figs, vines, and mulberries. From time to time, a solitary house of an Arab, or Græco-Syrian cultivator, appears in this forest of foliage; the children play with the broad-tailed Syrian sheep, upon the thresholds of the doors; beautiful young girls, with their faces uncovered, bear water-pitchers on their heads; and the father and mother work, at the foot of the mulberries, on those beautiful silk stuffs of a thousand colours, the threads of which they attach from tree to tree, and weave, as they walk beneath the shade. Scotland, Saxony, Savoy, Switzerland, do not present the traveller with more scenes of quiet life, peace, and happiness, than are to be seen at the foot of Mount Lebanon, where we expect to find nothing but barbarians.

October 5.—I have found my wife and child in good health, and occupied in embellishing and adorning our winter abode. I have passed some days with them, before departing for Palestine and Egypt. Ibrahim Pacha has gained a decisive victory at Homs; he advances towards Caramania, and will pass the Taurus, driving the Turks before him. There is no longer any disquietude as to the tranquillity and safety of this country. I will travel with my mind at rest, touching all that I hold most dear in life. Our new Beirut friends, Messieurs Bianco, Jorelle, Farrer, Laurella, Abost, are to provide in my absence for all the casualties which may occur. I am about to organise definitively my caravan, and shall depart as soon as the first rains have lowered the temperature of thirty degrees, which still prevails on the Syrian coast.

JOURNEY FROM BEIROUT, THROUGH SYRIA AND PALESTINE, TO JERUSALEM.*

October 8: three o'clock in the afternoon.—We mounted on horseback, with eighteen horses in our train forming the caravan. We slept at a khan, three hours' march from Beirut, on the same route as that already described on our visit to Lady Stanhope. On the following day, departed at three in the morning; at five,

crossed the river Tamour, the ancient Tamyris; rose-laurels in flower on the banks. Followed the strand, on which the foam of the waves washed over the feet of our horses, as far as Saïde, the ancient Sidon, still a fine shadow of the destroyed town, of which even the very name is lost—no relic of its past grandeur. A circular jetty, formed of enormous rocks, surrounds a dock, choked with sand, and some fishermen, with their children wading in the water, push into the sea a boat without masts or sails, the sole maritime feature of this second queen of ocean. At Saïde, we dismount at the French khan, an immense palace for our ancient commerce in Syria, where our consuls united the natives of all countries under the standard of France. There is no longer any commerce, no longer any Frenchmen; there only remains at Saïde, in the vast deserted khan, an old and respectable agent of France, M. Girardin, who has lived there for fifty years in the midst of his truly oriental family, and who received us as a travelling countryman is always received, in a land where ancient hospitality is preserved in full integrity. We dined, and slept for some hours with this excellent family; hospitality is sweet thus accorded, unexpectedly and lavishly bestowed; water for washing offered by the sons of the house; the mother, and the wives of the sons, attending on their feet to the arrangements of the repast. At four o'clock, mounted on our horses, escorted by the sons and friends of the family of Girardin; the exercise of the djerid performed by one of them seated on a superb Arab horse; two hours from Saïde, adieus and acknowledgments. Marched two hours more, and slept beneath our tents at a delightful fountain on the sea coast, named *El Kantara*. A gigantic tree overshadowed the whole caravan; a delicious garden descended to the very waves of the sea; an immense caravan of camels spread around us in the same field. Night under the tent; neighing of the horses, cries of the camels, smoke of the evening fires, transparent glimmer of the lamp through the streaked cloth of the tent. Thoughts of the tranquil life, of the fireside of home, of distant friends, come across the brow, whilst reposing uneasily, and in burning heat, upon the saddle, which serves for a pillow. In the morning, whilst the moukres and slaves bridle the horses, two or three Arabs draw up the stakes of the tent; they knock away the pole which supports it; it falls, and the wide expanding sails which covered a whole family of travellers, slide and fall to the ground into a small heap of canvass, which a camel-driver puts under his arm, and hangs to the saddle of his mule. There simply remains upon the vacant spot where we were just now established, as if in a permanent abode, an abandoned fire, which is yet smoking, and quickly expires in the heat of the sun;—a veritable, striking, and living image of life, frequently employed in the Bible, and which always has a powerful effect upon me, whenever it is presented to my observation.

Departed from Kantara before daylight. Scaled some dry and rocky eminences advancing into the sea as promontories. From the top of the last and highest of these hills, we see Tyre, which appears at the termination of its long and sterile bank. Between the sea and the concluding heights of Lebanon, which here fall with a rapid descent, there stretches a plain about eight leagues long and one or two broad: the plain is naked, yellow, and covered with prickly shrubs, on which the camels of the caravan browse as they pass. A peninsula juts into the sea, separated from the continent by a causeway, covered with a glittering sand, brought by the winds of Egypt. Tyre, at present called Sour by the Arabs, is placed on the sharpest extremity of this promontory, and appears to rise from the waves themselves: at a distance you would call it a handsome new, white, and lively town, looking on the sea; but it is only a beautiful shadow which vanishes on drawing near. A few hundred crumbling and almost deserted houses, in which the Arabs collect at evening the large flocks of sheep and black goats, with long hanging ears, which defile before you in the plain;—such is the Tyre of to-day! She has no longer a harbour in the seas, or

* [Palestine, or the Holy Land, forms only a portion of Syria. It consists of a stripe of land, lying betwixt the 31st and 36th degrees of north latitude, and having the Mediterranean Sea on the west, and the river Jordan on the east. The land of Edom and Egypt are on the south. The length of the country is from two to three hundred miles, and its breadth about fifty. It will be observed, that M. de Lamartine begins his journey at Beirut, in the northern quarter of the country, and proceeds southwards along the coast to Jerusalem, but making, when half way, an inland excursion to Nazareth and Lake of Galilee.]

a road on the land: the prophecies are long ago accomplished upon her.

We journeyed in silence, occupied in contemplating this wreck and dust of empire which we trampled on. We followed a path in the middle of the lands of Tyre, between the town and the grey naked hills which Lebanon throws to the edge of the plain. We came opposite the town, and reached a hillock of sand which seems at present to form its sole bulwark, whilst it is overwhelming it. I thought on the prophecies, and I tasked my memory for some of the eloquent menaces which the divine spirit spoke by Ezekiel. I found them not in words, but I found them in the deplorable reality which I had before my eyes. Some verses of my own, thrown off at hazard on leaving France for the East, alone occurred to my recollection.

I have not heard the nations' cries ascend,
And call responses from the cedars old,
Nor seen high Lebanon's God-sent eagles bend
Their flight on Tyre, emblems of wrath foretold.

I had before me the black Lebanon; but my imagination has deceived me, thought I to myself: I see neither the eagles nor the vultures, which ought, in order to fulfil the prophecies, to descend incessantly from the mountains to devour this corpse of a town reproved by God, and the enemy of his people. At the moment I was making this reflection, some large, strange, and motionless object appeared to our left on the top of a perpendicular rock which advanced into the plain, even to the route for caravans. It was like five statues of black stone, placed on the rock, as on a pedestal; but from some almost insensible movements in these colossal figures, we believed, as we approached, that they were five Bedouin Arabs, clad in their black goat-skins, who stood on this height to see us pass. At length, when we were only fifty steps from the rock, we saw one of these five objects expand his wide wings, and flap them against his sides with a noise like that of a sail set to the wind. We distinguished them as five eagles, of the largest kind I had ever seen on the Alps, or chained in the menageries of our cities. They did not fly away, or bestir themselves as we drew near; planted like kings of the desert on the edge of the rock, they looked down upon Tyre as their appanage, whither they were about to return. They seemed to possess it of right divine; instruments of a command which they enforced, of a prophetic vengeance which they were commissioned to accomplish towards man, and in spite of man. I could not tire myself with the contemplation of this prophecy in action, this miraculous verification of the divine threats, of which chance rendered us the witnesses. Never had anything more supernatural struck thus vividly my sight and my spirit; and it required an effort of my reason not to behold, behind the five gigantic eagles, the lofty and terrible figure of the poet of vengeance, Ezekiel, rising above them, and pointing out to them with his eye and finger the city which God gave them to devour, whilst the storm of divine anger shook his snowy streaming beard, and the fire of celestial wrath shot from his eyes. We stood when forty paces off; the eagles just turned their heads, and cast a disdainful look upon us; but at last two of our troop left the caravan, and rushed in a gallop, musket in hand, to the very foot of the rock; still they flew not. Some shots with ball caused them heavily to rise, but they returned, and hovered for a long time over our heads, without being reached by our balls, as if they had said to us, "You can do nothing: we are the eagles of the Almighty!"

I was then assured that poetic imagination had suggested to me the eagles of Tyre as less real, less beautiful, and less sublime than they were in fact, and that there is in the *mens divinator* of poets, even of the most obscure, some portion of that divining and prophetic instinct, which speaks the truth without knowing it.

We arrived at noon, after a march of seven hours, in the midst of the Tyrian plain, at a place called the Wells of Solomon. All travellers have described them;

they are three reservoirs of clear and running water, which springs, as by enchantment, from a flat, parched, and sandy soil, two miles from Tyre. Each of these reservoirs is artificially elevated about twenty feet above the level of the plain, and is filled to the very brim, the water perpetually running over the sides, and by the current it forms giving motion to the wheels of mills. By aqueducts, half ancient, half modern, the water is conveyed to Tyre, giving a fine effect to the landscape. It is said that Solomon caused these three wells to be constructed, as a recompense to Tyre and its king, Hiram, for the services which he had received from its marine and artists in the building of the temple. Hiram had conveyed the marbles and cedars of Lebanon.

These immense wells are each from sixty to eighty feet in circumference; their depth is unknown, and in one of them no bottom is found. No one has ever discovered by what mysterious channel the water of the mountains is drawn there. There is every reason to believe, on examining them, that they are vast artesian wells, invented long before their re-invention by the moderns.

Departed at five o'clock from the Wells of Solomon; marched two hours in the plain of Tyre, and arrived at night at the foot of a high perpendicular mountain on the sea, which forms the Cape of Raz-el-Abiad. The moon was rising above the dark peak of Lebanon to our left, but not high enough to illumine its sides; she fell upon some prodigious blocks of white rock, on which her light glared like a flame on marble, leaving us in the shade; these rocks, far advanced into the sea, broke the sparkling foam, and showered it over us; the dull, periodical sound of the heavy wave against the cape was heard alone, and it shook at every stroke the narrow ridge on which we were toiling, suspended upon the edge of the precipice. At a distance the sea shone like an enormous sheet of silver, and here and there some lowering cape jutted into its bosom, or a deep cavern struck into the indented sides of the mountain; the plain of Tyre stretched behind us; it was yet distinguishable by its fringes of yellow glittering sand, which marked its outlines between sea and land. Tyre was seen throwing its shadow over the extremity of the promontory, and by a chance, doubtless unusual, a light was glimmering on its ruins, which at a distance might be taken for a beacon: but it was the beacon of solitude and desolation, guiding no vessel in her course, and appearing and drawing our eyes only to a glance of pity over its ruins. This route along the precipice, with all the varied, solemn, and sublime accompaniments of the night, the moon, and the yawning abysses, continued for about an hour—one of the hours the most strongly imprinted on my memory that God has permitted me to contemplate on earth! A sublime portal for to-morrow's entry into the land of miracles!—into that land of testimony, yet all-impressed with the traces of the old and new dispensations from God to man!

On descending from the heights of this cape, we had the same view which had struck us on scaling them; precipices equally lofty, sonorous, whitened with foam, and diversified with vast ledges of living rock, yawned beneath our feet and before our eyes; the sea broke with the same ringing echo which accompanied us the whole length of the stormy coast of Syria, as the ancient Hebrew poets call it; the moon, further advanced in the firmament, lighted up more vividly this scene, at once tumultuous and solitary. The vast plain of Ptolemais stretched before us. It was nine o'clock, in an October evening; our horses, exhausted by a journey of thirteen hours, slowly dragged their feet over the sharp and shining rocks, which form the only roads in Syria, irregular stepping-stones on which we should not dare to risk any animal in Europe; we ourselves, overcome with weariness, and overawed with the grandeur of the spectacle and the imperishable recollections of the day, walked in silence on foot, holding our horses by the bridle, and casting our eyes sometimes upon that sea which we had to cross to behold again our own rivers and our own mountains, and sometimes on the black and lofty peak of Mount Carmel, which began to

he delineated on the remotest skirts of the horizon. We arrived at a species of khan, that is to say, at a little house, half destroyed, where a poor Arab cultivates some figs and gourds in the clefts of the rocks, beside a fountain; the building was occupied by camel-drivers from Naplous, carrying corn into Syria for the army of Ibrahim. The fountain was tainted by the autumn heats. We nevertheless pitched our tents upon a soil covered with round loose stones; we made fast our horses to the stake, and we drank with moderation a few mouthfuls of the fresh water which remained in our jars from the Wells of Solomon. Between the plain of Tyre and the foot of the mountains, water begins to get scarce; the fountains are from five to six hours' distance from each other; and often when you arrive, you only find in the bed of the spring a dry and heated trough, which bears the foot-marks of the camels and goats which have last drunk at it.

On the 11th, we struck our tents by the light of a thousand stars, which were reflected in the waves stretched at our feet. We descended for yet an hour the last declivities which form the Cape of Raz-el-Abiad, and we entered the plain of Acre, the ancient Ptolemais.

The recent siege of Acre by Ibrahim Pacha had reduced the town to a heap of ruins, under which ten or twelve thousand slain were buried, with myriads of camels. Ibrahim, being victorious, was eager to place his important conquest beyond the reach of fortune, and immediately began to rebuild the walls and houses of Acre.* Every day, hundreds of dead bodies, half consumed, were dug out of the ruins; the putrid exhalations, the heaps of corpses, had corrupted the air of the whole plain. We passed as far as possible from the walls, and proceeded until mid-day, halting at the Arab village of the Waters of Acre, in an orchard of pomegranates, figs, and mulberries, close to the mills of the Pacha. At five o'clock we resumed, to reach an encampment, in an olive wood, on the top of the first hills of Galilee.

On the 12th we commenced our march with the first dawn of day; we cleared a hill planted with olives and holly-oaks, scattered in groups, or under the browsing teeth of goats and camels decreased to briars. When we were on the other side of the hill, the Holy Land, the land of Canaan, appeared in all its extent before us. It was a grand, agreeable, and imposing prospect. It was not that naked, rocky, and sterile land, that hive of mean and scraggy mountains, which is pictured to us as the promised land on the credit of prejudiced writers, or of travellers hurried in their descriptions, who, of the immense and varied domains of the twelve tribes, have only perceived the rocky path which leads from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Deceived by them, I expected only what they described, namely, a confined country, void of plains, trees, and water; a land encumbered with white or grey hillocks, where the Arab robber conceals himself in the shade of ravines to despoil passengers. Such is perhaps the route from Jerusalem to Jaffa. But here was Judea, such as we behold it, the first day, from the heights which skirt the plain of Ptolemais, such as we afterwards found it on the other side of the hills of Zabulon, beside Nazareth, and at the foot of the Mounts Hermon and Carmel: such as we traversed throughout its extent, and in all its variety, from the eminences which command Tyre and Sidon, as far as Lake Tibberias, and from Mount Tabor to the hills of Samaria and Naplous, and from there to the very walls of Sion. First before us was the plain of Zabulon; we were standing between two gently rising undulations, scarcely fit to be designated as hills; the hollow between them diving before us formed the road we had to follow. This road was marked by the traces of camels who have trod its

dust for four thousand years, and by the broad deep holes which their heavy feet, always falling on the same spot, have worn in the chalky and brittle rock, which continues invariably the same from the Tyrian cape to the first sands of the Lybian desert. To our right, and to our left, the round sides of the two hills were shaded every twenty steps by thickets of varied shrubs, which never lose their leaves; at a less distance, trees with knotty trunks, and strong interwoven branches, spread their motionless and sombre foliage. The greater part were holm-oaks of a particular species, the stem of which is thinner and straighter than the European oaks, and their veivety circular leaves are not notched like those of the common oak. The carob, the turpentine-tree, and more rarely the palm and sycamore, contributed to the clothing of these hills. I am not acquainted with the name of the other trees: some had the foliage of pines and cedars; others, and they were the most beautiful, resembled immense willows in the colour of their bark, the beauty of their foliage, and the delicate yellow tints of their leaves; but they far surpassed them in extent, growth, and elevation. The most numerous caravans can collect around their colossal trunk, and encamp with their camels and baggage beneath their shade; in the wide and frequent spaces which these different trees left naked on the sides of the hills, ridges of whitish, or oftener of bluish-grey rock, stood out from the soil, like the vigorous muscles of a strong-built human frame, which grow more prominent in advanced age, and seem as if they would pierce the skin which covers them; but between these ridges or blocks of rock, a black, light, and deep soil vegetated without intermission, and would have produced wheat, barley, and maize with the slightest husbandry, instead of forests of thorny brambles, wild pomegranates, Jericho roses, and prodigious thistles, the stems of which rose as high as the head of a camel. When you see one of these hills such as I have described, you have seen them all, so far as form is concerned, and the imagination can picture their effect when they are met in descriptions of the scenery of the Holy Land. We journeyed then between two of these hills, and we began again a gentle descent, leaving the sea and the plain of Ptolemais behind us, when we perceived the first plain in the land of Canaan—it was the plain of Zabulon, the garden of the tribe of that name.

Before us, on both sides, the two hills which we had just traversed separated in graceful and similar curves, like two exhausted waves, which gently sink and divide in unison before the prow of a vessel. The space which intervened between them, and which gradually enlarged, seemed like a creek, which the plain hollowed in the mountains; this creek, or gulf of level and fertile land, soon expanded into a larger valley; and where the two hills, which still skirted it, absolutely died away, the valley stretched, and was lost in an almost oval plain, the two sharp extremities of which sank under the shadow of two other rows of hills. This plain might be, at an eye's view, a league and a half broad, and three or four leagues long. From the height on which we were placed, at the opening of the hills of Acre, our eyes fell naturally upon it, involuntarily followed its waving sinuosities, and penetrated the narrowest hollows which it scooped in the roots of the mountains which bounded it. On the left, the lofty, gilded, and indented tops of Lebanon cast their pyramidal forms on the dark blue of the morning sky; on the right, the hill on which we stood rose insensibly as it left us, and, joining itself as it were to other hills, formed divers elevated groups, of which some were arid and fruitless, and others were covered with olives and figs, bearing on their summits a Turkish village, the white minaret of which contrasted strongly with the dark colonnade of cypresses, which almost every where envelopes the Moslem mosque. In front of us, the horizon which bounded the plain of Zabulon, stretching three or four leagues before us, formed a perspective of hills, mountains, and valleys, of sky, light, shade, and vapours, arranged in such a harmonious colouring and outline, cast in such happy composition, linked in such graceful proportions, and

* [Acre is the chief sea-port in Syria, and has about 16,000 inhabitants. As a fortification, it has endured a number of sieges, one of which was by the French, and proved unsuccessful. In front lies the bay of Acre, from the shore of which rises Mount Carmel. At the base of the mountain stands the small town of Caypha, and at a short distance to the east the bay receives the river Makattam, known in Scripture as "the brook Kishon."]

varied with effects so different, that I could not draw my eyes away; and, finding nothing in my recollections of the Alps, of Italy, or of Greece, to which I could compare this majestic blending, I exclaimed, "It is a Poussin, or a Claude Lorrain!" Nothing in fact could equal the majestic sweetness of this prospect of Canaan, but the pencil of the two painters to whom the divine genius of nature has revealed her beauties. We shall only find this concourse of the grand and the soft, the energetic and the graceful, the picturesque and the rich, in the imaginary landscapes of these two great men, or in the inimitable country which we had before us, and which the hand of the great and supreme master had himself designed and coloured for the habitation of a pastoral and innocent people. At the foot of the mountains, about half a league in the plain, an eminence, entirely detached from the surrounding hills, rose from the ground like a natural pedestal, intended by nature to bear a fortified town. Its sides rose almost perpendicularly from the level of the plain to the very summit of this mountain-altar; they resembled exactly the ramparts of a fortification, traced and erected by the hands of men. The summit itself, instead of being uneven and round, like the tops of all the other hills and mountains, was levelled and flat, as if on purpose to bear something with which it should be crowned, when the people came for whose abode it was destined.

In all the charming plains of the land of Canaan, I have since again seen these same eminences in the form of quadrangular or oblong altars, evidently intended to protect the primitive dwellings of a timid and weak nation; and their destination is so well portrayed in their isolated and strange form, that their extent alone prevents our deceiving ourselves, and believing that they have been raised by the people as the sites of towns. But could so small a nation have ever elevated so many citadels of land, so enormous that the armies of Xerxes could not have heaped up one of them? To whatever belief credit may be attached, we must be blind not to see a special and providential, or, if you will, a natural, destination in these fortresses, reared at the openings and the terminations of almost all the plains of Galilee and Judæa. Behind this eminence, on which the imagination may reconstruct, without difficulty, an ancient town, with its walls, bastions, and towers, the hills began to mount gradually from the plain, bearing in black and grey spots on their sides clusters of olives and holm-oaks. Between these hills, and the more lofty and frowning mountains of which they formed the bases, and which towered majestically above them, doubtless some torrent foamed, or the waters of some deep lake evaporated in the first heats of the morning sun, for a white and bluish vapour hung over the vacant space, and gently hid, as if to make it vanish, the higher range of mountains behind this transparent curtain, through which the rays of the sun streamed. Farther, and higher still, a third chain of mountains, enveloped in a perfect gloom, rose in circular and unequal peaks, and gave to the whole of this delightful landscape that aspect of majesty, energy, and sublimity, which should be always found in every thing that is beautiful, either as an element or a contrast. From point to point this third chain was broken, and permitted to the horizon and the vision an extension over a vast space of pale silvery sky, sprinkled with clouds lightly touched with vermilion: and behind this magnificent amphitheatre, two or three ridges of the distant Lebanon came out like advanced promontories upon the arch of heaven; and the first to catch the luminous darts of the early rays of the sun above them appeared so transparent, that we believed we could see the light of the firmament they hid from us trembling through them. Add to this spectacle, the serene expanse of the heavens, and the pureness of the light, and the force of the shades which characterise an Asiatic atmosphere; scatter in the plain a ruined khan, long rows of reddish cows, of white camels, of black goats, going with slow steps to seek the scarce but limpid and refreshing water; figure to yourself a few Arab horse-

men, mounted on their light coursers, and scouring along the plain, glittering in their silvered arms and scarlet clothing, and groups of women, from the neighbouring villages, clad in their long sky-blue tunics, a broad white sash, with the ends trailing on the ground, and a blue turban, ornamented with little fillets of Venetian sequins—add here and there on the hill-sides Turkish and Arab hamlets, with walls of the colour of rock, and houses without roofs, confounded with the rocks of the hill itself; clouds of azure smoke rising from interval to interval between the olive and cypress trees which surround these villages; stones scooped like troughs (the tombs of the patriarchs), heads of granite columns, and sculptured capitals, scattered around the fountains beneath your horse's feet—conceive all this, and you will have the most exact and faithful idea of the delicious plain of Zabulon, of that of Nazareth, and of that of Sephora, and of Tabor. Such a land, peopled with a young and Jewish nation, cultivated and watered by intelligent industry, fructified by a tropical sun, producing spontaneously all the plants necessary or agreeable to man, from the sugar-cane and the banana to the vine and the grain of temperate climates, to the cedar and pine of the Alps—such a land, say I, would still be that of promise at the present day, if Providence should restore to it a race of people, and a condition of repose and liberty.

From the plain of Zabulon, we passed over gently rising hills, more sandy than the first, to the village of Sephora, the Sephora of the Scriptures, the ancient Diocesana of the Romans, the largest town in Palestine, after Jerusalem, in the time of Herod Agrippa.

A great number of blocks of stone, cut for tombs, marked for us the route to the top of the eminence on which Sephora was placed; at the concluding height was an isolated column of granite, yet standing and pointing out the site of a temple; beautifully sculptured capitals lay on the ground at the foot of the column, and immense pieces of carved stone, raised for some great Roman monuments, were thick around, and served as boundaries to the fields of the Arabs, as far as a mile from Sephora, where we stopped to halt during the middle of the day. A fountain of excellent and inexhaustible water flows there for the inhabitants of two or three valleys; it is surrounded by orchards of fig and pomegranate trees, and we seated ourselves beneath their shade, and waited more than an hour before we could water our caravan, so great was the concourse of cows and camels which the pastoral Arabs brought there from all parts of the valley; countless strings of black goats, and of cows, stirred up the plain, and the hills which rise towards Nazareth.

I lay down, wrapped up in my mantle, under the shade of a fig-tree, a short distance from the fountain, and contemplated, for a long time, this scene of ancient days. Our horses were standing thickly about us, their feet shackled, their Turkish saddles on their backs, their heads lowered and seeking the shade of their own drooping manes; our arms, sabres, muskets, pistols, were suspended above our heads, on the branches of the pomegranates and figs. Some Bedouin Arabs, covered with a single piece of stuff with black and white stripes, were seated in a circle not far from us, and eyeing us with the aspect of plunderers. The women of Sephora, clothed exactly like the wives of Abraham and Isaac, with a blue tunic, bound at the middle of the body, and the swelling folds of another white tunic falling gracefully over the blue one, bore upon their blue-turbaned heads empty pitchers, lying on their sides, or carried them full and straight up, supporting them with their hands like the *cariatides* of the Acropolis. Some girls, in the same costume, were washing at the fountain, and laughing as they sgrutinated us. Others clad in richer garments, and their heads covered with fillets of piastres or golden sequins, were dancing under a large pomegranate tree, at some distance from the fountain, and from us; their gentle and slow dance was nothing but a monotonous round, accompanied from time to time by some artless but not ungraceful steps. Woman has been created graceful; man's hands and costumes cannot

alter in her that charm of beauty and of love which every where hangs upon and displays her. These Arab women were not veiled, like all those whom we had hitherto seen in the east, and their features, though slightly tattooed, had a delicacy and regularity which distinguished them from the Turkish race. They continued dancing and singing all the time of our halt, and did not appear offended at the curiosity we evinced towards their movements, songs, and costumes. We were told that they were collected there, expecting the marriage-presents which a young Arab was gone to buy at Nazareth, for one of the daughters of Saphora, his bride. In fact, we met the presents on the road the same day; they consisted of a sieve to sift the flour, and separate it from the bran, a piece of cotton cloth, and a piece of richer stuff, to make a robe for the bride.

This day commenced in me new and entirely different impressions from those with which my journey had hitherto inspired me. I had journeyed with my eyes, thought, and understanding; I had never journeyed with the soul and the heart as on reaching the land of prodigies, the land of Jehovah, and of Christ!—the land, all the designations of which had been thousands of times lisped by my childish lips, all the ideas of which had first given colour to my young and tender imagination; the land from which had flowed to me at a later date, the lessons and consolations of a religion the second soul to our own. I felt within me as if something till now cold and dead was warmed and reanimated; I felt what we all feel on recognising, amongst a thousand unknown strange faces, the countenance of a beloved mother, sister, or wife!—what we feel on leaving the street to enter a temple—a feeling of meditation, of mildness, of internal joy, of tenderness, and of consolation, which we have nowhere else. The temple was, for me, this country of the Bible and the Gospel, into which I had just put my steps. I prayed to God in silence, in the secrecy of thought; I gave thanks to him for having granted that I should live long enough to cast my eyes upon the sanctuary of the Holy Land; and from this day, during all the rest of my journey in Judea, Galilee, and Palestine, the material poetic impressions which I received from the appearances and the names of places, were mingled with a more lively sentiment of veneration and love, and also of remembrance. My journey frequently became a prayer; and the two enthusiastic emotions, the most natural to my mind, that for nature, and that for its author, were roused within me almost every morning as fresh and vivid, as if so many scorching and withering years had not dried and exhausted them in my bosom. I felt that I was again a man, when appearing before the shadow of the God of my youth! On visiting the places consecrated by one of those mysterious events which have changed the face of the earth, we experience something similar to what is felt by the traveller who ascends the course of a vast river, like the Nile or the Ganges, to discover and contemplate it at its hidden and unknown source; it seemed to me also, as I scaled the last hills which separated me from Nazareth, that I was going to pounce, at its mysterious source, on that great and fruitful religion, which two thousand years ago worked its bed in the universe, and has refreshed so many mortal generations with its pure and life-bestowing waters! There was the source, in the hollow of that rock which I ground beneath my feet; that hill, the last steps of which I was clearing, had borne on its sides the Saviour, the Life, the Light, and the Hope of the world; it was there, at some steps from me, that the human model had taken birth amongst men, to draw them, by his word and example, from the ocean of error and corruption in which the human race was immersed. If I considered the matter as a philosopher, it was the starting point of the greatest event which has ever agitated the moral and political world—an event the influence of which alone imparts any remnant of movement and of vitality to the intellectual world! It was there that the most exalted, the most just, the most wise, and the most virtuous of all men, had arisen from obscurity, misery, and ignorance; there was his cradle, there the

theatre of his actions, and affecting sermons! From there he had issued forth yet young, with some obscure and ignorant men, upon whom he had engrafted the confidence of his genius and the courage of his mission, to proceed with foreknowledge to denounce an order of ideas and things not strong enough to resist him, but strong enough to procure his death! From there, said I, he went forth with confidence to vanquish death, and the universal empire of posterity! From there had flowed Christianity, an obscure spring, a drop of water invisible in the hollow of the rock of Nazareth, with which two passengers could not have slaked their thirst, which a ray of the sun could have drained, and which at present, like the great ocean of spirits, has filled up all the abysses of human wisdom, and bathed, with its inexhaustible waters, the past, the present, and the future! If, therefore, I had been incredulous as to the divinity of this occurrence, still would my mind have been powerfully overawed on drawing nigh to its first stage, and I should have laid bare my head, and bowed my face, before the concealed and disposing power which had made such things spring from so weak and imperceptible a commencement.

But considering the mystery of Christianity with the faith of a Christian, it was there, beneath that point of the blue heavens, at the bottom of that narrow and dark vale, and where that little hill threw its shadow, whose antique rocks seemed yet all broken up from the start of joy they suffered when giving birth to and sustaining the infant Jesus, or from the rent of grief that tore them when the dead Jesus was borne to the tomb—there was the fatal and sacred spot on the globe which God had chosen from all eternity for the descent on earth of his truth, his justice, and his love incarnate, in a God in Man. There it was that the divine breath had fallen at its own hour on a poor hut, the abode of humble industry, simplicity, and misfortune—that it had animated in the breast of an innocent and spotless virgin what was gentle, tender, and compassionate as herself, patient, suffering, and afflicted as a mortal, powerful, supernatural, wise, and prevailing as a God. It was there that God, in the garb of human nature, had endured our ignorance and weakness, our labours and miseries, during the obscure years of his unknown life, and that he had in some degree tasted existence, and inured himself to the world, before enlightening it by his word, healing it by his prodigies, and regenerating it by his death; it was there the sky had opened, and had darted to the earth his spirit made flesh, his conquering Word, to consume till the end of time iniquity and error, to try our virtues and our vices as in the fire of the crucible, and to kindle before the only and holy God the incense which shall never be exhausted—the incense of the renewed altar, the frankincense of universal charity and truth.

Whilst I made these reflections, with my eyes cast down, and my brain loaded with a thousand other thoughts yet more overpowering, I perceived at my feet, at the end of the valley, fashioned like a basin or lake of land, the white houses of Nazareth, gracefully grouped on the sides and at the bottom of the hollow. The Greek church, the high minaret of the Turkish mosque, and the extensive broad walls of the convent of the Latin fathers, were first perceived. Streets, formed by smaller buildings of an elegant and oriental style, extended round these larger edifices, and were animated with the bustle and movements of life. All around the valley or basin of Nazareth, groups of high prickly nopsals, of fig-trees shorn of their autumnal leaves, and of pomegranates in gentle foliage, and of a delicate saffron green, were scattered here and there, giving freshness and grace to the landscape, like flowers of the field encircling a village altar. God alone knows what was then passing in my heart; but by a spontaneous, and, so to express it, an involuntary movement, I cast myself at my horse's feet, on my knees, in the dust, upon one of the blue crumbling rocks of the precipitous path we were descending. I remained in that posture some minutes absorbed in a silent contemplation, in which all the ideas of my sceptic and Christian

life rushed so confusedly into my head, that it was impossible for me to discriminate them. These words only escaped my lips, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." I uttered them with the sublime, deep, and grateful sentiment which they embody, and this spot inspires them so naturally, that I was struck on arriving in the evening at the sanctuary of the Latin church, to find them printed in letters of gold on the marble table of the subterranean altar in the house of Mary and Joseph. Then, bowing my head reverentially to the ground which had produced the Christ, I kissed it in silence, and moistened with tears of repentance, love, and hope, that soil, which has seen so many shed, and which has dried up so many, praying it might inspire me with some small portion of truth and charity.

We arrived at the convent of the Latin fathers of Nazareth, as the last faint light of evening was yet lingering on the high yellow walls of the church and the monastery. A broad iron gate opened for us, and our horses entered, their iron hoofs sliding and clattering on the glossy and sonorous flag-stones of the outer court of the convent. The gate was closed behind us, and we descended from our horses before the very door of the church where formerly stood the humble habitation of that mother who lent her breasts to the immortal visitor, who gave her milk to a God. The superior and the guardian father were both absent. Some Neapolitan and Spanish brothers, who were occupied in winnowing the wheat of the monastery under the gateway, received us rather coldly, and conducted us to an immense corridor, out of which the cells of the monks, and the chambers destined for strangers, opened. We there waited for a long time the arrival of the incumbent of Nazareth, who loaded us with politeness, and caused a room and a bed to be prepared for each of us. Oppressed by the journey, and the feelings of the day, we cast ourselves on our beds, adjourning until the morrow our inspection of the consecrated places, being unwilling to injure the entirety of our impressions by a glance cast in haste upon the holy spots, in the precincts of which we already reposed.

I arose several times during the night to lift up my soul and my voice to God, who had chosen in this place him who was to bear his word to the universe.

In the morning an Italian father came to conduct us to the church, and the underground sanctuary, which was anciently the house of the Holy Virgin and Saint Joseph. The church is a broad and lofty nave, with three elevations. The highest is occupied by the choir of the fathers of the Holy Land, which communicates with the convent by a door from behind; the lower is occupied by the faithful, and communicates with the choir and the great altar by a handsome staircase, with a double flight of steps, and gilded rails. From this part of the church, and beneath the great altar, a few steps conduct to a small chapel and a marble altar, lighted with lamps of silver, and erected at the very spot where tradition asserts the annunciation to have taken place. This altar is raised under the half-natural and half-artificial arch of a rock, against which the holy house doubtless leaned. Behind this first arch two darker subterranean recesses served, as it is said, as a kitchen and cellar for the holy family.* These traditions, more or less accurate, more or less altered by the pious necessities of popular credulity, or by the desire natural

to all those monks who possess so precious a relic to augment its interest by multiplying its details, have perhaps added some well-meant inventions to the powerful recollections of the place; but there is no doubt that the convent, and especially the church, were primitively constructed on the very site occupied by the house of the divine inheritor of heaven and earth. When his name was spread abroad like the light of a rising sun, a short while after his death, whilst his mother and disciples still lived, it is quite certain that they must have transmitted, from one to the other, the attachment and sorrow with which the absence of the divine master had inspired them, and have often themselves gone and conducted the new Christians to those places in which they had seen him live, speak, act, and die, whom they then adored. No mere human piety could preserve the tradition of a place dear to its remembrance, as faithfully as has done the piety of the faithful and the martyrs. We can trust for the exactitude of the principal positions of the redemption, to the fervour of a young faith, and to the vigilance of an immortal creed. We fell on our knees upon these stones, beneath this arch, the witnesses of the most incomprehensible mystery of the divine charity for man, and we prayed. The enthusiasm of prayer is likewise a mystery between man and God—like modesty, it casts a veil over the thoughts, and hides from men what is meant only for heaven.

We also visited the spacious and commodious convent, an edifice similar to all the convents of France or of Italy, and where the Latin fathers exercise as freely, and with as much security and publicity, the ceremonies of their religion, as they could do in a street of Rome, the capital of Christianity. The Mahomedans have been on this point very much calumniated. Religious tolerance, I will say more, religious respect, are profoundly impressed on their manners. They are so religious themselves, and regard with so jealous an eye freedom in their own religious exercises, that the creed of other men is the last thing upon which they permit themselves to make any attack. They have sometimes a sort of horror for a religion, the symbol of which is offensive to their own; but they entertain contempt and hatred only for the man who prays to the Almighty in no language; him they cannot comprehend, so much is the palpable conception of God ever present to their minds, and in constant occupation of their souls.

Fifteen or twenty Spanish and Italian fathers live in this convent, occupied in singing the praises of the Child-God, and the glories of his mother, in the temple where they lived poor and unknown. One of them, whom they call the Incumbent of Nazareth, is specially charged with the wants of the Christian community in the town, which contains seven or eight hundred Catholics, two thousand schismatic Greeks, some Maronites, and only a thousand Mahomedans. The fathers conducted us, in the course of the day, to the Maronite churches, to the ancient synagogue where the young Jesus went to instruct himself in the law which he was one day to purify, and into the workshop in which Saint Joseph exercised his humble trade of a carpenter. We remarked, with surprise and pleasure, the proofs of deference and regard which the inhabitants of Nazareth, even the Turks, every where evinced for the fathers of the Holy Land. A bishop, in the streets of a Catholic town, could not be more honoured, or more affectionately respected, than the religious persons here. Persecution is much less visited on the priest in the manners of the East, than in those of Europe; and if he desires martyrdom, it is not here that he should come and seek it.

October 14.—We started at four o'clock in the morning for Mount Tabor, the assigned scene of the transfiguration, but with great improbability, as at that epoch the summit of Tabor was crowned by a Roman citadel. The isolated position, and the height of this beautiful mountain, which rises like a verdant knoll from the plain of Esdracron, caused it to be selected, in the time of Saint Jerome, as the scene of that sacred event. A chapel has been erected on the top, to which the pil-

* [How the site of the house of Joseph and Mary should now be below the level of the ground, is not explained by any authority which we have examined. Mr Robinson mentions that the vault contains two granite columns; one, which is partially destroyed, being intended to record the spot where Mary was sitting when the angel Gabriel saluted her as the mother of the Messiah; the other, where the angel stood when he delivered the annunciation. The house of Joseph and Mary, which stood on this spot, is represented to have been carried miraculously by angels in 1291 to Dalmatia, and thence in 1294 to near Rocanati in Italy, and finally in 1295 to Loreto, in the same country, where it is preserved with extraordinary care, and is an object of veneration to pilgrims. It is usually called the *Santa Casa*, or Holy House, of Loreto. Imitations of it have been made at different places.]

grims resort to hear the holy sacrifice; no priests reside there, but they are supplied from Nazareth. When arrived at the foot of Tabor—a superb cone of perfect regularity, clothed on all sides with vegetation and holly-oaks—the guide misled us. I sat down alone under an oak, close to the spot at which Raphael, in his picture, places the disciples dazzled with the glare from above, and I waited until the monk celebrated mass. It was announced to us from the height by the firing of a pistol, so that we might kneel down upon the natural steps of that gigantic altar before him who made it, and who stretched the shining arch of heaven over it.

At noon, we departed for Jordan and the Sea of Galilee—traversed, in an hour, the low and umbrageous hills which bear the roots of Tabor—entered upon a vast plain eight leagues long, and at least as many broad. A khan in ruins was in the midst, of the architecture of the middle ages. Passed some villages of poor Arabs who cultivate the plain; each village has a well at some distance, and fig-trees and pomegranates planted not far from it. This is the only trace of comfort. The houses cannot be distinguished until you are close to them. They are huts six or eight feet high, a sort of mud cubes, with chopped straw forming a roof in the shape of a terrace. These terraces serve as courts; there is placed all their furniture—a rug and a mat. The women and children are almost always on them; the women are not veiled, their lips are dyed blue, the circle of their eyelashes is stained the same colour, and a slight tattooing is painted around their lips and on their cheeks. They are clad in a single blue chemise, tied with a white band around the loins—they all have an appearance of misery and distress. The men are covered with a mantle without a seam, of a thick stuff woven in black and white streaks in a shapeless guise, and the legs, arms, and neck, are bare. After journeying for a course of six hours through this yellow and rocky, though fertile plain, we perceive the land all at once sink before us, and we discover the immense valley of the Jordan, and the first azure glimmerings of the beautiful lake of Genesareth, or of the sea of Galilee, as the ancients and Evangelists call it. It soon opens entirely to our eyes, surrounded on all sides, except on the south, by an amphitheatre of lofty, grey, and black mountains. At its southern extremity this amphitheatre contracts, and leaves an opening through which flows the river of the prophets, and the river of the gospel—the Jordan!

The Jordan winds, as it issues from the lake, gliding into the low and marshy plain of Esdraelon, about fifty paces from the lake; it passes under the ruined arches of a bridge of Roman architecture, foaming a little, and making its first murmur heard. We directed our steps towards it by a rapid and rocky descent. We were eager to salute its waters, hallowed in the recollections of two religions. In a few minutes we are on its banks; we jump from our horses, and bathe our heads, feet, and hands, in its stream, fresh, tepid, and blue, as the waters of the Rhone where it leaves the lake of Geneva. The Jordan at this point, which must be nearly the middle of its course, would not be worthy of the name of river in a country of larger extent; but it, however, far exceeds the Eurotas and Cephissus, and all those rivers whose fabulous or historical names are early echoed in our memory, and are conceived in a likeness of magnitude, rapidity, and abundance, which the view of reality destroys. The Jordan even here is more than a torrent, although at the end of a rainless autumn it gently flows in a bed about a hundred feet broad, as a stream of water two or three feet deep, so clear, limpid, and transparent, that the pebbles in its bed can be told, and of that ravishing colour which returns the full depth of tint of an Asiatic sky—more blue even than the sky, like a picture more beautiful than the reality, like a mirror which embellishes what it reflects. Twenty or thirty paces from its waters, the strand, which it leaves at present dry, is scattered with loose stones, rushes, and tufts of laurel-roses yet in flower. This strand is five or six feet below the level

of the plain, and marks the dimensions of the river in the ordinary seasons of fulness. These dimensions, in my opinion, must be a depth of eight or ten feet; and a breadth of a hundred, or a hundred and twenty. It is narrower both above and below in the plain, but there it is more confined and deep, the spot at which we contemplated it being one of the four fords which the river has in its course. I drank, in the hollow of my hand, of the water of Jordan, of the water which so many divine poets had drunk before me, of that water which flowed over the innocent head of the voluntary victim! I found it perfectly fresh, of an agreeable taste, and of great clearness. The custom which we contract in eastern journeys of drinking nothing but water, and of drinking it repeatedly, renders the palate an excellent judge of the qualities of a new stream. The water of the Jordan failed in only one quality—coolness. It was warm, and though my lips and hands were inflamed by a march of eleven hours without shade, under a scorching sun, my lips and forehead experienced a sensation of heat on touching the water of this river.

Like all the travellers who come through so many fatigues, routes, and dangers, to visit in its abandonment this once royal stream, I filled several bottles with its waters to carry to friends less fortunate than myself, and I crammed the barrels of my pistols with the pebbles which I gathered on its shores. Might I not thus bear with me the holy and prophetic inspiration with which of old it invested the bards of its sacred precincts, and especially a small portion of that sanctity, and of that purity of spirit and heart, it contracted, doubtless, when laving the purest and holiest of the children of men! I then mounted on horseback, and went round some of those ruined piles which bore the bridge or aqueduct of which I spoke above. I saw nothing but the inferior masonry of all the Roman constructions of that period—neither marble, sculpture, nor inscription; no arch was yet subsisting, but ten pillars were standing, and we distinguished the foundations of four or five others, with a space of about ten feet for each arch; which agrees pretty well with the breadth of 120 feet, which, at an eye's view, I believed the Jordan would have.

But what I say here of the dimensions of the Jordan, is only intended to satisfy the curiosity of persons who are anxious to have just and exact measures of the very creations of their thoughts, and not to lend arms to the enemies or champions of the Christian faith—arms despicable on both sides. What matters it whether the Jordan be a torrent or a river—whether Judea be a heap of barren rocks, or a delicious garden?—whether this mountain be but a hill, and this kingdom but a province? The men who rage and fight upon such questions, are as insane as those who think they upset a creed of two thousand years, when they laboriously strive to give the lie to the Bible, and an objection to the prophecies! Would one not believe, on seeing these grand combats on a word ill understood or wrongly interpreted by both sides, that religions are geometrical problems, which are proved by figures or destroyed by an argument, and that generations of believers or infidels are quite ready to await the end of the discussion, and immediately to pass over to the side of the best logician, and of the most erudite and ingenious antiquary? Profitless disputes, which neither pervert nor convert! Religions are not proved, are not demonstrated, are not established, are not overthrown, by logic! They are, of all the mysteries of nature and the human mind, the most mysterious and the most inexplicable; they are of instinct, and not of reason! Like the winds which blow from the east, and from the west, of which no one knows the cause, or the point of departure, they blow, God alone knows whence, God alone knows wherefore, God alone knows for how many ages, and over what countries of the globe! They are, because they are; they are not taken up or laid down at will, on the word of such or such a tongue; they are parcel of the heart, even more than of the understanding of men. Who is the man who will say, I am a Christian, because there is such a decisive answer in such a book,

or such an insurmountable objection in such another? Every sensible man who is asked to give an account of his faith, will answer, "I am a Christian because the fibres of my heart are Christian, because my mother has made me such a Christian breast, because the sympathies of my soul and my mind are for that doctrine, because I live on the air of my own time, and do not attempt to foresee what will feed posterity."

We saw two villages suspended upon the steep banks of Lake Genesareth, the one at a quarter of an hour's march in front of us on the other side of the Jordan, the other at some hundreds of fathoms on our left, and on the same side of the river. We did not know by what race of Arabs these villages were peopled, and we had been warned to be on our guard, and be prepared for surprises on the part of the Arabs of Jordan, who seldom permit their river and plains to be traversed with impunity. We were well mounted, well armed, and the rapid unexpected conquest of Syria by Mahomet-Ali, had struck all the Arabs with such a sensation of fear and astonishment, that the moment was well chosen to attempt bold excursions on their territory. They were ignorant who we were, why we marched with so much confidence amongst them; and they might naturally suppose we were closely followed by forces superior to those they could bring against us. Fear for the morrow, apprehensions of a prompt vengeance, were thus the safeguards of our journey. In this belief, I went and audaciously fixed my camp in the very midst of the Arab village of which I spoke last. I do not know its name; it is built, if one can so speak of houses mere shapeless blocks of stone and mud, on the extremity of the elevated shore which commands the sea of Galilee. Whilst our Arabs fixed the tents, I descended alone the precipitous ridge which led to the lake; its waters bubbled upon the sides and bordered them with a fringe of light foam, which vanished and reappeared at each return of its short and quick waves, like the rolling of a quiet and deep sea dying away on the sands of some narrow gulf. I had scarcely time to bathe in its waters, the theatre of so many actions in the grand moral and modern poem, the Gospel, and to collect for my European friends some handfuls of its shells. Already the sun had sunk behind the high, black, volcanic peaks of the heights of Tiberias, and some Arabs, who had seen me descend alone, and who were loitering on the shore, might be tempted by the occasion. With my musket in my hand, I advanced straight up to them; they looked at me, and saluted me, putting their hands on their hearts; and I returned to the tents. We stretched ourselves on our mats, overcome with lassitude, but our hands on our arms, to be ready at the first alarm. Nothing broke the silence and slumber of that beautiful night, in which we were lulled by the soft and pleasing noise of the waves of the sea of Jesus Christ against its banks, by the wind which blew in harmonious gusts upon the tightened cords of our tents, and by the pious sentiments and sacred recollections which each of those sounds induced within us. In the morning, when we left our tents at sunrise, to go and bathe again in the lake, we only saw the female Arabs combing their long black hair on the terraces of their huts, a few shepherds, occupied in milking for us the cows and she-goats, and the naked children of the village, who were playing familiarly with our horses and dogs. The cock crowed, the infant cried, the mother rocked or suckled, as in a peaceable hamlet of France or Switzerland. We congratulated ourselves on having adventured an expedition into a part of Galilee so feared and so little known, and we did not doubt that the same pacific reception would await us still further on, if we should wish to advance into Arabia. We possessed every capability for traversing in security Samaria, and the country of Naplous, the ancient Sychem, through M. Cottafago, who is all-powerful in that district, and who offered to procure our announcement by his numerous Arab friends, and our convoy by his brother. Personal apprehensions compelled me to forego this route, and to retake that of Nazareth and Mount Carmel, where I hoped to find expresses and letters from Beirout.

However, we got on horseback, to skirt as far as the termination of the Sea of Tiberias, the sacred limits of the beautiful Lake of Genesareth. The caravan moved in silence from the village in which we had slept, and marched upon the western shore of the lake, at some paces from its waters, on a strand of sand and shells, sprinkled here and there with tufts of laurel-roses, and plants with a slender indented leaf, which bore a flower similar to the lilac. On our left, a chain of perpendicular hills, black, naked, hollowed with deep ravines, and speckled from space to space with immense loose and volcanic stones, stretched the whole length of the shore which we were proceeding to coast, and advancing as a dark and barren promontory almost to the middle of the lake, hid from us the town of Tiberias, and the bottom of the lake, in the direction of Lebanon. None amongst us raised his voice; all our thoughts were inward, concentrated, and profound, so intensely spoke the sacred remembrances in the breast of each of us. As to myself, never did any place on earth address itself so powerfully and deliciously to my heart. I have always rejoiced to pass over the actual scene of spots inhabited by men whom I have known, admired, loved, or revered, amongst the living as well as the dead. The land that an illustrious man has frequented and preferred during his sojourn on earth, has always appeared to me the surest and the most significant relique of himself—a sort of material manifestation of his genius, a tacit revelation of a portion of his soul, a living and palpable commentary on his life, actions, and thoughts. When young, I have passed many solitary and contemplative hours, seated beneath the olive-trees which shade the garden of Horace, in sight of the glittering cascades of the Tiber; I have often seated myself in the evening, listening to the noise of the beautiful Sea of Naples, below the spreading branches of the vine-trees, near the spot where Virgil wished his ashes to repose, because it was the loveliest and sweetest spot on which his eyes had ever rested. How often, at a later period, have I consumed mornings and evenings, stretched at the foot of the beautiful chesnut-trees, in the little vale of Charmettes, where the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau drew me and retained me by the sympathy of his feelings, his reveries, his misfortunes, and his genius! The same of several other authors or great men, whose names or writings have powerfully affected me. I have wished to study and know them in the places which had given them birth, or inspired them; and almost invariably an intelligent eye will discover a secret and profound analogy between the great man and his country, between the landscape and the author, between nature and the genius who was nursed and inspired by it. But it was not a great man or a great poet whose favourite abode here below I was visiting—it was the man of men, the divine man—nature, genius, and virtue made flesh; the incarnate divinity—whose steps upon the very shores he pressed the most, upon the very waves which supported him, upon the hills where he seated himself, upon the stones on which he reposed his head—I had come to adore! He had, with his mortal eyes, looked upon this sea, these waves, hills, and rocks; or rather this sea, these hills, and rocks had beheld him. He had trod a hundred times this road on which I was reverentially stepping; his feet had raised the very dust which sprang from under mine. During the three years of his divine mission, he went and came numberless times from Nazareth to Tiberias, and from Jerusalem to Tiberias; he moved in the barks of the fishers on the Sea of Galilee; he calmed its tempests; he stood upon the waves whilst stretching out his hand to the apostle of little faith like myself—the celestial hand of which I had greater need than he, in the more terrible tempests of opinions and thoughts!

The grand and mysterious scene of the Gospel passed almost entirely upon this lake, and the borders of this lake, and upon the mountains which surround and look upon it. There is Emmaüs, where he chose, at hazard, his disciples amongst the lowliest of men, to testify that the power of his doctrine is in the doctrine itself, and

not in its insufficient organs. There is Tiberias, where he appeared to St Peter, and founded in three words the eternal hierarchy of his church. There is Capernaum; there is the mountain where he delivered the sublime sermon of the Mount; there is the one where he pronounced the new rewards according to God; there, that on which he exclaimed "*Misereor super turbam*"—"I have compassion on the multitude"—and multiplied the loaves and fishes, as his word brings forth and multiplies life. Behold the gulf of the miraculous drawing of fishes; in fine, behold the whole Gospel, with its affecting parables, and its tender and delightful images, which appeared to us such as they appeared to the auditors of the divine master, when he showed them with his finger the lamb, the sheep-fold, the good shepherd, the lily of the valley! In a word, behold the country which Christ preferred on this earth, that which he selected to witness the first scenes of his mysterious drama; where, during his obscure life of thirty years, he had his parents and his friends according to the flesh; where that nature, of which he possessed the key, seemed to him the fullest of charm; and those mountains where he saw, as we did, the sun rise and set, which was to measure his mortal days with such rapidity. There it was he came to be at rest, to meditate, to pray, and to exercise his love for man and God!

SYRIA.—GALILEE.*

October 13, 1832.—The Sea of Galilee, about a league broad at the southern extremity where we had come upon it, expands at first insensibly up to the height of Emmaüs, the termination of the promontory which hid from us the town of Tiberias, and thence the mountains which confine it all at once recede into large gulfs on both sides, and form it into a vast basin almost round, in which its waters stretch over a bed of about twelve or fifteen leagues in circumference.† This basin is not quite regular in its form, the mountains do not every where descend to the sea; sometimes they retire to some distance from the shore, and leave between them and the waves a small flat plain, fertile and verdant as the plains of Genesareth; sometimes they part asunder, and open to admit the blue waters into the gulfs, scooped at their feet, and darkened with their shadows. The hand of the most skilful painter could not depict outlines more graceful, more indistinct, and more varied, than those that the creating hand has given to these waters and mountains; it seems to have prepared the evangelical scene for the work of grace, of peace, of reconciliation, and of love, which was destined at one time to be there accomplished! To the east, the mountains, from the tops of Gilboa, which we have a glimpse of on the south, as far as the summits of Lebanon, which show themselves on the north, form a close but undulating and bending chain, the sombre peaks of which seem ready from time to time to fall away, and are broken here and there to let a glimpse of sky be caught. These mountains are not surmounted at their heights with those sharp fangs, those rocks filed by the tempests, which offer their gloomy points to the lightning and the winds, and always impart to the aspect of elevated chains something of the old, the terrible, and the ruined, which saddens the heart whilst exciting the imagination. They fall gently away into knolls more or less broad, more or less steep,

* "I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat."—Mark, ch. vii. verse 2.

† [The Sea of Galilee, Lake of Genesareth, or Lake of Tiberias, is a sheet of water of about fifteen or sixteen miles in length, and six to eight in breadth. It is fed at the north end by the river Jordan; a river with the same name issues from its southern extremity, and continues in a tolerably even course to the Dead Sea. The country around, which is bare and rocky, abounds in spots mentioned in Scripture. Among others is Capernaum, which is at the northern end of the lake; but—"of Capernaum no traces remain, not even, so far as I could ascertain by repeated inquiries, the memory of its name."—Lord Lindsay's *Letters on the Holy Land*.]

some covered with scattered oaks, others with green thorns, some again lined with bare but fertile soil, on which the traces of a varied culture are yet perceptible, and others on which the morning or evening rays are alone seen to glisten, enriching them with a bright yellow, or with a blue and violet tint, more lustrous than the pencil could pourtray. Their sides, although they give no passage to any real valley, do not compose an always even rampart; they are hollowed at intervals into deep and wide ravines, as if the mountains had cracked beneath their own weight; and the natural accidents of light and shade make of these ravines luminous, or more often obscure, spots, which attract the eye, and interrupt the uniformity of the outlines and the tints. Lower, they sink down, and throw out here and there into the lake, hills, or small round mountains, presenting a soft and agreeable transition between their peaks and the waters in which they are reflected. Scarcely at any point towards the east does the rock pierce the vegetable bed with which it is richly covered; and this Arcadia of Judea thus always joins to the majesty and imposing effect of a mountainous country, the image of the diversified fertility and abundance of the earth. If the dews of Hermon still fell on its bosom! At the end of the lake, towards the north, this chain of mountains sinks as it recedes; we distinguish from a distance a plain, which dies away in the waters, and at the termination of this plain a white mass of foam, which seems to rush from a height into the sea. It is the Jordan, which is precipitated from there into the lake, which it passes through without mingling with its waters, and issues from it at the place I have described, tranquil, silent, and pure.

The whole of this northern extremity of the Sea of Galilee is bordered with a slope of fields which appear under cultivation; we perceived the brown stubble of the last harvest, and large fields of rushes, which the Arabs cultivate, wherever they find a spring to water the roots. On the western side, I have described the chains of volcanic hills, which we followed from the dawn of day. They continue, without intermission, as far as Tiberias. Avalanches of black stones, cast up from the mouths, still half-opened, of a hundred extinguished volcanic cones, are constantly falling down the harsh ridges of this sombre and dismal chain. Our route was only varied by the uncouth form and strange colours of the high masses of hardened lava which were scattered thick around us, and by the remains of walls, and gates of destroyed towns, and of columns extended on the earth, which our horses jumped over at every step. The shores of the Sea of Galilee, on this side of Judea, are but a single town, if the expression may be used. The multiplied ruins before us, the number of the towns, and the magnificence of construction which their mutilated fragments bespeak, recall to my memory the route which runs along the foot of Mount Vesuvius, from Castellamare to Portici. As there, the banks of Lake Genesareth appear to bear towns, instead of harvests and woods. After two hours' march, we arrived at the extremity of a promontory which juts into the lake, and the town of Tiberias appeared all at once before us, the living and dazzling apparition of a town of two thousand years. It covers the side of a black and naked hill, which sinks rapidly towards the lake. It is surrounded with a high square wall, flanked with fifteen or twenty embattled towers. The points of two white minarets are alone visible above the walls and towers, and all the rest of the town seems hid from the Arabs under the shadow of these lofty defences, and to present to the eye nothing but the flat unbending arch of its grey roofs, bearing a resemblance to the carved shell of a tortoise.

We halted at the Turkish mineral bath of Emmatis, an isolated cupola, surrounded by superb remains of Roman or Hebrew baths. We established ourselves in the very saloon of the bath—a basin filled with running water, at a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit. We took a bath, and slept an hour. Again mounted our horses. A tempest was on the lake, which I desired extremely to witness. The water was green as the

leaves of the rushes which surround it—the foam livid and dazzling—the waves of goodly height, and following close. A terrible noise from the billows falling on the volcanic pebbles which they disturb, but no vessels in peril or in sight. There is not one on the lake. Entered Tiberias in the midst of a storm and flood of rain from the south. Took refuge in the Latin church. Caused a lighted fire to be brought into the middle of the deserted church, the first temple of Christianity.

The interior of Tiberias does not fulfil the expectation created by the distant view. It is a confused and dirty assemblage of some hundreds of houses similar to the mud and straw cabins of the Arabs. We were saluted in Italian and German, by several Polish or German Jews, who, towards the end of their days, when they have nothing more to expect than the uncertain hour of dissolution, come to pass their last moments at Tiberias, on the banks of their sea, in the very heart of their country, so as to die beneath their sun, and be buried in their land like Abraham and Jacob. To sleep in the bed of one's fathers—it is evidence of the inextinguishable love of country—it is the sympathy and affinity between man and the dust of which he is formed, from which he has sprung. This is undeniable. It is well, it is happy for him to bear to its place that little dust which has been lent him for a few days. Let me also sleep, oh my God, in the land and near the ashes of my fathers!

Nine hours' marching without repose brought us back to Nazareth by way of Cana, the scene of Christ's first miracle; a pretty Turkish village, gracefully inclining down the two sides of a hollow of fertile land, enclosed by hills covered with nopals, oaks, and olives. Around it pomegranates, palm, and fig-trees. Women and flocks standing about the troughs of the fountain. The house of the apostle, Saint Bartholomew, is in the village. At its side, the house in which the miracle of the water changed into wine took place: it is in ruins, and without a roof. The religious brethren still show the jars which contained the wine of the prodigy—monkish romances, which everywhere disfigure the simple and fruitful groundwork of religious traditions.

After having rested and slaked our thirst at the fountain of Cana, we resumed our route towards Nazareth by the light of the moon. We passed over some well-cultivated plains, and afterwards a series of wooded hills, which rise as they draw near to Nazareth. After three hours and a half's march, we arrived at the gate of the Latin Convent, and were once more lodged at Nazareth.

On awaking in the morning, I was astonished at hearing a voice which saluted me in Italian; it was that of an old French vice-consul at St Jean d'Acre, M. Cottafago, a well-known and very important personage in all Syria, where his title of European agent, his friendship with Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, his commerce and wealth, have rendered him celebrated and powerful. He is yet Austrian consul at Acre. His costume was in accordance with his double character of Arab and European. He was dressed in a red pelisse edged with ermine, and wore an immense three-cornered hat, the distinctive symbol of the French agents in the east. This hat dates from the time of the Egyptian war; it is a remnant religiously preserved of some general of brigade of Bonaparte. It is only placed on the head, on official occasions, in audiences of the pacha, or when a European journeys through the country. It is imagined that in it he will again behold his household gods. M. Cottafago was an old man, of under-stature, with the intellectual, firm, and piercing physiognomy of the Arabs; his eyes, full of fire, softened by benevolence and politeness, lighted up his countenance with a ray of superior intelligence. At the first glance, we can conceive the ascendancy which such a man must have over the Arabs and Turks, who are in general deficient in that principle of activity which sparkles in the looks, and is portrayed in the movements and gestures of M. Cottafago. He held in his hand a packet of letters for me, which he had just received from the coast of Syria,

by a courier of Ibrahim Paclut, and a file of French newspapers which he had sent for himself. He had conceived with reason, that a French traveller would experience both pleasure and surprise thus to find in the middle of the desert, and a thousand miles from his country, news fresh from Europe. I read the letters, which gave me some uneasiness touching the health of Julia. M. Cottafago left me, after inviting me to breakfast in a pavilion which he had built at Nazareth, and where he passed alone the broiling days of summer; and I opened the journals. My name was the first which struck me. It was in a number of the *Journal des Debats*, in which were cited some verses that I had addressed, on leaving France, to Walter Scott. I fell upon these, the mournful and anxious tone of which suited the scene so perfectly, to which hazard had conducted me, the scene of the greatest revolutions of the human mind, the scene where the Spirit of God had so powerfully stirred up mankind, and on which the renovating creed of Christianity had taken its cast on earth, whilst a creed, also the offspring of Christianity, was exciting the other shore of those seas whence my accents were echoed back.*

¶

Spectator, wearied out with life's great play,
Thou leav'st us in a rough and troublous way;
Prophet or bard the nations have no more,
To charm and head their march as heretofore;
Kings find the trembling throne a seat unsure,
Chiefs rule a day, kingdoms a month endure;
Human opinion's strong, impetuous roll—
The fiery equinox that whelms the soul—
Permitteth none, not even in hope, to stand
Firm on the lofty summit of command:
But sets the strong, by turns, upon the crown.
Strikes them with giddiness, and hurls them down.
In vain the world invokes a help and stay—
The potent time compels us 'neath its way:
A child may curb the sea when it is bland,
But weak are all men when the time is grand.
Lo! tribunes, chiefs, kings, citizens each one—
God lays the hand on all, and chooseth none!
And the resistless, fiery meteor, Power,
Falls on our heads to judge us, and devour
'Tis done—the word has o'er the deep been hurl'd,
And Chaos broods above a second world;
And for poor mankind, of the sceptre left,
No more in one, but all, is safety left.
In the vast heavings of a new formed main—
The oscillations sky and ship sustain—
By the huge waves that o'er us break and gape—
We feel that man now rounds a dangerous cape,
And passes through, with gloom and thunder by,
The stormy tropic of a new humanity.

I read these verses again as if they had been another's, so completely had they been effaced from my memory. I was struck afresh with that sentiment which had at another moment inspired them—with that sentiment of the universal tottering of things, of the general vertigo and infatuation of the human mind, which rushes with too much rapidity to take account of even its own progress, but which has the instinct of a new unknown consummation, to which God conducts it through the rough and precipitous ways of social catastrophes. I admired that marvellous power of locomotion given to human thought by the press and by journalism, by which a train of reflection which had crossed my brow six months before, in a wood of Saint Point, came to me again as a daughter seeking her father, and struck upon the ancient echoes of the rocks of Nazareth, in the sounds of a new but already universal language.†

October 20.—Breakfasted in the pavilion of M. Cot-

* [This sentence may perhaps appear somewhat obscure, but it is clear the pious author means by the last creed, which he calls an idea, the Jewish faith, the revelation of the same Deity.]

† [M. de Lamartine, of course, means here the French language, which is very aptly described as a universal language in Europe; but a tongue for which M. de Lamartine has probably very little respect, namely, the English, has much greater claims to the appellation in the other three quarters of the globe, Asia, Africa, and America.]

tafago, with one of his brothers and some Arabs. Went over again the environs of Nazareth; visited the stone in the mountains where Jesus went, according to tradition, to take his repasts with his first disciples. M. Cottafago gave me letters for Acre and the Mutzelim of Jerusalem.

On the 21st, at six in the morning, we leave Nazareth. All the Spanish and Italian fathers of the convent collected in the court, press round our horses; and whilst some put up vows and prayers for our safe journey, others offer us fresh provisions, excellent bread baked during the night, olives, and Spanish chocolate. I give 500 piastres to the superior to repay his hospitality. This is no impediment to some of the young priests whispering, in low tones, their requests in my ear, and receiving in secret a few handfuls of piastres to buy tobacco, and other trifling monastic comforts, which beguile their solitude. Travellers have given a romantic and false representation of these convents of the Holy Land. Nothing is less poetic or less religious, when inspected narrowly. Their conception is beautiful and grand. Men tear themselves from the delights of western civilisation to put their existence in jeopardy, or to lead a life of privations and martyrdom amongst the persecutors of their faith, on the very spots where the mysteries of their religion have consecrated the earth. They fast, they watch, they pray, in the midst of the blasphemies of the Turks and Arabs, in order that a little Christian incense shall still burn on each piece of ground where Christianity was born. They are the guardians of the sacred cradle and sepulchre; the angel of judgment shall find them alone at these places, like the holy women who watched and wept near the empty tomb. All this is beautiful and sublime in thought; but in actual fact these ideas must vanish. There is no persecution, no martyrdom; all around these retreats there is a Christian population, ready for the service and orders of the monks of the convents. The Turks annoy them in no respect whatever; on the contrary, they protect them. They are the most tolerant people on the earth, and understand better than others religion and prayer, in whatever language, and under whatever form, they are expressed. Atheism alone they detest, as they esteem it, with reason, a degradation of the human intellect, an insult to humanity much more than to the undoubted Being, God. These convents, besides, are under the respected and inviolable protection of the Christian powers represented by their consuls. On a complaint of the superior, the consul writes to the pacha, and justice is done on the very instant. The monks whom I have seen in the Holy Land, far from presenting to me the image of the long martyrdom with which they had been credited, appeared to me the most happy, respected, and feared, of the inhabitants of these countries. They inhabit a sort of strong castles, similar to those of our own middle ages. Their residences are inviolable, surrounded with walls, and closed with gates of iron. These gates are only opened for the Catholic population of the neighbourhood, which comes to assist at the offices, to receive a little pious instruction, and to pay, in respect and devotedness to the monks, the dues of the altar. I never went out accompanied by one of the fathers into the streets of a Syrian town, but the children and women came and bowed themselves under the hand of the priest, and kissed his hand and the bottom of his robe. The Turks, even, very far from insulting them, seem to partake the respect which they everywhere command as they move along.

Now, who are these monks? In general Spanish and Italian peasants, who have entered young into the convents of their country, and growing tired of the monastic life, are anxious to diversify it by the aspect of new countries, and seek to be sent to the Holy Land. Their residence in the house of their order established in the East, does not in general continue for more than two or three years. A vessel comes to take them back, and brings others in their place. Those who learn Arabic, and devote themselves to the service of the Catholic population of the towns, stay longer, and often pass

there the whole of their lives. They follow the occupations and life of our country parsons, but they are encircled with more veneration and attachment. Others remain shut up within the precincts of the convent, or pass from one house to another, in order to complete their pilgrimage, sometimes to Nazareth, or to Bethlehem, a short time at Rome, some time at Jaffa, or at the convent of St John in the desert. They have no other employment than the offices of the church, and the promenade in the gardens or on the terraces of the convent. No books, no studies, no useful function. They are devoured by listlessness; cabals are formed in the interior of the convent; the Spaniards decry the Italians, and the Italians the Spaniards. We were not much edified at the relations the monks of Nazareth gave of each other. We did not find a single individual amongst them who could sustain the slightest rational conversation, even on subjects which their vocation should have rendered familiar to them. No knowledge of sacred antiquity, of the fathers, or of the history of the places they resided in. The whole is reduced to a certain number of popular and ridiculous traditions, which they transmit amongst themselves without examination, and which they deliver to travellers as they have received them from the ignorance and credulity of the Christian Arabs of the country. They all sigh for the moment of their deliverance, and return to Italy or Spain without any advantage to themselves or to religion. On other points, the granaries of the convent are well filled; the cellars are stocked with the best wines this earth can produce. They do it all themselves. Every two years a ship arrives from Spain, bearing to the superior father the revenue that the Catholic powers, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, send them. This sum, increased by the pious alms of the Christians of Egypt, Greece, Constantinople, and Syria, furnishes them, it is said, with an income of 300,000 or 400,000 francs [from £12,500 to £16,500 sterling per annum]. This is divided amongst the different convents, according to the number of the monks and the wants of each community. The edifices are well supported, and every thing indicates comfort, and even relative luxury, in the houses which I have visited. I have never witnessed any scandal in the monks' abodes in the Holy Land. Ignorance, idleness, and listlessness, are the three plagues which they should and could eradicate.

These men appeared to me simple, and sincerely, though fanatically, credulous. Some even at Nazareth seemed to me veritable saints, animated with the most ardent faith and most active charity; humble, mild, patient, voluntary servants of their brothers and of strangers. I bear their countenances of peace and simplicity in my memory, and their hospitality in my heart. I know also their names; but what imports it to them that their names traverse the earth, provided that Heaven knows them, and their virtues remain buried in the shade of the cloister, beneath which it is their pleasure to conceal them.

Same date.—On leaving Nazareth, we pass along the side of a mountain, covered with fig-trees and nopals. On the left, a green and shady valley opens, and a pretty country-house, recalling our European villas, is placed alone on one of the slopes of this valley. It belongs to an Arab merchant of Acre. Europeans run no danger in the environs of Nazareth—a population almost wholly Christian is at their service. In two hours we reach a series of small vales, gracefully winding between hills that are clothed with beautiful woods of holm-oaks. These woods divide the plain of Caypha from the land of Nazareth and the desert of Mount Tabor. Mount Carmel, an elevated chain of mountains, which commences at the course of the Jordan, and ends perpendicularly above the sea, begins to show itself on our left. Its dark green ridge contrasts with the sky of deep blue, in which heated vapours are floating, like the light smoke which issues from the mouth of an oven. Its sides are dressed in a vigorous and hardy vegetation. There is every where thick brushwood, surmounted here and there by the projecting heads of oaks. Grey rocks, cut by nature into strange and

colossal forms, at intervals pierce this verdant layer, and throw back the dazzling rays of the sun. Such is the aspect we have on our left far as the eye can reach; at our feet, the valleys which we follow sink in gentle slopes, and begin to open on the beautiful plain of Caypha. We scale the last detached hills which separate us from it, and we lose sight of it only to immediately regain it. These detached hills between Palestine and the coast of Syria, have at once the most agreeable and the most solemn positions that we have contemplated. Here and there, in the forests of oaks abandoned to nature, are extensive glades, covered with a sward as velvety as our western meadows; in the rear, the peak of Tabor rises into the fiery sky, like a majestic altar crowned with green garlands; beyond, the blue tops of the mountains of Jelboe, and the hills of Samaria, oscillate in the indistinct horizon. Mount Carmel throws its large and heavy shadow on one side of the scene, and the eye following it, falls on the sea which terminates the whole, as the sky in the finest landscapes. How many sites have I not selected in my mind to erect a house, an agricultural fortress, and to found there a colony, with some friends from Europe, and a few hundreds of those youths, disinherited from all future prospects in our too thickly peopled countries! The beauty of the places, the serenity of the sky, the prodigious fertility of the soil, the variety of the tropical products for which the earth can be tasked, the facility of procuring labour at a low price, the proximity of two immense, fruitful, watered, and unappropriated plains, the nearness of the sea for the exportation of produce, the security which might be easily obtained against the Arabs of Jordan by raising slight fortifications at the passes of these hills—all has made me select this part of Syria for the agricultural and civilising enterprise on which I have since resolved.

Same date, evening.—We have been surprised by a storm in the middle of the day. I have seldom seen any thing so terrible. The clouds rose like towers perpendicularly above Mount Carmel; they speedily enveloped the long peak of that chain of mountains; and the mountain itself, lately so serene and brilliant, was by degrees immersed in dark rolling billows, split at intervals by streaks of fire. In a few moments the whole horizon dropped and contracted upon us. The thunder gave no claps; it was one continued, awful, and deafening roll, like the roar of the waves on a beach during a violent tempest. The lightning gushed like actual torrents of fire from the sky, on the black sides of Carmel; the oaks on the mountain, and those on the hills beside us, bent like reeds. The wind, which rushed from the gorges and caverns, would have overthrown us, if we had not quitted our horses, and found some degree of shelter behind a rock in the dry bed of a torrent. The dried leaves, lifted up by the storm, flew over our heads like clouds, and the branches of trees fell thickly around us. I remembered the Bible, and the prodigies of Elias, the exterminating prophet, on his mountain; his grotto was not far distant.

The tempest was over in half an hour. We drank the water of its rains, collected in the felt coverings of our horses. We reposed a few moments nearly half way from Nazareth to Caypha, and we then resumed our route, skirting the foot of Mount Carmel, which we had on our left, with a vast plain and a river on our right. Carmel, which we thus followed for nearly four hours, presented to us every where the same severe and solemn aspect. It is a gigantic, and almost perpendicular wall, entirely covered with brushwood and odoriferous herbs. On no part is the rock bare; some blocks, detached from the mountain, have rolled into the plain. They are as citadels, given by nature to serve for foundation and shelter to the villages of the Arab husbandmen. We fell in with only one of these villages, two hours or thereabouts before perceiving the town of Caypha. The houses are low, without windows, and covered with a terracing, which protects them from rain. On the top, the Arabs erect a second flat of green, supported by trunks of trees, where they dwell during the summer. These terraces were filled

with men and women, who looked at us passing, and yelled out imprecations on us. The appearance of this people is ferocious; not one of them, however, durst descend from his height to insult us at closer quarters.

At seven o'clock we drew near to Caypha, the white domes, minarets, and walls of which present, as do all the towns of the East, a brilliant and gay appearance at a certain distance. Caypha is seated at the foot of Carmel, on a bank of white sand on the shores of the sea. This town forms the extremity of an arc, the other extremity of which is St Jean d'Acre. A gulf two leagues wide separates them. This gulf has one of the most delightful shores that the eye of a mariner can fall upon. Acre, with its fortifications breached by the cannon of Ibrahim Pacha, and of Napoleon, with its handsome but battered mosque, and its dome pierced to the day, with the sails which enter and leave its port, draws the eye to a scene which is one of the most important and distinguished in the annals of war. At the bottom of the gulf, a vast cultivated plain stretches, Mount Carmel throwing its huge shadow over it. Then Caypha, like a twin-sister of Acre, lies on the other side of the gulf, advancing into the sea, with its slender mole, at which some Arab brigs are moored; above Caypha, is a forest of large olive-trees, and yet higher, a road cut in the rock leading to the summit of the peak. Two vast edifices crown the mountain; the one a pleasure-house of Abdallah, Pacha of Acre; the other the convent of the monks of Carmel, recently erected by the alms of Christianity, and surmounted by a large tri-coloured flag, announcing to us the asylum and protection of Frenchmen; a little lower than the convent are immense caverns, hollowed in the granite of the mountain, which are the famous grottoes of the prophets. Such is the landscape which struck us on entering the dusty and narrow streets of Caypha. The inhabitants looked in astonishment and alarm on our long caravan defiling. We knew no one, nor had we a resting-place or hospitality to claim. Chance threw in our way a young Piedmontese, who performed the functions of vice-consul at Caypha, since the taking and destruction of Acre. M. Bianco, Sardinian Consul in Syria, had written to him on our behalf, and had requested him to receive us, if we should pass through Caypha. He saluted us, informed himself of our names, and conducted us to the gate of the small ruined house, in which he lived with his mother and two young sisters. We left our horses and Arabs to encamp on the sea-shore near the town, and we entered the abode of M. Malagamba—such was the name of this young and amiable vice-consul, the only European who remains upon the desolate field of battle, since the complete ruin of Acre by the Egyptians.

A small court and wooden staircase lead to a little terrace covered with palm-leaves; behind this terrace two bare rooms, surrounded only by a divan, the sole indispensable furniture of rich and poor in all the East; a few flower-pots on the terrace; an aviary of pretty grey doves, tended by the sisters of M. Malagamba; shelves round the walls, on which are arranged, in order, cups, pipes, liquor-glasses, silver perfume-pans, and wooden crucifixes, inlaid with [mother-of-pearl], made at Bethlehem—such is the entire furniture of this poor habitation, in which a forsaken family represents, for an allowance of 1000 piastres [about £12, 10s. sterling], one of our European powers.

Madame Malagamba, the mother, received us with the ceremonies usual in the country. She presented us with perfumes and scented water, and we were scarcely seated on the divan, wiping the perspiration from our brows, than her daughters, two heavenly apparitions, issued from the adjoining room, and presented to us orange water and sweetmeats, on plates of Chinese porcelain. The empire of beauty over our souls is such, that, although parched with thirst, and exhausted by a twelve hours' march, we should have sat gazing in mute contemplation at the two young girls, without carrying the glasses to our lips, if their mother had not, by her entreaties, urged us to accept what her daughters offered us. The whole East was

there, such as I had dreamed it in my young days, when the thought was filled with enchanted ideas of its features and its poets! One of the young girls was but a child; she was simply the graceful accompaniment of her sister, as an image reflected by another. After having attended to all the calls of the most simple, but nevertheless the most poetic, hospitality, the young girls came and seated themselves by the side of their mother, on the divan opposite to us. This is the picture which I wish I could pourtray in words, to preserve it in my notes as I see it in my mind; but we have a capacity for feeling beauty in all its shades, in all its delicacies, in all its mysteries, and we have but one vague and abstract word to tell what beauty is. In this consists the triumph of painting; it presents at one touch, it preserves for ages that ravishing impression of a female visage, of which the poet can only say, "*She is beautiful*;" and we must believe him on his word—but his word does not paint!

The young girl, then, was seated on the carpet, her legs folded under her, her elbow resting on her mother's knees, her face a little thrown back, now lifting her blue eyes to express to her mother her artless wonder at our appearance and words, now casting them on us in a graceful scrutiny, then sinking them involuntarily, and concealing them beneath her long silken and jet-black eyelashes, whilst a virgin blush suffused her cheek, or an ill-suppressed gentle smile played on her lips. Our singular costume was new to her, and the strangeness of our manners caused in her an always-recurring astonishment; her mother in vain made signs to her not to testify her surprise, for fear of giving us offence; the simplicity and ingenuousness of her impressions depicted them, in spite of her, on an artless face of sixteen, and her mind was displayed in each expression of her features with such a grace and such clearness, that her thoughts could be detected beneath her pure skin before she was herself conscious of them. The play of the sun's rays, glancing through foliage upon limpid water, is less varying and less transparent than her countenance. We could not draw our eyes from it, and were sufficiently recruited by the contemplation of that face, which none of us will ever forget.

Mademoiselle Malagamba has that sort of beauty that can be found only in the East; the shape moulded as it is in the Greek statues; the soul revealed in the glance, as it is in the races of the south; and the artlessness in expression, as it exists only amongst primitive tribes. When these three conditions of beauty meet in one female face, and harmoniously blend on features in the first blossom of youth; when the pensive and straying thought brightens, with a soft but lustrous moisture, eyes through which the workings of the heart are read, for innocence has nothing to veil; when the delicacy of the form, the virgin symmetry of the outlines, the elegance and flexibility of the shape, reveal to the eye that voluptuous sensibility of being born to love, and so mingle soul and sense, that we know not, as we gaze, whether we feel or but admire—then is beauty perfect, and we experience at its aspect that complete satisfaction of the senses and the heart, that harmony of gratifications which is not what we call love, but which is the love of the intellect, of the artist, of genius for a perfect work. We say to ourselves—here it is good; and we cannot tear ourselves from that place on which we had just before seated ourselves with indifference, so much is the beautiful the light of the understanding and the invincible allurements of the heart!

Her oriental costume added yet more to the charms of her person; her long flaxen hair, slightly yellowed, was plaited on her head in a multitude of tresses, which fell down on both sides over her naked shoulders; a confused collection of pearls, of golden sequins, of white and scarlet flowers, was scattered on her locks, as if a handful had been taken from a casket, and thrown at hazard on her head, leaving the shower of jewels and flowers to settle as it might. All was suitable; nothing can disfigure a girl of fifteen. Her bosom was uncovered, according to the custom of the Arabian females; a tunic

of muslin, embroidered with silver flowers, was tied with a shawl round her waist; her arms were passed through hanging sleeves open to the elbow, from a vest of green cloth, the skirts of which hung loosely over the person; wide pantaloons with a thousand folds completed this costume; whilst her ankles were encircled with two bracelets of carved silver. One of these anklets was ornamented with small silver bells, from which every movement of her feet drew a noise. No poet has ever described so ravishing a vision. The *Haldee* of Lord Byron, in *Don Juan*, has something of Mademoiselle Malagamba, but she is far removed from that perfection of grace, innocence, soft bashfulness, voluptuous languor, and dazzling serenity, which are mingled in her yet infantine features. I engrave it on my memory to paint it hereafter, as the type of pure beauty and love, in the poem where I shall consecrate my impressions.

It would have been a beautiful subject for a picture, if we had had a painter in our party, this travelling scene! Our Turkish costumes, rich and picturesque; our arms of all sorts scattered on the floor around us; our hounds couched at our feet; those three female forms sitting cross-legged on an Aleppo carpet in front of us; their attitudes full of simplicity, novelty, and carelessness; the expression of their countenances, whilst I related to them my travels, or we drew a comparison between our European usages, and the species of hospitality which they tendered us; the pans of perfume burning in a corner, scenting the air of evening; the antique form of the vases in which they handed us sherbet and aromatic drinks—all this, in the midst of a dilapidated chamber, open towards the sea, and into which the branches of a palm-tree, growing in the court, thrust themselves through the wide openings without panes. I regret that I do not convey this scene to my friends, as I bear it in my own mind.

Madame Malagamba, the mother, is a Greek, born in the isle of Cyprus; she there married, when fourteen years old, M. Malagamba, a rich Frank merchant, who was at the same time consul at Larnaca. Losses and revolutions carried off M. Malagamba's fortune; he came to Acre in search of a petty post of consular agent, and there died, leaving his wife and four children in the most absolute privation. His son, a young man, remarkable for his honesty and intelligence, was employed by some consuls, and at length obtained the situation of consular agent for Sardinia at Caypha. It is with the slender emoluments of this precarious employment that he maintains his mother and his sisters. The eldest sister of Mademoiselle Malagamba, equally beautiful as she whom we have so much admired, it was stated to us, had inspired such a passion in one of the young monks of the convent of Caypha, who had enjoyed opportunities of seeing her from the terrace of the convent, that he had flown to an English ship, had embraced the Protestant faith, to enable him to demand her in marriage, and had attempted, under different disguises, all means to carry her off. It was believed that at this period he was still concealed in some town on the coast of Syria, in order to put his project in execution; but the Turkish authorities guarded the safety of the family; and if the monks, who exorcise over the brethren the most arbitrary and unrelenting sway, should discover the fugitive, he would expiate, in perpetual captivity, the insane love this fatal beauty has lighted in his heart. We did not see this sister.

The night was falling, and it became necessary at last to tear ourselves from the enchantment of this reception, and to proceed in search of an asylum at the convent of Mount Carmel. M. Malagamba had gone to notify to the fathers the numerous guests who were approaching. We arose, and were compelled, in obedience to the usages of the country, to permit Madame and Mademoiselle Malagamba to put their lips to our hands; and we again got on our horses.

Mount Carmel begins to rise at a few minutes' march from Caypha. We ascended it by a pretty fair road, cut in the rock, on the very edge of the hill: every step that we made discovered to us a new horizon upon the

sea, upon the hills of Palestine, and upon the shores of Idumœa. Half-way up, we met one of the fathers of Carmel, who, during forty years, has inhabited a little house which serves as a sort of hospital for the poor in the town of Caypha, and who mounts and descends the mountain twice in the day, in order to pray with his brothers. The mild expression of serenity of mind, and gaiety of heart, which shone in his features, struck us. These marks of peaceable and invariable happiness are never perceived but in men of rude and simple life, and of kind-hearted dispositions. The ladder of happiness is one of descent: it is more abundant in the humble situations of life than in elevated stations. God gives to some in internal felicity what he grants to others in splendour, renown, and fortune. I have, on repeated occasions, seen proof of this. Enter a saloon, seek out the man whose countenance expresses the most of inward content, and ask his name: it is one unknown and neglected by the world. Providence reveals itself every where.

At the gate of the beautiful monastery, which rises at present, all newly built and of dazzling whiteness, upon the most pointed summit of the peak of Carmel, two fathers awaited our coming. They were the sole inhabitants of this vast and magnificent retreat of cœnobites. We were welcomed by them as countrymen and friends. They placed at our disposal three cells, each provided with a bed—a rare piece of furniture in the East—a chair, and a table. Our Arabs took up their quarters with the horses in the large inner courts of the monastery. We were served with a supper of fresh fish, and vegetables grown amongst the rocks of the mountain. We passed a delightful evening, after so many fatigues, seated on the wide balconies which command the sea and the caverns of the prophets. A calm moonshine glittered on the waves, the murmur and freshening scent of which reached us at our elevation. We determined on passing the following day in this asylum, to rest our horses, and refit our stock of provisions. We were about to enter a new country, where we should find neither town nor village, and very seldom springs of sweet water. We had the prospect of five days in the desert.

October 22.—A day of rest, passed at the monastery of Mount Carmel, or in going over the scenes of the mountain and the grottoes of Elias and the prophets. The principal of these grottoes, evidently cut out of the hardest rock by the hand of man; is a chamber of prodigious height; the only view from it is over the boundless sea, and the only noise that is heard comes from the breakers continually dashing against the ledges of the promontory. Tradition recounts that this was the school in which Elias taught the knowledge of the mysteries, and of sacred poetry. The place was admirably chosen; and the voice of the aged prophet, the instructor of an innumerable generation of prophets, must have had a majestic echo in the hollow bosom of the mountain, which he illustrated by so many prodigies, and to which he has left his name! The history of Elias is one of the most marvellous relations of sacred antiquity; he is the giant of the sacred bards. Recalling his life, and his terrible vengeance, it seems as if this man had the thunder of the Lord for a soul, and that the element on which he was borne to heaven was the one in which he was brought forth. It forms a fine lyric or epic feature in the poem of the ancient mysteries of Judaic civilisation. On the whole, the era of the prophets, considering it historically, is one of the least intelligible in the existence of this fugitive race. We discern, however, especially in the epoch of Elias, the intent of that singular organisation of the body of prophets. It was evidently a saintly and lettered class, always in opposition to the kings; sacred tribunes of the people, exciting or calming them by songs, parables, or denunciations; raising factions in Israel, as eloquence and the press inflame them amongst us; combating with each other, sometimes with the sword of the tongue, at others with stonings and weapons; exterminating each other from the face of the earth, as we see Elias destroying them by hundreds;

then yielding in their turn, and giving place to other leaders of the people. Never has poetry, properly so called, played so grand a part in the political drama, or in the destinies of civilisation. Reason or passion, as they were false or true prophets, spoke by their mouths only in the energetic and harmonious language of images. They were not orators, as at Athens or Rome; an orator is too much a mortal!—theirs were hymns and lamentations: the poet is divine!

What an ardent, impassioned, and wild imagination, does it not suppose in a people under such dominion of the poetic word!—and must we not be astonished, that, independently of the high religious import these effusions bear, they should be so perfect, so inimitable a monument of genius and elegance? The rewards of poets then were society itself. Their inspiration submitted the people to them; they drew them at their pleasure to crime or heroism; they made kings tremble, or cast cinders on their heads; or, awakening patriotism in the hearts of their countrymen, they made them triumph over their enemies, or recalled to them, in exile and slavery, the hills of Sion, and the freedom of the children of God. I am surprised, that amongst all the great dramas that modern poetry has drawn from the history of the Jews, it has never yet conceived the marvellous action of the prophets. It is a beautiful song of oecumenical history.

Same date.—I am returned from a solitary walk over the odoriferous slopes of Carmel. I was seated under an arbutus, a little above the perpendicular path which reaches to the top of the mountain and finishes at the convent, contemplating the sea, which separates me from so many things and beings that I have known and loved, but which does not part me from their memory. I recalled my past life; I remembered similar hours spent on so many different shores, and with such dissimilar reflections; I asked myself if it were indeed I who was there, at the isolated peak of Mount Carmel, a few leagues from Arabia and the desert, and wherefore I was there, and whither I went, whither returned, and what hand conducted me; and what it was that I sought, knowingly or unknowingly, in these perpetual wanderings through the world. I could scarcely make of myself a single being, in such opposite and unforeseen phases of my short existence; but the connected, lucid, and immediate impressions of all the individuals whom I have loved and lost, all centered in the same breast with a profound sorrow, and proved too well that the unity which I discovered not in my life, was sufficiently sensible in my heart!—and I felt my eyes grow moist in pondering on the past, where I already saw five or six tombs in which my happiness was so many times engulfed! Then following my instinct, when my feelings become too powerful, and are ready to turn my brain, I raised them in a pious flight towards God, towards that Infinite Being who receives, absorbs, and restores all. I prayed to him, I submitted myself to his will, always beneficent. I said to him, "All is good, since you have willed it; look on me still; continue to lead me by your ways, and not by mine; conduct me whither you will, and as you will, provided I feel myself conducted by you; provided you reveal yourself from time to time to my darkness by one of those brightenings of the soul, which show us, like the lightning, a momentary horizon in the midst of our profound night; provided I feel myself sustained by that immortal hope which you have left on earth, like the voice of those who are no more; provided I find them again in you, and they know me again, and we love each other in that ineffable union we shall form—you, they, and we! This is sufficient for me still to advance, to march even to the end, in this road which seems so endless. But grant that the path be not too rough for feet already wounded!"

I arose more buoyant, and set myself to collect some handfuls of the sweetly-smelling herbs with which Carmel is all perfumed. The fathers in the convent make from them a sort of tea, more strongly scented than the mint and sage of our gardens. I was disturbed in my reflections and herborising by the steps of two

asses, whose iron shoes echoed upon the smooth rock of the pathway. Two females, enveloped from head to foot in long white cloaks, were seated on the asses; a young man held the bridle of the foremost of these animals, and two Arabs marched behind, bearing on their heads large baskets of reeds, covered over with napkins of embroidered muslin. It was M. Malagamba, his mother, and his sister, who were ascending to the monastery to offer me provisions for the journey, which they had prepared during the night. One of the baskets was filled with little loaves, yellow as gold, and of an exquisite flavour—a precious gift in a country where bread is unknown. The other was filled with fruits of all kinds, with some bottles of excellent wine of Cyprus and Lebanon, and with innumerable sweetmeats, the delight of the orientals. I received with gratitude the present of these amiable women. I sent the Arabs forward with the baskets to the monastery, and we seated ourselves to converse for a moment on the misfortunes of Madame Malagamba. The place was charming; it was under two or three great olive-trees, which overshadow one of the basins which the spring of the prophet Elias has worn, as it falls from rock to rock into a small ravine of the mountain. The Arabs had stretched the carpets of the asses on the bank which surrounds the spring, and the two ladies, who had cast back their long veils over their shoulders, and were seated on the rustic divan on the edge of the water, in their richest and most brilliant costume, formed a group worthy the eye of a painter. I was myself seated opposite to them, on a ledge of the rock from which the spring was tumbling. Many tears flowed from the eyes of Madame Malagamba, as she related to me the period of her prosperity, her fall into misfortune, her present distresses, her flight from Acre, and her maternal anxieties for the prospects of her son and her charming daughters.

Mademoiselle Malagamba listened to this recital with the tranquil indifference of earliest youth. She amused herself by collecting a nosegay from the flowers on which she was seated; only, when the voice of her mother faltered as she spoke, and tears rolled from her eyes, she threw her arm around the neck of her mother, and wiped away her tears with the muslin kerchief, embroidered with silver, which she held in her hand; then, when a smile returned to the visage of her mother, she resumed her infantine distraction, and began anew the assortment of her nosegay. I promised these unfortunate females to remember them, and their unexpected hospitality, on my return to Europe, and to solicit from my friends at Turin some advancement for the young consular agent at Caypha. Hope, although very distant and uncertain, returned to the heart of Madame Malagamba, and the conversation took another turn. We spoke of the manners of the country, and of the monotonous life led by the Arab women, whose habits the European females, resident in Arabia, are obliged also to follow. But Mademoiselle Malagamba and her mother had never experienced any other sort of life, and were surprised at the contrary account I gave them of affairs in Europe. To live for a single man, and with a single thought, in the privacy of their apartment; to pass the day on a sofa plaiting their hair, or arranging, in graceful order, the numerous jewels with which they decorate themselves; to breathe the fresh air of the mountain or the sea, from the top of a terrace, or through the lattices of a grated window; to make a few turns beneath the orange and pomegranate trees of a small garden, and to sit in a reverie on the edge of a basin, which the spouting water stirs with its murmur; to tend the household, and make with their own hands the bread-paste, the sherbet, and the sweetmeats; once a-week to pass the day at the public bath, in company with all the young girls of the town, and sing a few stanzas from the Arabian poets, accompanying themselves on the guitar—such is the entire existence of females in the East. Society does not exist for them; therefore they have none of the factitious passions of self-love which society produces; they are wholly devoted to love when they are young and beau-

tiful, and afterwards to domestic cares and to their children. Are such customs as valuable as others?

Whilst we were thus talking on chance topics, my dragoman, a young man, born in Arabia, and well versed in Arabic literature, had been searching for me round the convent, and discovered me seated near the fountain. He brought to me another young Arab, who had learnt my arrival at Caypha, and had come from St Jean d'Acre to make acquaintance with a poet from the west. This young man, born in Lebanon, and educated at Aleppo, was already celebrated for his poetic talent. I had myself often heard of him, and I had got several of his compositions translated for me. He brought me some pieces, the translation of which I shall afterwards give. He seated himself beside us near the fountain, and we conversed a long time, with the assistance of my dragoman. However, the day was dropping, and it behoved us to separate. "As we are both poets," said I to him, "and as hazard has brought us together from two such opposite points of the world on so delightful a spot, in so sweet an hour, and in presence of so ravishing a beauty, we ought to celebrate by some verses, each in his own tongue, our meeting, and the impressions which the moment inspires." He smiled, and drew from his girdle the inkstand, and pen of reed, which an Arab writer no more quits than the trooper his sword. We both retired a few paces to meditate on our verses. He had finished long before me. I need not say that all language suffers when put into another tongue; but here is the translation of his poetry:—

"In the gardens of Caypha there is a flower which the rays of the sun seek through the arbours of palm-leaves.

This flower has eyes more soft than the gazelle, eyes which resemble a drop of water from the sea in a shell.

This flower has so delicious a fragrance, that the chief who flies before the lance of another tribe, on his mare more rapid than the fall of waters, feels it in his flight, and stops to inhale it.

The gust of the simoom destroys all other perfumes on the clothes of the traveller, but it cannot remove from the heart the odour of this wonderful flower.

We find it on the banks of a stream, which flows without a murmur at its feet.

Young maiden, tell me the name of thy father, and I will tell thee the name of this flower."

The following are my verses, which I caused to be translated into Arabic by my dragoman:—

Clear-mirrored fount! when on thy verdant ledge

The pensive Lilla comes her form to lay,

And casts her bending image o'er thy edge,

Like star of midnight in a tideless bay,

A gentle shiver curls thy sleeping waves,

No more thy bed of sand or reeds is seen,

But joyful light thy liquid bosom paves,

And heaven is sought but in thy glassy sheen.

Thou'rt but a shade of lovely things the while,

Of eyes than thine own border-flowers more blue,

Of teeth of pearl, that 'twixt two rose-lips smile,

And globes, by pure sighs moved, of snowy hue;

Hair twined with flowers, and bending with their weight,

And corals, heightening every native charm—

Bright pearls, which one might think to seize on straight,

Like sands of gold, by plunging in the arm.

Source of this shade, my hands are o'er thee placed,

Lest all should be dispelled by some chance blast,

And, envious of the bank, my lips would taste

The happy waves through which thy shape has past.

But Lilla, laughing, seeks her mother's side,

And then the fount is but a small dark pool:

In vain I taste it—bitter is its tide,

Tarnished by vase-stirred sand, of insects full:

What thou dost for these waters, sweet young flower,

My soul had ever felt from beauty's might:

While basking in its smile, joy rules the hour,

But when its glance is veiled, then cometh night!

It was rather unfortunate, that the young girl for whom we made verses in Arabic and French understood neither language, and had acquired but an indifferent portion of Italian.

October 23.—At sunrise we quitted, fresh and active, the convent of Mount Carmel, and its two excellent monks, and we proceeded by the precipitous paths which lead from the peak to the sea. There we entered the desert, which stretches between the Syrian Sea, the coasts of which are in general flat, sandy, and indented with small bays, and the mountains which continue the ridge of Carmel. These mountains sink by insensible degrees as they approach Galilee; they are black and bare; the rocks stand out from the covering of soil and shrubs which still remains; their appearance is sad and sombre; they have only their glittering reflection, and the ideal majesty of the past. The chain, which continues about ten leagues, is broken at intervals, and some short valley is opened to the eye; at the bottom, or on the sides of one of these valleys, we perceive distinctly the ruins of a fortified castle, and a large Arab village, stretching under the walls of the castle; the smoke from the houses rises, and is wafted along the sides of Carmel, and rows of camels, black goats, and red cows, wind down from the village to the plain which we are traversing. Some Arabs on horseback, armed with lances, and simply clad in their white woollen cloak, with their legs and arms bare, march at the head and on the sides of these pastoral troops, which are led to the only spring which we have met for four hours. The wells were formerly discovered, and dug by the inhabitants of the towns situated on the seashore; the present race of Arabs have abandoned these towns ages ago; the fountain alone remains, and they make this journey of an hour or two every day, to fetch water, and let the cattle drink. We marched all the day over the remains of walls and mosaics, which break through the sand; the route is strewn with ruins, which attest the splendour and immense population of these shores in remote times.

We had seen since the morning, in the horizon before us, on the edge of the sea, a prodigious column, on which the rays of the sun were glittering, and which seemed to grow larger, and spring from the waves, in proportion as we approached. On drawing near, we find that this column is a confused mass of magnificent ruins, belonging to different eras; we distinguish, first of all, an immense wall, perfectly similar, from its form and the chiselling of its stones, to a portion of the Coliseum at Rome. This wall, of a prodigious height, comes out alone, in a slanting direction, upon a heap of other ruins of Greek and Roman construction, and we soon discover behind it the elegant and open remains of a Moorish monument, a church, or a mosque, or perhaps both in turn; then a series of other remains of divers ancient buildings yet standing, and in good preservation. The sandy road which our guides pursued, led us pretty near this curious relic of the past, the existence, name, and date of which we were completely unacquainted with. About half a mile from this group of monuments, the sea-coast rises, and the sand turns to rock; this rock has been cut by the hand of man, on all sides for about a mile in circumference. It might be called a primitive town, scooped out of the rock, before mankind had learnt the art of raising stones from the ground, and erecting dwellings on its surface; it is, in fact, one of those subterranean towns of which the earliest histories speak, or at least one of those vast *necropolises*, the cities of the dead, which in every direction undermined the earth or the rocks, in the vicinity of the immense cities of the living; but the form of the rocks, and of the numberless caverns cut in their sides, indicates rather, in my opinion, the abodes of a living people. These caverns are of great extent, with elevated entrances; several broad steps lead to these entrances; openings are pierced also in the rock, to give light to the habitations, and these entrances and openings, doors and windows, open upon streets deeply cut in the bowels of the hill. We tracked several of these deep and wide streets, in which the ruts mark the

traces of chariot wheels. A multitude of eagles and vultures, and innumerable flocks of starlings, started at our approach from the shade of these hollowed rocks. Climbing plants, wall-flowers, clusters of the myrtle and the fig, have taken root in the soil of these stone streets, and carpet the long avenues. In some places the ancient inhabitants had entirely levelled the hill, and dug canals, to bring water from the sea, and open the prospect upon a part of the gulf which is formed behind the town. It is a landscape of an entirely novel character, at once solemn and harsh, as we look upon the rock—smiling and bright, when we gaze upon the aerial streaks on the blue ocean, and upon the multitude of plants, springing spontaneously from the crevices of the granite.

We winded for some time through these wonderful labyrinths, and arrived at last at the foot of the great wall and the Moorish monuments, which we had before us; there we stopped an instant to deliberate. These ruins have an evil reputation; bands of Arab robbers frequently conceal themselves there to pillage and massacre caravans. We had been warned at Caypha to avoid them, or to pass them in battle array, and permitting none of our men to stray from the body of the caravan. Curiosity had prevailed; we had been unable to resist the desire of visiting monuments, of which ancient and modern history knows nothing. We were ignorant whether they were deserted or inhabited. When arrived near the outer wall which still encircles them, we perceived a breach by which we might penetrate. At the same moment a group of Arabs on horseback appeared, lance in hand, upon the sand which was yet between us and the opening, and came down upon us. We were taken by surprise, but were however ready; we had in our hands our double-barrelled guns primed and cocked, and pistols in our belts. We advanced upon the Arabs; they stopped short. I separated from the caravan, giving orders for them to remain under arms, and I advanced with my two companions and my dragoman. We opened a parley with them, and the scheik, with his principal officers, escorted us themselves as far as the breach, and gave orders to the Arabs inside to respect us, and to permit us to examine the monuments. I nevertheless judged it prudent to take only a part of our troop into the interior; the rest remained encamped at a gunshot from the hill, ready to come to our aid if we should fall into an ambushade. This precaution was not useless, for we found within the walls a population of two or three hundred Arabs or Bedouins, including women and children. There was only one passage to get out of the ruins, and we might have been easily taken and butchered, if the barbarians had not been held in awe by the force which staid outside, and which they supposed more considerable than it was in reality. We had taken care not to deploy our whole body, and some moukres were kept back on purpose, stationed on a detached hillock where they might be seen.

As soon as we had got through the breach, we found ourselves in a labyrinth of paths turning round the crumbling ruins of the great wall, and the other ancient edifices that we successively discovered. These paths or streets had no regular formation, but the steps of the Arabs, the camels, and the goats, had beaten them at hazard amongst the rubbish. The families of the tribe had built nothing themselves, they had simply taken advantage of all the cavities which the displacing of monstrous blocks had caused here and there, to shelter themselves within, some under the tops of columns or capitals, arrested in their fall by other ruins, and others under an awning of black goat-skin stretched from one pillar to another, and thus forming a roof. The scheik himself, his wives and children, who occupied doubtless the palace of the village, had their abode at the entrance of the town, amidst the ruins of a Roman temple upon a very high elevation, standing above the path by which we entered. Their dwelling was formed by an immense block of sculptured stone, which hung almost perpendicularly, supported at one of its angles by other blocks, rolled pell-mell together, and stopping each other, as it

were, in their fall. This confused mass of stones seemed in reality as if giving way, and about to crush the women and children of the sheik, who showed their heads above us, thrust out of this artificial cavern. The females were not veiled; they had no other garment than a chemise of blue cotton, which left the neck and legs uncovered: this chemise is bound round the body by a belt of leather. They appeared to us handsome, notwithstanding the rings which pierced their nostrils, and the fantastic tatooings with which their cheeks and throats were furrowed. The children were naked, sitting on or bestriding the blocks of chiselled stone which formed the terrace of this frightful dwelling; and some black goats, with long pendant ears, had climbed to the side of the children, up the wall of the grottoes, and gazed at us passing, or bounded over our heads, clearing, from block to block, the deep path in which we were walking. We saw some camels lying here and there in the cool hollows, formed in the interstices of the ruins, and showing their pensive and tranquil heads over the trunks of the shivered columns and capitals. At every step the scene was novel, and drew our attention more powerfully. A painter would have found a thousand subjects of an unrecognised picturesque, in the ever varying and striking manner in which the dwellings of the tribe were mingled and confounded with the remains of theatres, baths, churches, and mosques, which strew this spot of earth. The less of human labour in working an asylum amidst this chaos of a desolate town, the more the habitations spring from the strange accidents of the monuments in their fall, so much is the poetry and imposing effect of the scene enhanced. Women were milking their she-goats on the steps of an amphitheatre; flocks of sheep were jumping one by one from the deep window of an emir's palace, or of a Gothic church, of the time of the Crusades. Some Arabs, seated cross-legged, were smoking their pipes under the carved arch of a Roman fabric, and the camels had their straps attached to the Moorish piazzas of a harem gateway.

We descended from our horses, to visit in detail the principal remains. The Arabs opposed great obstacles, when we testified an inclination to enter the circuit of a temple at the end of the town, upon a rock near the edge of the sea. We had a new dispute at each court, at each wall that we had to get over to reach it; we were obliged to employ even threats to force them to yield up the passage. The women and children retired, pouring on us a flood of imprecations; the sheik drew back a moment, and the other Arabs testified by their features and gestures the strongest marks of discontent; but the air of indecision and ill-disguised timidity which we detected in their manners, encouraged us to insist; and we entered, partly by leave and partly by force, into the interior of this last and most astounding of the monuments.

I cannot tell what it is; there is something of every order in its construction, form, and ornaments; I am inclined to believe that it is an ancient temple converted by the Crusaders into a church, at the time when they had possession of Cæsarea in Syria and its neighbouring coasts, and that the Arabs have at a later period turned it into a mosque. Time, which sports with the productions and thoughts of men, now changes it to dust, and the knee of the camel bends upon those flags on which the knees of three or four generations in religion have bent in their turns, before different gods. The foundations of the edifice are evidently of Grecian architecture, in the era of its decline; at the spring of the arches it takes the Moorish fashion; windows originally Corinthian have been changed with much art and taste into Moorish windows in ogive, divided by light columns joined to each other; what remains of the arches is bordered with arabesques, of exquisite fineness and delicacy. The edifice has eight sides, and each of its projecting angles caused by this octagon form, contained most probably an altar, if we should judge from the niches which decorate the walls where such altars must have been erected. The centre part of the monument was also occupied by a principal altar;

it is easily perceived, from the elevation of the ground in this portion of the temple. This elevation would be caused by the steps which ran round the altar. The walls of this church are half fallen down, leaving to the eye vistas upon the sea, and the reefs which skirt it. Climbing plants hang in leafy and flowery tufts from the tops of the broken arches, and birds with scarlet necks, and flocks of small blue swallows, were chirping in these aerial arbours, or fluttering along the cornices. Nature takes up her hymn where man has ended his.

On leaving this unknown temple, we passed on foot through the different alleys of the village, tumbling at each step over curious relics, and discovering unlooked-for scenes amidst this medley of savage manners, and the beautiful testimonials of extinct civilisation. We saw a great number of Arab women and girls occupied, in the small enclosures of their huts, on the different employments of a pastoral life. Some were weaving stuffs of goat-hair; others were engaged in grinding barley or baking rice. They are in general very pretty, tall, strong, the complexion burnt by the sun, but with all the appearance of vigour and health. Their black hair was covered with strings of silver pinstres; they had ear-rings and necklaces enriched with the same ornament. They uttered yells of surprise as they saw us pass, and followed us beyond their houses. None of the Arabs offered us the least present; we did not deem it expedient to offer any ourselves; and we departed through the outer wall with precaution. Not an individual of the tribe followed us, and we went to pitch our tents about a mile from the great wall, at the bottom of a small gulf likewise encircled by ancient walls, it having formerly formed the harbour of this unknown town. The heat being extreme, we bathed in the sea, behind an old mole, which the waves have not yet completely swamped, whilst our saïs prepared our tents, gave the horses a feed of barley, and lighted a fire against an arch, which had, doubtless, served as a gate to the port.

The Arabs call this place by a name which signifies *cut rock*. The crusaders style it, in their chronicles, *Castel Peregrino* (Castle of Pilgrims); but I have not been able to discover the designation of the intermediate town, Greek, Jewish, or Roman, to which the great ruins, which were so attractive to us, belonged. On the following day we continued to skirt the shores of the sea as far as Cæsarea, where we arrived towards the middle of the day; in the morning, we had crossed a river which the Arabs called Zirká, which is the river of crocodiles, according to Pliny.

Cæsarea, the ancient splendid capital of Herod, has not a single inhabitant; its walls, reared by Saint Louis during his crusade, are, nevertheless, unbroken, and would still be available as excellent fortifications to a modern town.* We passed the deep ditch which surrounds them, by a stone bridge, nearly in the middle of the enclosure, and we penetrated into the maze of stones, of uncovered vaults, of ruined edifices, of marble and porphyry fragments, with which the site of the ancient town is thickly strewn. We roused three jackals from their lair in the rubbish amongst which our horses' feet rang in echoes; we sought for the fountain which had been mentioned to us, and found it, with difficulty, at the eastern extremity of the ruins. There we encamped. Towards evening, a young Arab herd arrived, with a numerous flock of cows, sheep, and goats; he consumed nearly two hours constantly pumping water from the fountain for these animals, who waited in patience for their turn, and retired, in order, after having satisfied their thirst, as if they had been led by shepherds. The boy, perfectly naked, was mounted on an ass; he was the last to leave the ruins, and he told us that he thus came every day, about two leagues, to water the flocks of his tribe, which was established in the mountain. This was the only incident that met us at Cæsarea, in that city where Herod, according to Josephus, had accumulated all the wonders of Grecian

* Cæsarea stands on the coast of the Mediterranean, about twenty-five miles south from Acre.]

and Roman art, and where he had cut an artificial harbour, which served for shelter to all the marine of Syria. Cæsarea is the town in which Saint Paul was held a prisoner, and made, in his defence, and in that of youthful Christianity, that beautiful speech which is preserved in the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Cornelius the centurion, and Philip the evangelist, were from Cæsarea, and it was likewise from the port of Cæsarea that the apostles embarked, on their voyage to Greece and Italy, to sow the Gospel.

We passed the evening in going through the ruins of the town, and in collecting fragments of sculpture, which we were afterwards obliged to leave on the spot, from deficiency of means for transport. A beautiful night was passed under shelter of the aqueduct of Cæsarea.

The route continued over a sandy desert, covered in some places with shrubs, and even with thickets of holly-oaks, which served for pasture to the Arabs. M. de Parseval fell asleep on his horse, and the caravan got in advance of him. When we perceived that he had fallen behind, two musket shots were heard in the distance; we set off in a gallop to go to his assistance, firing off pistols to scare the Arabs: he had fortunately not been attacked, having only fired his two shots at the gazelles which were scouring the plain. We arrived in the evening, without having found a single drop of water, near the Arab village of El-Mukhalid. An immense sycamore, thrown like a natural tent over the side of a naked and pulverous hill, enticed us to its shade. Our Arabs went to the village to inquire the direction of the fountain, which was pointed out to them. We all ran there, drank, bathed our heads and arms, and returned to our camp, where the cook had lighted a fire at the foot of the tree. Its trunk is already calcined by the successive fires of the thousands of caravans which have in their turns enjoyed its shade. All our tents and all our horses were collected beneath its prodigious branches. The sheik of El-Mukhalid came to present me melons; he seated himself under my tent, and asked me for news of Ibrahim Pacha, and for remedies for his wives and for himself. I gave him some drops of eau-de-Cologne, and invited him to sup with us. He accepted; we had the greatest difficulty in the world to get quit of him.

The night is suffocating. I cannot remain in the tent; I arise and go to seat myself near the fountain, under an olive-tree. The moon lightens all the chain of the mountains of Galilee, which gracefully waves at the horizon, about two leagues from the place in which I am encamped. It is the most beautiful outline of a horizon that has ever attracted my observation. The first shoots of Persian lilac, which droop in clusters in spring-time, have not a more pure violet hue than these mountains, at the hour in which I contemplate them. As the moon scales the heavens, and draws nearer, their tints darken and grow more purple; they appear, in motion, like heavy waves seen in a beautiful sunset at sea. All these mountains have, furthermore, a name and a place in the first history which our infant eyes have perused on the lap of our mothers. I know that Judea is there, with its ruins and its prodigies; that Jerusalem is seated behind one of those hills; that I am separated from it by only a few hours' march; that I thus draw nigh to one of the most desired objects of my long journey. I enjoy this reflection, as man always enjoys it, every time he is about to consummate any design, however insignificant, to which some passion has excited him. I remain an hour or more imprinting these outlines, these tints, this transparent and rosy sky, this solitude, this silence, on my recollection. The dampness of night falls and wets my mantle; I return to the tent, and sleep.

It was scarcely an hour that I had slept when I was awakened by a slight noise; I raised myself on my elbow, and looked around me. One of the corners of the tent was raised, to let the night-breeze have entrance: the moon fully lighted the interior. I saw an enormous jackal advancing cautiously, and looking towards me with his fiery eyes. I seized my musket;

the movement alarmed him, and he scampered off in a gallop. I again fell asleep. Awakened a second time, I saw the jackal at my feet, poking his snout into the folds of my mantle, and on the point of seizing my beautiful greyhound, which slept on the same mat with me—a charming animal, which has not quitted me a day for eight years, and which I would defend as a part of my life, at the peril of existence. I had fortunately covered it up with a skirt of the mantle, and it slept so profoundly that it had heard nothing, felt nothing, and suspected not the danger it was running: one second later, the jackal had borne it away and slaughtered it in its burrow. I uttered a scream, and my companions awoke. I was already out of the tent, and had fired off my musket; but the jackal was fled, and in the morning no trace of blood bore witness to my vengeance.

We depart with the first rays which tinge the hills of Judea; we follow the undulating ridge out of sight of the sea. The heat fatigues us greatly, and the most profound silence reigns during the march. At eleven o'clock we arrive, overcome with thirst and weariness, on the steep banks of a river, which slowly rolls its gloomy waters in a deep hollow, lined with tall reeds; the waters are not perceptible until they are reached. Troops of wild buffaloes are lying among the reeds and in the river, and show their heads above the stream. They pass the scorching hours of the day thus motionless: they gaze at us without stirring. We pass the river at a ford, and attain a forsaken khan. This river is at present named by the Arabs *Nahr-el-Arsouf*. The ancient Apollonia should be placed near here, unless its position be determined by another river, which we passed an hour afterwards, and which is now called *Nahr-el-Petras*.

We lay down on our mats, in the cool and dark vaults which alone remain of the old khan. Scarcely were we seated round a dish of cold rice, which the cook had brought us for breakfast, than an enormous serpent, eight feet long, and thick as the arm, glided out of a hole in the old wall which overshadowed us, and came rolling amongst our legs. We hastened to fly towards the entrance of the vault, but it was there before us, and slowly disappeared, making its tail vibrate like the string of a bow, amongst the reeds growing on the banks of the river. Its skin was of the most beautiful deep blue. We felt repugnance in resuming our place of rest, but the heat was so excessive that we were obliged to submit; and we slept on our saddles, careless as to any similar visits that might interrupt our repose.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, we remount our horses. I perceive, upon a height at a little distance from the river, an Arab horseman, with a gun in his hand, and accompanied by a young slave on foot. The Arab appeared to be hunting; he stopped his horse every moment, and looked at us defiling, with an air of doubt and hesitation. All at once he puts his mare in a gallop, comes up to me, and, addressing me in Italian, asks me if I am not the traveller who is at present journeying through Arabia, and whose speedy arrival at Jaffa the European consuls have announced. I tell him my name; he jumps from his horse, and comes to kiss my hand. "I am," said he to us, "the son of M. Damiani, French Vice-Consul at Jaffa. Informed of your arrival, by letters brought from Saïde by an English vessel, I came, some days ago, to hunt gazelles on this route, in order to find you, and conduct you to my father's house. Ours is an Italian name; our family is originally from Europe, but from time immemorial has been established in Arabia. We are Arabs, but we have French hearts, and should regard it as a disgrace and an insult to our feelings if you accept hospitality in any other house than ours. Recollect, that we have met you first, and that, in the East, he who first meets a stranger has the privilege of being his host. I tell you of this, because many other families of Jaffa have been informed of your journey, by letters brought in the same ship, and they will come to meet you as soon as my slave shall have proclaimed your arrival in the town."

Scarcely had he ended his discourse, than he said a

few words in Arabic to the young slave, who, mounting his master's mare, disappeared, in the twinkling of an eye, behind the sand-hills which bounded the horizon. I gave M. Damiani one of my led horses, which accompanied me without being bestrode, and we slowly took the road to Jaffa, which we did not yet perceive. After two hours' march, we saw, on the other side of a river which remained for us to cross, about thirty horsemen, clad in the richest costumes, armed with glittering weapons, and mounted upon Arab chargers of faultless beauty, prancing on the strand of the river. They were urging their horses even into the water, uttering cries and firing pistols, as a salute to us. They were the sons, relations, and friends of the principal inhabitants of Jaffa, who had come to meet us. Each of them came up to me, and delivered his compliment, to which I replied through the medium of my dragoman, or in Italian, to those who understood it. They ranged themselves around us, and flying, here and there, upon the sand, they presented us with the spectacle of throwing the djerid, in which the Arabs exert all the vigour of their horses, and all the dexterity of their bodies. We drew near to Jaffa, and the town began to rise before us, on a hill which reaches to the sea. The first glance of it is magical, when approached from this side of the desert. The foundations of the town to the west are bathed by the sea, which is always rolling large foaming waves on the rocks which surround the harbour; on the north, by which side we arrived, it is encompassed with delicious gardens, which seem to spring by enchantment from the desert to crown and overshadow its ramparts. We proceed beneath the lofty and odoriferous branches of a forest of palms, of pomegranates loaded with their red berries, of marine cedars with jagged leaves, of citrons, olives, figs, and lemons, large as the walnut-trees of Europe, and stooping beneath their fruits and blossoms. The atmosphere is but a perfume raised and spread by the breeze from the sea; the ground is white with orange-blossoms, which the wind sweeps like the dead leaves of autumn with us. From point to point, Turkish fountains of various-coloured marble, with their brass cups attached by chains, offer their limpid water to the wayfarer, and are always surrounded by a group of women, who wash their feet, and pour the water into pitchers of ancient models. The town lifts its white minarets, its indented terraces, its balconies in Moorish ogive, from out the midst of this sea of sweet-scented plants; whilst to the east it rises immediately from the pale sand, which stretches behind it over the immense desert separating it from Egypt.

Near one of these fountains, we discerned a third cavalcade, at the head of which was advancing M. Damiani the elder, mounted on a white mare. He is consular agent for several European nations, and is one of the most important personages in Jaffa. The grotesqueness of his costume made us smile; he was dressed in an old sky-blue robe, lined with ermine, and bound by a sash of crimson silk; his bare legs issued from wide pantaloons of dirty muslin, and he was crowned by an enormous three-cornered hat, worn smooth by time, and greased with sweat and dust, attesting numerous services during the Egyptian campaign. But the cordial and patriarchal welcome of our old vice-consul stopped the smile on our lips, and gave place to the gratitude we expressed to him. He was accompanied by several of his sons-in-law, sons, and grandsons, all on horseback like himself. One of his grandsons, twelve or fourteen years old, who frisked round his grandsire on an Arab mare without a bridle, presented the most admirable picture of a boy that I have seen in my life.

M. Damiani went before, and conducted us, through a thick crowd pressing around our horses, to the door of his house, where our other newly-acquired friends bade us farewell, and left us to the care of our host.

The house of M. Damiani is small, but admirably situated at the top of the town, commanding three sea views along the coasts of Gaza and Ascalon towards Egypt, and the shore of Syria on the north. The rooms are surmounted by open terraces, on which the sea-

breeze plays, and whence we discover, ten leagues at sea, the smallest sail that crosses the Gulf of Damietta. The rooms have no windows, as the climate renders them superfluous. The atmosphere has always the warmth of our finest days in spring; an ill-fixed shutter is the only rampart interposed between the weather and the inhabitants. The birds of the air partake these abodes, which man has prepared for himself; and in the saloon of M. Damiani, hundreds of small swallows, with red necks, were perched beside the porcelain and silver cups, and the stalks of pipes arranged on the wooden shelves running round the room. They were flying all day above our heads, and came, during supper, clustering on the branches of the brass lamp which lighted the repast.

The family of M. Damiani is composed of himself—something between the patriarch and the Italian merchant, but the patriarch greatly predominant; of Madame Damiani, the elder, a handsome Arab woman, the mother of twelve children, but still preserving, in her shape and complexion, the brilliancy and freshness of Turkish beauty; of several young daughters almost all remarkably pretty; and three sons, the eldest of whom we already knew. The two others were equally obliging and useful. The females did not appear in the apartments; they only showed themselves once in dresses of ceremony, and bespangled with their richest jewels, at a repast of which they partook with us. The remainder of the time they were occupied in preparing our food, in a small inner court, where we saw them as they came and went. The young men, educated in the respect which oriental customs teach sons to evince towards their father, never sat down with us at table. They stood behind their father, watching that the guests were well provided for.

We had scarcely entered the house before we received visits from a great number of the inhabitants, who came to congratulate us, and tender their services. Coffee and pipes were brought, and the evening was passed in conversations extremely interesting to us, whom curiosity so much excited. The governor of Jaffa, whom I had sent to compliment by my interpreter, was himself not long in coming to pay us a visit. He was a young and handsome Arab, clothed in the most brilliant costume, whose manners and language bespoke his elevation of mind and elegant usages. I have seen very few appearances so beautiful as his. His black beard fell down in shining folds, and spread out like a fan over his breast; his hand and fingers, glittering with enormous diamonds, were perpetually playing with his beard, and passing and repassing through it, to smooth and arrange it. His look was haughty, mild, and open, like that of all the Turks in general. We feel that these men have nothing to hide; they are frank because they are powerful, and they are powerful because they never rely on themselves and a vain skill, but always on the image of God, who directs all—on that providence which they call fatality. Place a Turk amongst ten Europeans, you will always recognise him by his lofty aspect, by the gravity impressed on his features by habit, and by the noble candour of his expression. The governor had received from Mahomet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha letters which strongly recommended me to him. I have these letters. I gave him another, which I carried with me from Ibrahim, to read. This is the sense of it:—

"I am informed that our friend [here my name] is arrived from France, with his family and several travelling companions, in order to traverse the countries subject to my arms, and to learn our laws and manners. My desire is, that thou and all my governors of towns or provinces, the commanders of my fleets, the generals and officers in command of my armies, will give him all marks of friendship, will render him all the services that my affection for him and for his nation call for from me; you will provide him, if he desires it, with houses, horses, victuals, such as he and his suite may be in need of. You will procure for him means to visit all the parts of our dominions which he may desire to see; you will give him escorts as numerous as his

safety, for which you will answer with your head, shall demand; and even if he should find any difficulty in penetrating certain provinces, by the acts of the Arabs, you will cause your troops to march to guard his excursions," &c.

The governor put this letter to his forehead, after having read it, and returned it to me. He asked me what he could do to obey the injunctions of his master, and wished to be made acquainted with the places I desired to visit. I named Jerusalem and Judea. At these words, he, his officers, the Messieurs Damiani, with the fathers of the convent of the Holy Land at Jaffa, who were present, cried out, and told me that the thing was impossible; that the plague had just broken out, with the most alarming virulence, at Jerusalem, at Bethlehem, and on all the route; that it was even at Ramla, the first town we had to pass in going to Jerusalem; that the pacha had just ordered quarantine on all that came out of Palestine; that, supposing that I should be sufficiently rash to penetrate there, sufficiently happy to escape the plague, I should not, perhaps, be able to return into Syria for several months; in fine, that the convents in which strangers receive hospitality in the Holy Land were all closed, that we would not be received in any of them, and that there was an absolute necessity for postponing the journey that I projected into the interior of Judea, to another epoch and a more favourable season.

This intelligence afflicted me excessively, but did not shake my resolution. I answered the governor, that although I was born in another religion than his, I did not the less adore the sovereign will of Alla; that in his creed it was called fatalism, and in mine providence, but that these two different words gave expression to but one meaning: "God is great, God is the master!" (*Alla kerim!*)—that I had come from a great distance, over many seas, mountains, and plains, to visit the springs whence Christianity had flowed over the world, to see the holy town of the Christians, and compare sites with history; that I was too far advanced to recoil, and postpone to the uncertainty of times and things a project almost accomplished; that the life of man was but a drop of water in the ocean, a grain of sand in the desert, and was not worth the trouble of counting; that, furthermore, what was written was written, and that if Alla wished to preserve me from the plague in the midst of the infected in Judea, it was equally easy for him as to save me from the waves in the midst of the tempest, or from the balls of the Arabs on the banks of the Jordan; that, in consequence, I persisted in my wish to penetrate into the interior, to enter Jerusalem itself, whatever peril I might encounter; but what I decided for myself I neither could nor would for others; and that I left all my friends, all my servants, all the Arabs who accompanied me, masters of themselves, to follow me or to remain at Jaffa, according to the inclination of their hearts. The governor then cried out against my submission to the will of Alla, and told me that he would not allow me to expose myself alone to the dangers of the route and the plague, that he would choose out of the troops in garrison at Jaffa some courageous and disciplined soldiers, whom he would place entirely at my command, and who would guard my caravan during the march, and my tents during the night, in order to preserve us from contact with the infected. He likewise dispatched, on the very instant, a horseman to the governor of Jerusalem, who was his friend, to announce to him my journey, and to recommend me to him; and he then retired. We afterwards held a consultation, my friends and myself; our domestics even were called to the council, to decide upon what each would do. After some hesitation, all resolved with unanimity to tempt fortune, and to run the chance of the plague, rather than renounce the project of seeing Jerusalem. Our departure was fixed for the second day from this. We slept on the mats and divans of M. Damiani's saloon, and we awoke to the chirping of the numberless swallows flying over our heads in the room.

The day was passed in returning the visits we had

received, to the governor, and to the superior of the convent of the Holy Land at Jaffa—a venerable Spanish monk who has lived in Jaffa since the time the French were there, and who certified to us the truth of the poisoning of the infected.

Jaffa, or Yaffa, the ancient Joppa of the Scriptures, is one of the earliest and most celebrated ports in the universe. Pliny speaks of it as an antediluvian city. It was there, according to tradition, that Andromeda was chained to the rock and exposed to the monster of the deep; it was there Noah built the ark; it was there that the cedars of Mount Lebanon were landed, by order of Solomon, to serve in the building of the temple. Jonas the prophet embarked there 862 years before Christ. Saint Peter there resuscitated Tabitha. The town was fortified by Saint Louis in the time of the crusades. In 1799, Bonaparte took it by assault, and massacred the Turkish prisoners. It has a bad harbour, for small vessels only, and a very dangerous road, as we ourselves found on our second voyage at sea. The population of Jaffa, composed of Turks, Arabs, Armenians, Greeks, Catholics, and Maronites, may be estimated at from five to six thousand souls. Each communion has its own church. The Latin convent is a magnificent building. It was undergoing an additional embellishment at the period of our visit, but we did not partake the hospitality of its brotherhood. Their extensive apartments were not thrown open for us, or for any of the strangers whom we met at Jaffa. They are empty, whilst the pilgrims obtain with difficulty shelter in some miserable Turkish khan, or the burdensome hospitality of some poor Jewish or Armenian roof.

Immediately from the walls of Jaffa, the great desert of Egypt opens. Having decided upon proceeding to Cairo by this route, I dispatched a courier to El-Arich to hire dromedaries to carry us through the desert. The journey from Jaffa to Cairo can thus be accomplished in twelve or fifteen days. But it is beset with difficulties and privations. The orders of the governor of Jaffa and the kindness of the principal inhabitants of the town, in communication with those of Gaza and El-Arich, materially mitigated them for me.

The governor sent us some horsemen, and eight foot-soldiers, selected from the bravest and best disciplined of the Egyptian troops that remained in garrison. They took up their quarters that very night at our gate. At break of day we were on horseback. We found at the gate of the town leading to Ramla, a crowd of persons, of all the denominations in Jaffa, on horseback. They performed the djerid around us, and accompanied us as far as a splendid fountain, overshadowed by sycamores and palms, which we reached after an hour's march. They there discharged their pistols in our honour, and resumed the road to the town. It is impossible to describe the freshness and magnificence of the vegetation which appears on both sides of the road on leaving Jaffa. On the right and on the left, it is one continued orchard of all the fruit-trees and flowering shrubs of the East, divided into portions by hedges of myrtle, jessamine, and pomegranates, and irrigated by streams of water, flowing from the handsome Turkish fountains of which I have already spoken. In each of these enclosures is an open pavilion or a tent, under which the families to whom they belong, pass a few weeks in spring and autumn. Three stakes and a piece of cloth form a country-house for these fortunate families. The women sleep on mats or cushions under the tents, and the men lie in the open air, under the arch of citrons and pomegranates. The water-melons and figs, of thirty-two different kinds, which shade these enchanted spots, furnish food for the table, increased at rare intervals by a lamb brought up in the family, and which is sacrificed, as in biblical times, on days of solemnity. Jaffa is the place in all the East which a lover of nature and solitude would select to pass his winters. The climate is an indecisive medium between the devouring heats of Egypt, and the autumnal rains of the coasts of Syria. If I could choose my habitation, I would reside at the foot of Lebanon, at Saïde, Beirut, or Latakia, during the spring and autumn; in the heights of Le-

banon during the heats of summer, cooled by breezes from the sea and from the valley of cedars, and by the vicinity of the snows; and amidst the gardens of Jaffa in the winter. Jaffa has something in its landscape more impressive, solemn, and variegated, than any that I have beheld. The eye rests only upon a boundless sea, blue as the sky above it, upon the immense flats of the Egyptian desert, where the horizon is intercepted only by the figure of a camel, advancing with a cloud of sand, and upon the green and golden branches of the numberless orange-groves crowding round the town. The costumes of the inhabitants and travellers who fill the roads, are picturesque and interesting. There are Bedouins, from Jericho or Tiberias, clad in large plaids of white wool; Armenians in long robes striped with blue and white; and Jews from all parts of the earth in every variety of dress, distinguished by their long beards, and noble and majestic features—a royal people, ill at ease in their slavery, in whose eyes you read the remembrance and conviction of high destinies, beneath the apparent humility of their deportment, and the lowliness of their present lot. There are also Egyptian soldiers in red jackets, reminding one of our French conscripts by the vivacity of their eye, and the alertness of their steps. In conclusion, there are Turkish agas passing with haughty looks along the road, mounted on horses of the desert, and followed by Arabs and black slaves; poor families of Greek pilgrims seated in a corner, eating out of a wooden bowl boiled rice or barley, which they husband with care for the journey to the Holy City; and of miserable Jewish women, only half-clothed, and toiling beneath the prodigious weight of pocks of rags, and driving before them asses, bearing panniers crammed with children of all ages.

We journeyed on in the gayest mood, trying, occasionally, the speed of our horses against that of the Arab steeds bestrode by the Messieurs Damiani, and the sons of the Sardinian Vice-Consul. These were two young men, sons of a rich Arab merchant of Ramla, now established at Jaffa, who had agreed to accompany us as far as Ramla, and they had sent their slaves forward to prepare their father's house and supper for us. We were also accompanied by another individual, who had voluntarily joined our caravan, and who astonished us by the strange magnificence of his European costume. He was a short young man, of from twenty to twenty-five years old, with a jovial and ludicrous cast of features, but subtle and intellectual. He wore an immense turban of yellow muslin, a green coat cut in the form of our court dresses, with a standing collar and wide skirts, embroidered with broad lacings of gold on all the seams; close pantaloons of white velvet, and boots turned down, ornamented with a pair of spurs fastened by silver chains. A kangar served him as a hunting knife, and a pair of pistols, encrusted with silver chasings, were stuck in his belt, and rattled against his breast.

He had come from Italy in his infancy, and had been cast by I know not what stroke of fortune into Egypt, but had resided for some years at Jaffa or Ramla, exercising his profession among the scheiks and Bedouins of the mountains of Judea, who had not yet made his fortune. His conversation greatly amused us, and I should have wished to take him with me to Jerusalem, and to the mountains of the Dead Sea, which he appeared to know perfectly; but having lived in the East for many years, he had contracted the invincible terror, common amongst the Franks, for the plague, and my offers failed to seduce him. "In times of plague," said he to me, "I am no longer a physician; I am acquainted with but one remedy for it—to get away quick enough, to go far enough, and to remain long enough, to prevent the disease reaching you." He seemed to look upon us with pity, as victims predestined to find death at Jerusalem, and out of the great number of persons composing our caravan, he reckoned he should see very few on our return. "A few days ago," said he, "I was at Acre; a traveller returning from Bethlehem knocked at the door of the convent of the brotherhood of Saint Francis, which was opened to

him. There were seven inmates; on the second day the gates of the convent were built up by order of the governor. The pilgrim and the seven monks were all dead within twenty-four hours."

We now began to perceive the tower and minarets of Ramla, which rose before us out of a wood of olive-trees, the trunks of which were as large as those of our most aged oaks.

Ramla, anciently Rama Ephraim, is the ancient Arimathæa of the New Testament; it contains about 2000 families. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, founded a Latin convent there, which still subsists. The Armenians and Greeks also possess convents for the succour of pilgrims of their nations going to the Holy Land. The old churches have been converted into mosques; in one of the mosques is the tomb, in white marble, of the Mameluke Ayoud-Bey, who fled from Egypt on the invasion of the French, and died at Ramla. On entering the town, we inquired if the plague had already extended its ravages so far, and we learnt that two monks, arrived from Jerusalem, had just died of it; the convent was under quarantine. Our friends from Jaffa conducted us to their house, situated in the middle of the town. An Arab, who had been a tinker, as we were told, but an amiable and excellent man, occupied half the house, and exercised the functions of consular agent, for I know not what European nation; this gave him the right of having a European flag on his roof, the most certain safeguard against the *avaries* (exactions) of the Turks and Arabs. A good supper awaited us, and we had the pleasure of finding chairs, beds, tables, and other European utensils, whilst we brought with us a store of fresh bread, for which we were indebted to the kindness of our hosts.

On the following morning, we took leave of all our Jaffa and Ramla friends, who were to accompany us no farther, and we departed with our solitary escort of Egyptian troopers and foot soldiers. I thus arranged the order of march: two horsemen about fifty paces in advance of the caravan, to keep off the Arabs or Jewish pilgrims whom we might meet, and hold them at a distance from our men and horses; on our two flanks, to the right and left, the foot soldiers, with ourselves marching one by one in a line, and the baggage placed in the midst. A small troop of our best horsemen formed the rear-guard, with orders to permit neither man nor beast to fall behind. On the appearance of any suspicious-looking Arabs, the caravan was to come to a halt, and place itself in order of battle, whilst the troopers, the interpreters, and myself, were to make the necessary observations. In this manner, we had little to fear from the Bedouins and the plague, and I can aver, that this order of march was observed by our Egyptian soldiers, Turkish horsemen, and my own Arabs, with a scrupulous obedience and attention, which would have done honour to the best disciplined corps in Europe. We preserved it for more than twenty-five days we were *en route*, and in the most embarrassing positions. I had never any occasion to address a reprimand to a single individual; it was to these precautions we were indebted for safety.

A short time after sunset, we arrived at the end of the plain of Ramla, close to a fountain hollowed in the rock, which watered a small enclosure of gourds. We were at the foot of the mountains of Judea; a little valley, a hundred paces broad, opened on our right, into which we advanced. It is here that the Arab brigands of the mountains commence their dominion. As the night was closing in, we judged it prudent to fix our camp in this valley; we pitched our tents about 200 paces from the fountain. We set an advanced guard upon a knoll which commanded the road to Jerusalem, and, whilst supper was preparing, we went in pursuit of the partridges on some hills in view of our tents. We shot some of them, and disturbed, in the bosom of the rocks, a multitude of small eagles at roost. They arose winding and shrieking above our heads, and came back again after we had fired at them. All animals are alarmed at the flame and explosion of fire-arms; the eagle alone appears to hold them in disdain,

and sport with the peril, either because it is ignorant of it, or braves it. I admired, from the top of one of these hills, the picturesque appearance of our camp, with the picquets of Arab horsemen on the knoll, the horses scattered around our tents, the moulkres, or grooms, seated on the ground cleaning the harness and arms, and the light from the fire shining through the canvass of a tent, and spreading its tiny smoke in the breeze. How I should enjoy this nomade life under such a sky, if I could bear with me all those whom I love and regret on earth! The whole world belongs to pastoral and wandering tribes, such as the Arabs of Mesopotamia. There is more of poetry in one of their migrations, than in whole years of our town-existences. By seeking too much from civilised life, man nails himself to localities; by detaching himself from them, he will lose innumerable superfluities which usage has converted into necessities. Our houses are voluntary prisons. I should wish that life was a perpetual journey like this; and if I were not bound to Europe by the affections, I would extend it as long as my strength and fortune lasted.

We were on the confines of the tribes of Ephraim and Benjamin. The well near which our tents were fixed is still called the Well of Job.

We departed before daylight, and followed for two hours a narrow, barren, and rocky valley, celebrated for Arab depredations. Of all the surrounding country it is the most exposed to their attacks; they can approach by a variety of small winding gorges concealed behind the uninhabited hills, lie in ambush behind the rocks and shrubs, and fall unexpectedly on the caravans. The famous Abougosh, chief of these mountainous Arab tribes, holds the key of the defiles leading to Jerusalem; he opens or blocks them at his pleasure, and seizes travellers for ransom. His capital is a few leagues from us at the village of Jeremiah.* We expected every instant to see his bands, but we met no one except a young aga, a relation of the governor of Jerusalem, mounted on a beautiful mare, and accompanied by seven or eight horsemen. He saluted us with politeness, and drew up with his suite to permit our passing, without coming in contact with our horses or garments.

About an hour from Jeremiah, the valley contracts still more, and the trees meet with their branches over the road. There are an ancient fountain and the remains of a ruined kiosk. We ascended for an hour by a steep and broken path hollowed in the rock, winding through woods, and all at once perceived the village and church of Jeremiah at our feet, on the other side of the hill. The church, now a mosque, appeared to have been built with splendour, in the epoch of the kingdom of Jerusalem under the Lusignans. The village is composed of from forty to fifty houses, hanging on the slopes of two hillocks which skirt the valley. Some scattered fig-trees and vineyards display a degree of cultivation, flocks are grouped around the houses, and some Arabs, clothed in handsome robes, are smoking their pipes on the terrace of the principal dwelling, about a hundred paces from the road we are descending. Fifteen or twenty horses, saddled and bridled, are tied in the court-yard. As soon as the Arabs descried us, they come down from the terrace, mount on horseback, and slowly advance towards us. We meet them on a large open spot in front of the village, shaded by five or six beautiful fig-trees.

They were the renowned Abougosh and his family. He, along with his brother, came towards me; his followers remained in the background. I instantly made mine halt also, and went forward with my interpreter. After the accustomed salutations and endless compliments, which precede all conversations with the Arabs, Abougosh asked me if I were not the Frank emir, whom his friend, Lady Stanhope, the queen of Palmyra,

* [Travellers generally call the chief village or capital of Abougosh, Kartaloonah; but it is situated in the valley where Jeremiah the prophet is understood to have composed his Lamentations, and it is on this account, probably, that M. de Lamartine has preferred the appellation of Jeremiah.]

had put under his protection, and in whose name she had sent to him the superb vest of cloth of gold which he wore, and which he displayed with pride and gratitude. I was quite ignorant of this gift of Lady Stanhope, made so obligingly in my name; but I replied, that I was certainly the stranger whom that illustrious lady had confided to the generosity of her friends in Jeremiah, and that I was about to visit the whole of Palestine where the sway of Abougosh was owned, and begged him to give the necessary orders, so that Lady Stanhope might have no reproaches to make him. At these words he got off horseback, as well as his brother; he called to some of his suite, and ordered them to bring mats, carpets, and cushions, which he caused to be spread under the branches of a large fig-tree in the very field where we were, and besought us, with so much earnestness, to dismount, and seat ourselves on this rustic divan, that it was impossible for us to refuse. As the plague prevailed at Jeremiah, Abougosh, who knew that Europeans were exposed to quarantine, was careful not to touch our clothes, and fixed his divan, and that of his brother's, opposite us at a certain distance; as for us, we accepted only the straw and rush mats, because they are held not to communicate infection. Coffee and sherbet were brought us. We conversed on general topics a pretty long time, and Abougosh then begged me to withdraw my suite, as he did his own, in order to communicate to me some secret intelligence, which I cannot here impart. After a confidential conference of some minutes, he recalled his brothers, and I my friends. "Do they know my name in Europe?" he asked me. "Yes," I replied; "some say that you are a robber, pillaging and massacring caravans, carrying Franks into slavery, and the ferocious enemy of Christianity; whilst others maintain that you are a valiant and generous chief, repressing the robberies of the mountaineers, making the roads sure, protecting caravans, and the friend of all the Franks who are worthy your attention." "And you," said he to me laughing, "what will you say of me?" "I will say what I have seen," I answered—"that you are as powerful and hospitable as a prince of the Franks, that you are calumniated, and that you deserve to have all the Europeans for friends, who, like me, have experienced your good will and the protection of your sword." Abougosh appeared delighted. He and his brother asked me afterwards a great number of questions as to our European usages, our habiliments, and our arms, which they greatly admired; and we then separated. At the moment of leaving him, he gave orders to one of his nephews and some horsemen to place themselves in the van of our caravan, and not to quit me all the time that I remained at Jerusalem, or in the environs. I thanked him, and we parted.

Abougosh reigns in reality over about 40,000 Arabs in the mountains of Judea, from Ramla to Jerusalem, from Heron to the mountains of Jericho. This dominion, which has descended in his family for several generations, is secured only by his power. In Arabia they do not discuss the origin or legitimacy of government; they recognise and obey it whilst it exists. A family is more ancient, more numerous, richer, and braver, than others; the chief of this family naturally becomes paramount in his tribe; the tribe itself being better governed, more skillfully or valiantly led to war, attains incontestible supremacy. Such is the origin of all the dominations of chiefs or tribes which are acknowledged in the East. The sway is extended and perpetuated as a natural consequence; all proceeds from the family—and once the fact of this ascendancy recognised and incorporated into manners and customs, there is nothing to contest it; obedience becomes a filial and religious duty. It requires great revolutions and continued misfortunes to overthrow a family; and this nobility, which may be styled self-created, is preserved through ages. We do not perfectly comprehend the feudal system, until after visiting these countries; we there see how all those families were formed in the middle ages, all those local lordships which ruled over castles, villages, and provinces. It is the first step in

civilisation. As society advances, these petty powers are absorbed in larger; municipalities arise to protect the rights of towns against the waning power of the feudal families. Great kingdoms are then consolidated, which destroy in their turn the useless municipal privileges, and other social phases open out with innumerable phenomena, the whole of which are yet unknown to us.

We were already far from Abougosh, and his subjects of organised brigands. His nephew marched before us on the route to Jerusalem. At about a mile from Jeremiaah, he quitted the road, and turned to the right into rocky paths, which cut a mountain covered with myrtle and turpentine trees. We followed after him. The news from Jerusalem, as given us by Abougosh, were such that it was absolutely impossible for us to enter it. The plague was increasing every hour; sixty to eighty deaths occurred daily; all the hospitals and convents were closed. We had come to the resolution of going first of all to the desert of Saint John the Baptist, about two leagues from Jerusalem, on the most precipitous mountains of Judea, to ask an asylum for a few days at the convent of Latin monks who reside there, and afterwards to act according to circumstances. It was into the route towards this solitude that Abougosh's nephew led us. After marching for two hours through frightful roads, and under a devouring sun, we found, on the other side of the mountain, a small spring and the shade of some olives, where we came to a halt. The position was sublime! We looked over the black and deep valley of turpentines, where David slew the Philistine giant with his sling. The situation of the two armies is so apparent in the encircling of the valley, and in the slopes and disposition of the ground, that it is impossible for the eye to hesitate. The dry torrent, on whose banks David picked up the stone, drew its chalky line through the middle of the narrow valley, and pointed out, as in the recital of the Bible, the separation of the two armies. I had neither the Bible nor any book of travels in my hand, nor any person to give me an account of the place, and the ancient name of the valley and the mountains; but my boyish imagination had so vividly and with such truth conceived the form of the localities, the physical aspect of the scenes of the Old and the New Testament, from the descriptions in the holy books, that I recognised, at a glance, the valley of turpentines, and the battle-field of Saul.* When we got to the convent, I had only to hear the exactitude of my ideas confirmed by the fathers. My fellow-travellers could not believe it. The same thing had occurred to me at Sephora, in the midst of the hills of Galilee. I had pointed out with my finger, and called by its name, a hill surmounted by a ruined castle as the probable place of the Virgin's birth. On the following day, the same was repeated with respect to the residence of the Maccabees at Modin; on passing the foot of a sandy mountain, with the remains of an aqueduct on the top, I recognised it as the tomb of the last illustrious citizens of the Jewish people, and I judged correctly without knowing it. The imagination of man is more accurate than is understood; it does not always dream, but proceeds by instinctive assimilations of things and ideas, which give to it results more sure and clear than science and logic. Except the valleys of Lebanon, the ruins of Balbek, the shores of the Bosphorus at Constantinople, and the first view of Damascus from the heights of Anti-Lebanon, I have never encountered a scene, the first glance at which was more a recollection! Have we lived twice, or a thousand times? Is our memory but a dulled mirror, which the breath of God makes bright? Or rather, have we in our imagination a power of presentiment, and of seeing before we see in reality? Questions not to be solved!

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we descended the

* [It is called the valley of Elah in the Bible. "And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines; and the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them."]

steep slopes of the vale of turpentines, passed the dry bed of the torrent, and mounted, by steps cut in the rock, to the Arab village of Saint John the Baptist, which we had seen before us. Some Arabs, with ferocious countenances, looked at us from the terraces of their houses; the women and children crowded round us in the narrow streets of the village; and the monks, alarmed at the tumult which they desecrated from their roof, at the multitude of our horses and men, and of the plague which we might be bringing in our train, refused to open the iron gates of the monastery. We turned back again, to proceed to encamp on a hill near the village, cursing the hard-hearted monks. I sent my dragoman to speak with them again, and to address to them the reproaches they so richly merited. During this interval, the whole population came down from the roofs, the scheiks surrounded us, and mingled their savage yells with the neighing of our affrighted horses; a horrible confusion reigned in the whole caravan, and we cocked our guns. The nephew of Abougosh, who had mounted to the roof of a house near the convent, harangued in turn the monks and the people. At length we obtained, by a capitulation, entry to the convent; a small iron door was opened for us, through which we passed, one by one, in a stooping posture, and we unloaded our horses to enable them to follow us. The nephew of Abougosh and his Arab troop remained outside, and encamped at the gate. The monks, pale and agitated, trembled at the idea of touching us; we reassured them, by giving our word that we had not come in contact with any person since we left Jaffa, and that we should not enter Jerusalem as long as we remained in the asylum we borrowed from them. Upon this assurance, their excited countenances resumed tranquillity; they led us to the vast corridors of the monastery, and introduced each of us into a small cell, provided with a bed and a table, and ornamented with a few Spanish engravings of pious subjects. They made our soldiers, Arabs, and horses, take up their quarters in an uncultivated garden of the convent; barley and straw were thrown to them from the walls, whilst sheep and a calf, sent as presents by Abougosh, were killed for us in the street. During the time that my Arab cook, in conjunction with the serving-monks, prepared our meal in the kitchen, each of us retired to his cell to catch a moment's repose, or contemplate the extraordinary prospect which surrounds the monastery.

The Convent of Saint John, in the desert, is a branch of the Latin Convent of the Holy Land at Jerusalem. Those monks whose age, infirmities, or more intense desire for solitude, fit for cenobites of a severer cast, are sent to this house. It is a large and handsome building, surrounded by gardens dug in the rock, with court-yards and presses to make the excellent wine of Jerusalem. There were twenty monks when we came there; the greatest number were old Spaniards, who had passed the largest portion of their lives in the exercise of the functions of a priest, either at Jerusalem, Bethlehem, or some of the other towns of Palestine. Some were noviciates, but recently arrived from their convents in Spain; the eight or ten days that we passed with them impressed us with high conceptions of their character, their charity, and the purity of their lives. The superior, especially, was the most perfect model of Christian virtues; simplicity, mildness, humility, unshaken patience, a kindness always full of grace, a zeal always in place, indefatigable attentions to the brotherhood and to strangers, without distinction of rank or wealth, an enlightened faith, active and contemplative at the same time, serenity in disposition, speech, and countenance, which no contradiction could disturb. He presented us with one of those rare examples of what the perfection of the religious principle can produce on the mind of man; the mortal was there only in his visible form, the soul was already transformed into something superhuman, angelic, deified, which shuns admiration whilst commanding it. We were all equally struck, masters and domestics, Christians or Arabs, with the pervading sanctity of this excellent monk: his mind appeared possessed by all the fathers and brethren

of the convent; for, in different degrees, we perceived in all a portion of the qualities of the superior, and this abode of charity and peace left in us an undying recollection. The monkish state, in the present age, has always appeared to me contrary to reason and common sense; but a consideration of the Convent of Saint John the Baptist would tend to destroy those ideas, if it were not an exception, and if what is repugnant to nature, to family, and social ties, ever could be a justifiable institution. As for the convents of the Holy Land, they are not exactly to be viewed in this light; they are useful to the world by the asylum which they afford to pilgrims from the West—by the example of Christian virtues they may give to people who know not these virtues—and, finally, by the connection which they alone keep up between certain portions of the East, and the nations of the West.

The fathers disturbed us towards evening, and conducted us to the refectory, where our servants and theirs had prepared our repast. The meal, like that of every day we spent in the convent, consisted of omelets, of pieces of mutton strung on an iron skewer and roasted before the fire, and of a rice pilau. We tasted, for the first time, the excellent white wine made from the vines in the vicinity; it is the only wine known in Judea. The brotherhood of Saint John the Baptist are the only persons who know how to make it, and they furnish all the convents in Palestine. I bought a small cask of it, which I sent to Europe. During the repast, all the monks walked up and down the refectory conversing in turns with us; the superior watched that nothing was wanting to us, served us often with his own hands, and went to fetch us, from the repositories of the convent, liqueurs, chocolate, and all the dainties still remaining from the last cargo dispatched from Spain. After supper, we accompanied them to the terrace of the monastery; it is the habitual promenade of the monks in times of plague, and they frequently remain thus shut up, for several months in the year. "But," said they to us, "this seclusion is less painful than you may think, for it gives us the right of shutting our gates to the Arabs of the country, who torment us at all other times with their visits and demands. When the quarantine is removed, the convent is always full of these insatiable people, and we prefer the plague to the necessity of entertaining them." I easily believed them, when I had myself come to know these Arabs.

The village of Saint John in the desert is situated on a detached hill, surrounded on all sides by deep and gloomy precipices, the bottoms of which are hidden from sight, falling down the almost perpendicular rock beneath the windows of the convent. The rocks are scooped into deep caverns by nature herself, which the ascetics of the first ages dived into to lead the life of eagles or pigeons. Here and there on slopes, somewhat less grim, vine-plants are seen twining up the trunks of small fig-trees, and creeping along the rock. Such is the appearance of all these solitudes. A grey tint, speckled with yellowish green, covers the whole landscape; from the roof of the convent, the eye plunges on all sides into bottomless abysses. A few mean dwellings of Mahometan and Christian Arabs, are scattered on the peaks under the shadow of the monastery. These Arabs are the most ferocious and perfidious of mortals. They acknowledge the authority of Abougosh, at whose name the monks grow pale. They could not understand by what seduction or influence that chief had welcomed us so frankly, and given his own nephew for our guide; they suspected in it some high diplomatic purpose, and never ceased inquiring about my protection from the tyrant of their tyrants. On the approach of night, we descended, and passed the evening in agreeable conversation with the amiable superior and the good Spanish fathers. They were strangers to every thing; no intelligence from Europe pierces these inaccessible mountains. They were perfectly at a loss to comprehend the recent French revolution. "But," said they, at the conclusion of our relation, "provided the king of France be a Catholic, and he protects the convents of the Holy Land, all is right." They showed us their chapel, a

beautiful small nave, built on the spot where the forerunner of the Christ was born, ornamented with an organ, as well as with several mediocre paintings of the Spanish school.

In the morning, we could not resist the desire of gaining at least a distant glimpse of Jerusalem. We made our arrangements with the monks; it was agreed that we should leave at the monastery a part of our people, horses, and baggage; that we should take with us only the horsemen of Abougosh, the Egyptian soldiers, and the Arab domestics, who were indispensable, to take charge of our saddle-horses; that we should not enter the town; that we should content ourselves with making the circuit of it, avoiding all contact with the inhabitants; and that, if, by accident or otherwise, such contact should occur, we would not again seek to enter the convent, but should withdraw our effects and people, and encamp in the environs of Jerusalem. These conditions were accepted, and without other guarantee than our word and veracity, we departed.

JERUSALEM.

On the 28th October, at five o'clock in the morning, we prepare to leave the desert of Saint John the Baptist. We await the dawn on horseback, in the court of the convent, enclosed with high walls, in order that we might avoid coming in the dark upon the infected Arabs and Turks of the village and of Bethlehem. At half past five we are on our march. We scale a mountain boset with enormous grey rocks, detached in blocks as if parted with the hammer. A few creeping vines, with the yellow leaves of autumn, hang along the small cleared spots in the intervals of the rocks, and immense protrusions of stone, similar to those spoken of in the Song of Songs, rise up amidst these vines. Fig-trees, the branches of which are already despoiled of their leaves, are sprinkled on the edges of the vines, and their blackened fruit is strewn upon the rocks. On our right, the desert of Saint John, in which the voice—the voice crying in the wilderness—is re-echoed, sinks into a terrific abyss between five or six high black mountains, and in the intervals, left by their stony peaks, the horizon of the Egyptian Sea, covered with a gloomy vapour, opens to our eyes. On our left, and quite near to us, is the ruin of an ancient tower or castle, on the point of a lofty knoll, which is crumbling into decay like all around it. Other ruins, like the arches of an aqueduct, are seen descending from this castle down the slopes of the hill; some vines are growing from their feet, and casting on the falling arches their pale and yellow tinge. One or two turpentine trees spring isolated from amidst these ruins. It is Modin, the palace and tomb of the last heroic men of sacred history—the Maccabees. We leave behind us these remains glittering in the highest rays of morning. These rays are not confounded in a vague confusing light, in a dazzling and universal radiancy, as in Europe; they break from the tops of the mountains which hide Jerusalem from us, like streaks of fire variously tinted, united at their centre, and diverging in the atmosphere as they depart from it. Some are of a gently-silvered azure, others of a dull white; now of a delicate vermilion, growing faint at the edges, now of a burning red like the flames of a conflagration, divided, and yet harmoniously agreeing, by their successive and merging tints. They resemble a dazzling rainbow, whose arch is broken and mingled in the atmosphere. This is the third time that this beautiful phenomenon of the rising or the setting of the sun has offered itself to us in this guise, since we have been in the mountainous regions of Galilee and Judea; it is the dawn or twilight as the old masters represent them, which seem false to those who have not seen the reality. As the day advances, the distinct brightness, and the azure or heated hue of each of these luminous streaks, diminish, and are lost in the general glare; and the moon, which hung above our heads, yet red and fiery, wanes, assumes the colour of pearl, and sinks into the depth of heaven,

like a silver ring disappearing as it descends into deep water.

After ascending a second mountain, higher and more naked still than the first, the horizon expands all at once upon the right, and gives a view of the whole space which stretches between the last peaks of Judea on which we stand, and the high mountainous chain of Arabia. This space is already overspread with the fleecy and waving light of morning. Beyond the lesser hills, beneath our feet, broken and split into grey and crumbling blocks of rock, the eye distinguishes nothing but this dazzling expanse, so similar to a vast sea that the illusion was perfect; and it appears to us as if we can discern those patches of deep shade, and those smooth and silvery sheets, that the rising sun brightens or darkens on a calm sea. On the edge of this imaginary ocean, a little on the left, and about a league from us, the sun glitters on a square tower, on a lofty minaret, and on the broad yellow walls of some buildings which crown the summit of a low hill, the hill itself concealing from us their base; but from the spires of the minarets, the battlements of the more elevated walls, and the black and blue summits of the domes rising behind the tower, and the great minaret, we recognise a town of which we can perceive only the more elevated part, and which descends down the sides of the hill: it can be none other than Jerusalem. We believed ourselves much farther removed from it, and each of us, afraid to inquire of our guide lest the illusion should be destroyed, enjoyed in silence this first glance cast stealthily upon the town; and all conveyed to me the name of Jerusalem!

It was so; it stood out, sombrely and heavily, from the blue depths of heaven, and the black sides of the Mount of Olives. We reined in our horses to behold it in this mysterious and awe-inspiring appearance. Each step that we had to make, in descending into the deep and gloomy valleys which were below our feet, would conceal it again from our eyes. Beyond those lofty walls and domes, a high and broad hill arose upon a second outline, darker than that which bore and concealed the town, bounding and terminating our horizon. The sun left in the shade its western side, but settling with its vertical rays on its peak, like a large cupola, it appeared to make its transparent summits float in the air, and the uncertain limit of earth and sky was marked only by a few large black trees, planted on the most elevated point, through which the rays of the sun were passing—it was the Mount of Olives! It was those very olives themselves, the venerable witnesses of so many days, written on earth and in heaven, watered by divine tears, and by the bloody sweat, and by so many other tears and agonies since the night which has consecrated them! We had a confused view of some others forming dark spots on the declivities, and then the walls of Jerusalem intercepted the horizon, and hid the foot of the Sacred Mount.

Nearer to us, and immediately beneath our eyes, was nothing but a stony wilderness, which serves as an approach to the city of stones. These immense embedded stones, of a uniform ashy grey, extend from the spot where we stood to the gates of Jerusalem. Hills sink and rise, narrow valleys encircle and wind amongst their roots, and even expand here and there, as if to deceive the eye of man, and promise him vegetation; but all is of stone, hills, valleys, and plains. There is a layer, ten or twelve feet thick, of bedded rocks, with intervals between them, large enough only for reptiles to creep, or to break the leg of a camel, plunging down. If we represent to ourselves high walls of colossal stones, like those of the Coliseum or the great Roman theatres, falling in a single piece, and covering, with their enormous and sunken sides, the earth which sustains them, we shall have an exact idea of the layer and description of rock which is every where gathered on these nearest ramparts of the city of the desert. The nearer we approach, the more the stones crowd together, and rise, like perpetual avalanches, ready to fall upon the wayfarer. The last steps that are made before opening upon Jerusalem, are hollowed through a dismal

and immoveable avenue of these rocks, which rise ten feet above the head of the traveller, and permit only a sight of the sky immediately above.

We were in this last and mournful avenue, and marched in it for a quarter of an hour, when the rocks, retiring on a sudden to the right and left, brought us face to face with the walls of Jerusalem, upon which we verged before we were aware. A space of a hundred paces was alone between us and the gate of Bethlehem. This interval, barren and undulating, like the banks which surround fortified places in Europe, extended to the right into a narrow vale, sinking in a gentle slope, and to the left were five old olive trunks, half bent beneath the weight of age and of the sun; trees that might be called petrified, like the sterile soil from which they sprang with such effort. The gate of Bethlehem, commanded by two towers, with Gothic battlements, deserted and silent as the gates of a ruined castle, was open before us. We remained a few minutes in motionless contemplation; we burned with desire to pass it, but the plague was at its highest state of intensity in the city; and we had been received at the Convent of St John the Baptist, on the most express and formal promise not to enter it. We did not enter; but turning to the left, we slowly descended, skirting the high walls built behind a deep ravine or ditch, in which we perceived, from time to time, the stone foundations of Herod's ancient enclosure. At every step we met Turkish burial-places, whitened with tomb-stones, surmounted by a turban. These cemeteries, which every night the plague was peopling, were filled, here and there, with groups of Turkish and Arab women, weeping for their husbands or their fathers. Some tents were fixed on the tombs, and seven or eight women, seated or on their knees, holding beautiful infants to the breast, were uttering, at intervals, harmonious lamentations, funeral songs, or prayers, the religious melancholy of which accorded wonderfully with the desolate scene before our eyes. These women were without veils: some were young and pretty. They had at their sides baskets full of artificial flowers, and painted in brilliant colours, which they planted round the tombs, watering them with their tears. They bent down, from time to time, towards the earth, recently disturbed, and chanted to the dead some verses of their lament, appearing to speak to him in a low voice; then, remaining silent, with the ears close to the monument, they had the appearance of waiting and listening for the reply. These groups of women and children, seated there the whole day to weep, were the only sign of life and human occupancy that appeared to us in our circuit round the walls. No noise, no smoke arose; and some pigeons, flying from the fig-trees to the battlements, and from the battlements to the edges of the sacred pools, gave the only movement, the sole murmur, in this mournful compass.

Half-way down the descent which conducted us to Kedron and the foot of the Mount of Olives, we saw a deep, open grotto, not far from the ditch of the town, under a hillock of yellow rock. I would not stop at it; I wished to see Jerusalem, and nothing but Jerusalem, entirely, and with uninterrupted purpose, together with its valleys and hills, its Jehoshaphat and its Kedron, its temple and its sepulchre, its ruins and its horizon!

We afterwards passed before the gate of Damascus, a beautiful monument of the Arab taste, flanked with two towers, opened by a broad, high, and elegant ogive, and surmounted by battlements in arabesque, in the form of stone turbans. Then we doubled, to the right, the angle of the walls, which form, on the northern side, a regular square, and having on our left the deep and gloomy valley of Gethsemane, the bottom of which is occupied and filled by the dry torrent of Kedron. We followed, to the gate of Saint Stephen, a narrow path, touching the walls, interrupted by two pools, in one of which Christ cured the palsy. This pathway hangs upon the edge of a narrow margin, which surmounts the precipice of Gethsemane and the valley of Jehoshaphat; at the gate of Saint Stephen it is interrupted in its course by the perpendicular terraces which bore

Solomon's temple, and sustain at present Omar's mosque; and a rapid and wide declivity sinks all at once to the left towards the bridge which crosses Kedron, and leads to Gethsemane and the Garden of Olives. We passed this bridge, and dismounted once more from our horses in front of a charming edifice, of the composite order, but of a severe and antique character, which is, as it were, buried in the lowest depths of the valley of Gethsemane, and fills its entire breadth. It is the assigned tomb of the Virgin, the mother of Christ; it belongs to the Armenians, whose convents were the most ravaged by the plague. We did not, therefore, enter the sanctuary of the tomb. I contented myself with falling on my knees upon the marble step of the outer court of this handsome temple, and invoking the blessing of her whom every mother early teaches her child to piously and affectionately worship. On rising, I perceived behind me an enclosure, of about an acre in extent, touching, on one side, the high bank of the brook Kedron, and rising gently, on the other, to the base of the Mount of Olives. A low wall of stones, without cement, surrounded this field, and eight olive trees, separated from each other thirty or forty paces, covered it almost entirely with their shade. These olives are some of the largest trees of the species that I have ever met with; tradition carries their age to the memorable date of the Saviour's agony, who had selected them to hide his divine anguish. Their appearance would confirm, if necessary, the tradition which consecrates them; their prodigious roots, like the accumulations of centuries, have lifted up the earth and stones which covered them, and, rising several feet above the level of the soil, offer to the pilgrim natural seats, on which he can kneel or sit, to gather the holy thoughts which descend from their silent branches. A knotty trunk, grooved and hollowed by age into, as it were, deep wrinkles, rises like a large column from these groups of roots, and, as if overcome and bent by the weight of years, leans to the right or to the left, and droops its vast interwoven branches, which the axe has a hundred times pruned, to restore to youthful vigour. These old and ponderous branches, which are bent downwards, bear others of less mature age, which stand erect towards heaven, and send out shoots, one or two years' old, topped by clusters of leaves and small blue olives, which fall like celestial relics on the foot of the Christian traveller. I separated from the caravan, which had halted round the Virgin's tomb, and I seated myself, for a moment, on the roots of the most lonely and aged of these olives; its branches intercepted the view of the walls of Jerusalem, and its large trunk concealed me from the observation of the shepherds who were feeding their flocks on the slopes of the Mount of Olives. I could only see the deep and rugged ravine of Kedron, and the tops of some other olives, which fill up the breadth of the valley of Jehoshaphat. Not a murmur arose from the waterless brook; not a leaf shook upon the tree; I closed my eyes, and carried back my thoughts to that night, the eve of the redemption of the human race, in which the Divine Messenger had drained the dregs of the cup of agony, before receiving death from the hands of men, as the reward of his celestial revelation. I asked my part of that salvation which he had borne to the world at so high a sacrifice; I represented to myself the flood of anguish which must have poured upon the heart of the Son of Man, when he contemplated, at one view, all the miseries, darknesses, woes, vanities, and wickednesses, in the lot of mortals; when he wished to remove that load of crimes and griefs under which all humanity, bowed down and groaning, passes into the narrow vale of tears; when he found that not even truth and consolation could be imparted to mankind, but at the price of his life; when, recoiling with affright from the shadow of death, which he already felt upon him, he said to his father, "Let this cup pass from me!" And I, a miserable, ignorant, insignificant mortal, could also cry at the foot of the tree of human weakness, "Oh Lord! Let all these cups of bitterness be put away from me, and be poured by you into that cup already drained for us all! He, he had the force to

drink it to the dregs. He had known and seen you; he knew wherefore he was about to drink it; he knew the immortal life that awaited him in the depths of his three days' tomb; but I, oh Lord, what know I but the woe which tears my heart, and the hope which he has taught me?"

I arose, and gazed in admiration on this spot, divinely predestined and chosen for the most agonising scene in the passion of the Saviour. It was a valley, narrow, entombed, and deeply sunk; closed on the north by the gloomy and bare ridges which bore the tombs of the kings; overshadowed on the west by the sombre and colossal walls of a city of iniquities; overcast on the east by the peaks of the Mountain of Olives, and traversed by a torrent which rolled its bitter and yellow waters over the broken rocks of the valley of Jehoshaphat. At a few paces distant, a black and naked rock stood out like a promontory from the foot of the mountain, and, suspended over Kedron and the vale, bore some old tombs of kings and patriarchs, carved in huge and fantastic architecture, and shot out like the bridge of death over the vale of tears!

At that period, doubtless, the slopes of the Mount of Olives, now nearly bare, were irrigated by the water of the pools and the yet flowing stream of Kedron. Gardens of pomegranates, oranges, and olives, covered with a thicker shade the confined valley of Gethsemane, which is hollowed, like a nest of sorrow, in the narrowest and darkest depth of Jehoshaphat. The man of opprobrium, the man of grief, might hide himself there among the roots of trees, and the rocks of the torrent, under the triple shadow of the city, the mountain, and the night. He might hear from there the stealthy steps of his mother and his disciples, who were in search of their son and their master; the confused noises, the brutish acclamations of the city, which arose above his head, in stupid joy at having vanquished truth and chased away justice; and the murmuring of Kedron which flowed beneath his feet, and which was soon to see its city overthrown, and its springs destroyed, by the ruin of a wicked and blind nation. Could the Saviour have chosen a more fitting place for his tears? Could he have moistened with his bloody sweat a land more ploughed with miseries, more soaked with sadness, more drowned with lamentations?

I remounted my horse, and in a quarter of an hour I climbed up the Mount of Olives, turning my head every instant to see something more of the valley and the city; every step that my horse made on the path leading up the mount, disclosed to me a quarter, an edifice more of Jerusalem. I reached the summit, crowned by a mosque in ruins, covering the place where Christ ascended into heaven after the resurrection. I descended a little on the right of this mosque to arrive at two broken columns, lying on the ground at the feet of some olive trees, upon a level, which looks, at the same time, on Jerusalem, Sion, and the valleys of Saint-Saba, which lead to the Dead Sea. The Dead Sea itself was glittering between the peaks of the mountains and the vast horizon, furrowed with numerous ridges terminating at the mountains of Arabia. Here I seated myself: behold the scene before me!

The Mount of Olives, on the summit of which I am sitting, descends in a sudden and steep declivity to the deep abyss which divides it from Jerusalem, and which is called the valley of Jehoshaphat. From the bottom of this gloomy and narrow vale, whose naked sides are streaked with white and black stones, the dismal stones of death, arises an immense and broad hill, whose precipitous inclination resembles that of a high tottering rampart; no tree can fix its roots, not even moss can hang its filaments; the declivity is so steep, that the soil and the stones are perpetually sinking down, and nothing is presented to the eye but a surface of dry and withered earth, like heaps of ashes. About the middle of this hill, or natural rampart, high and strong walls of broad stones, unchiselled on their exterior, are planted, their Roman and Hebraic foundations concealed under the ashes which are collected round their bases, and elevated fifty, a hundred, and,

farther on, two and three hundred feet high. The walls are pierced by three gates, two of which are built up; and one of them, open before us, seems as void and deserted as if it gave entrance to an uninhabited town. The walls rise also above these gates, and support a wide and extensive terrace, which stretches two-thirds of the length of Jerusalem, on the side which looks to the east; this terrace, computed by the eye, may be 1000 feet long, and 600 to 700 wide; it is almost perfectly level, except at its centre, where it sinks insensibly, as if to recall to the eye the shallow valley which formerly separated the hill of Sion from the city of Jerusalem. This magnificent platform, doubtless prepared by nature, but evidently finished by the hand of man, was the sublime pedestal on which arose the Temple of Solomon; it bears, at the present day, two Turkish mosques; the one, El-Sakara, in the centre of the platform, on the very site where the temple must have stood; the other, at the south-east extremity of the terrace, touching the walls of the town. The mosque of Omar, or El-Sakara, an admirable edifice of Arabian architecture, is of immense dimensions, with eight sides, and built of stone and marble. Each front is ornamented with seven arcades terminated in ogive; above this first range a terraced roof stretches, whence springs another tier of narrower arcades, crowned by a graceful dome covered with copper, formerly gilded with gold. The walls of the mosque are decorated with a blue enamel; to the right and to the left extend broad partition walls, terminated by light Moorish colonnades, corresponding to the eight doors of the mosque. Beyond these detached colonnades, the platform continues and terminates, on one of its sides, at the north part of the town, on the other, at the walls on the south. Lofty cypress trees, scattered as if by chance, olives and green plants growing here and there between the mosques, heighten the effect of their elegant architecture, and the dazzling colour of their walls, by their pyramidal form and sombre verdure.

Above the two mosques and the site of the temple, all Jerusalem stretches out and spouts up, if I may say so, before us, without the eye losing a roof or a stone, like the plan of a town in relief which an artist exhibits on a table. The city, not as it has been represented to us, a shapeless and confused heap of ruins and ashes, on which a few Arab huts are erected, or Bedouin tents planted—not like Athens, a chaos of dust and crumbled walls, in which the traveller vainly seeks the outline of edifices, the track of streets, the image of a town—but a city brilliant in aspect and colouring!—offering nobly to the eye its unbroken and embattled walls, its blue mosque with white colonnades, its thousands of resplendent domes, on which the rays of an autumnal sun fall and are reflected in dazzling vapour; the façades of houses, tinted by the suns of summer with the yellow and golden hue of the edifices of Pæstum or of Rome, its old towers, the guardians of its walls, in which not a stone, not a loop-hole, not a battlement, is deficient; and from the midst of this ocean of houses, and multitude of little domes surmounting them, a black and elliptic dome larger than the others, towered over by another white dome—it is the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary. They are confounded, and, as it were, drowned, in the immense labyrinth of domes, edifices, and streets which surround them, and it is thus difficult to account for the site of Calvary and that of the sepulchre, which, according to the ideas given us by the Gospel, should be found upon a detached hill, beyond the walls, and not in the centre of Jerusalem! The city, contracted on the side of Sion, has been doubtlessly enlarged towards the north, to embrace within its compass the two spots which cause its shame and glory, the place of punishment of the Just, and that of the resurrection of the God in Man!

Such is the town from the height of the Mount of Olives! It has no horizon behind it, neither to the west, nor to the north. The outlines of its walls and towers, the points of its numerous minarets, the arches of its shining domes, stand out naked and bluntly on the blue sky of the east, and the city, thus borne and presented

on its wide and elevated site, appears still to glitter in all the ancient splendour of its prophecies, or to wait but a word to start in full lustre from its seventeen successive ruins, and to become that *New Jerusalem*, which rises from the wilderness brilliant with brightness!*

It is the most wondrous vision that the eye can have of a town which is no more; for it seems yet to be, and to shine as a town full of youth and life; but if we regard it with greater attention, we feel that it is in fact but a beautiful image of the city of David and of Solomon. No noise is heard from its squares and streets; no longer are there roads which lead to its gates from the east and the west, from the north and the south; there are only a few paths winding at hazard amongst the rocks, in which we meet some half-clad Arabs mounted on their asses, and some Damascus camel-drivers, or some women from Bethlehem or Jericho bearing on their heads a pannier of Engaddi grapes, or a basket of pigeons, which they go to sell, at morning, under the turpentine-trees, beyond the gates of the city. We were seated all day in front of the principal gates of Jerusalem; we made the circuit of the walls in passing before all its other gates. No one entered, no one came out; the beggar even was not seated in the gateway; the sentinel did not show himself on his post—we saw nothing, we heard nothing: the same blank, the same silence at the portals of a city, with thirty thousand souls, during twelve hours of the day, as if we had passed before the dead walls of Pompeii or Herculaneum! We saw but four funeral parties issue in silence from the Damascus gate, and wind along the walls towards the Turkish cemeteries; and from the gate of Sion, as we passed it, only a poor Christian, dead that morning of the plague, whom four grave-diggers were carrying to the burying-place of the Greeks. They went close past us, cast the body of the infected on the ground wrapped in his clothes, and set themselves in silence to dig his last bed under the feet of our horses. The ground all around the town had been recently disturbed for similar burials, which the plague was every day multiplying; and the only noise heard beyond the walls of Jerusalem, was the monotonous wailing of the Turkish women who were lamenting their dead. I know not if the plague was the sole cause of the desertion of the roads, and of the profound silence around Jerusalem and within it. I do not believe it was, because the Arabs and Turks do not attempt to escape the inflictions of the Almighty, convinced that they can reach them everywhere, and that no route avoids them. A sublime conviction on their part, but one which leads to disastrous consequences!

To the left of the platform of the temple, and the walls of Jerusalem, the hill which sustains the town sinks all at once, widens, and extends in gentle slopes, supported at intervals by terraces of loose stones. On its summit, some hundreds of paces from Jerusalem, are a mosque and a group of Turkish edifices, nearly similar to a European village overtopped by its church

* [It is very necessary to recollect, that the Jerusalem of the present day does not perhaps possess a single dwelling, or piece of wall, which belonged to the ancient city, so much has it been altered and destroyed. After its last great destruction under the Roman emperor Adrian, in the year 118, it was rebuilt in a new style; and about the year 300, when Constantine was converted to Christianity, the city was greatly extended by that monarch, and his mother Helena. By this last-mentioned pious woman a number of Christian churches were erected, and at this time the spots celebrated in the Gospel history began to be consecrated and dignified with chapels and shrines, so that the original appearance of many of them was lost. The Saracens and Turks afterwards effaced many of the works of Helena, but latterly, by the plantation of monasteries in Palestine, and the flocking thither of pilgrims, almost all the spots consecrated by the sufferings of Christ have been re-adorned, and are now under the roofs of religious structures. This alteration of the original aspect of these scriptural scenes has been condemned by every traveller who has written on the subject. The present settled population of Jerusalem, Turks, Jews, and Christians, is reckoned at about 15,000.]

and its steeple. It is Sion! It is the palace! It is the tomb of David! It is the place of his inspirations and of his enjoyments, of his life and of his repose! A place doubly sacred to me, whose heart this divine songster has so often touched, and whose imagination he has so often charmed. He is the first of sentimental poets!—the king of lyrics! Never has the human chord resounded with harmony so stirring, so penetrating, and so solemn! Never has the poetic thought been raised so high, or sung so justly! Never has the soul of man expanded before men and before God in expressions and sentiments so tender, so sympathetic, and so bewildering! All the most secret agonies of the human heart have found voice and utterance on the lips and on the harp of this man! And if we go back to the remote period in which such psalms were sung on earth, if we reflect that the lyric poetry of the most civilised nations then celebrated only the praises of wine, love, blood, and the victories of the muses, and the coursers in the games of Elis, we are impressed with a profound astonishment at the mystic accents of the kingly prophet, who speaks to the Lord-Creator as friend to friend, who understands and lauds his wondrous deeds, who applauds his justice, who implores his mercy, and seems an anticipating echo of the evangelical poetry, repeating the gentle words of the Saviour before hearing them. Prophet or not, according as he may be considered by the philosopher or the Christian, none can refuse to the poet-king an inspiration which was given to no other mortal! Read Horace or Pindar after a psalm! For myself, I cannot!

I, a humble poet in a time of decay and silence, I would, if I had lived at Jerusalem, have chosen the spot for my residence, and the tomb for my repose, precisely where David has chosen his at Sion. It has the most beautiful prospect of Judea, of Palestine, and of Galilee. Jerusalem is on the left, with the temple and its buildings, on which the eyes of the king or the poet could fall without being seen from them. Before him the fertile gardens, stretching down the expiring slopes, might conduct him to the bed of the torrent, whose foam and murmur were dear to him. Beyond, the valley opens and widens; fig-trees, pomegranates, and olives, overshadow it. It was upon some of these rocks, suspended over the flowing water, in some of these re-echoing grottoes, cooled by the water-air, at the foot of some of these turpentine-trees, the ancestors of that which shades myself, that the sacred poet doubtless came to catch the whisper which inspired him so melodiously! May I not find it also to express the sadness of my heart, and of that of the human race in this unsettled age, as he sang his hopes in an age of youthfulness and faith? But there is no longer poetry in the heart of man, for despair is not tuneful. Unless a new inspiration shall descend upon our gloomy times, the lyres will remain mute, and man will pass in silence between two gulfs of doubt, without having loved, or prayed, or sung!

But I return to the palace of David. The view plunges on the ravine, at that time verdant and irrigated, of Jehoshaphat; a wide opening in the hills to the east leads from slope to slope, from ridge to ridge, to the basin of the Dead Sea, which reflects the evening rays, in its heavy and dull waters, like a thick Venetian glass, which imparts a leaden tint to the light which falls upon it. It is not what the imagination has figured to itself, a petrified lake in a mournful and monotonous landscape. It is from here one of the most beautiful of the Swiss or Italian lakes, its tranquil waters reposing under the shadow of the high mountains of Arabia, which stretch, like other Alps, out of sight behind it, between the elevated, pyramidal, indented, and glittering peaks of the concluding mountains of Judea. Such is the prospect from Sion!

There was another scene in the landscape of Jerusalem that I would have engraved in my memory, but I have neither pencil nor inspiration. It is the valley of Jehoshaphat—a valley celebrated in the traditions of three religions, in which the Jews, the Christians, and the Mahomedans, agree in placing the terrible scene of

the last judgment—a valley which has already witnessed on its banks the greatest scene in the evangelical drama—the tears, the agonies, and the death of the Saviour!—a valley, through which the prophets have passed, in their turns, uttering a cry of woe and terror, which seems still to echo!—a valley, which is destined to hear the stupendous noise of the torrent of souls rolling before God, and coming of themselves to their fatal judgment!*

Same day.—We returned to the Convent of Saint John in the wilderness, without having violated any stipulation in the compact concluded with the monks. We were received with a confidence and reliance which affected us; for if we had not been men of honour, if one of our Arabs only had escaped our watchfulness, and had communication with those who bore the infected all around us, we should have brought death perhaps to the whole community.

October 29.—At five o'clock in the morning, we departed from the wilderness of Saint John, with all our horses, escort, Arabs of Abougosh, and four horsemen, sent by the governor of Jerusalem. We pitch our camp at two gunshots from the walls, on the side of the Turkish burial-ground, all covered with little tents, in which the women come to lament. These tents are full of women, children, and slaves, bearing baskets of flowers, which they plant for the day around the tombs. Our horsemen, from Naplous, alone enter the city, to inform the governor of our arrival. Whilst they carry our message, we remove our shoes, boots, and cloth gaiters, which are susceptible of catching infection, and we cover our feet with morocco Turkish shoes; we rub ourselves with oil and garlic, a preservative which I have thought of, from the well-known fact at Constantinople, that the dealers and carriers of oil are less subject to the plague. In half an hour we perceive, issuing from the Bethlehem gate, the *kiaya* of the governor, the interpreter of the convent of Latin monks, five or six horsemen, clad in brilliant costumes, and carrying gold or silver-headed canes, our own Naplous troopers, and some young pages on horseback. We go forward to meet them; they form a circle round us; and we enter the Bethlehem gate. Three plague-corpses issued from it at the same moment, and their bearers dispute with us for an instant the passage, under the sombre arch of the gate. Immediately after clearing it, we find ourselves in a suburb, composed of small and wretched houses, and of some uncultivated gardens, the walls of which have fallen down. We follow, for a moment, the broadest road in this suburb; it leads us to one or two petty streets equally gloomy, narrow, and filthy; we perceive in these streets only the carriers of the dead, who pass with hasty steps, or range themselves against the walls, at the command, and under the raised sticks, of the governor's janissaries. Here and there are some dealers in bread and fruits, covered with rags, seated on the door-way of small shops, with their baskets on their knees, and crying their merchandise, after the manner of market people in our great towns. From time to time a woman

* [The Valley of Jehoshaphat, though only a narrow rocky glen, is one of the most interesting localities in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem. It lies on the east of the city, and through it flows the small rivulet or brook Kedron, a tributary of the Dead Sea, which lies some miles distant in an easterly direction. "Stopping for a moment among the tombs in the Turkish burying-ground, we descended towards the bridge across the brook Kedron, and the mysterious Valley of Jehoshaphat. Here I was, indeed, among the hallowed places of the Bible. Here all was as nature had left it, and spared by the desecrating hand of man; and as I gazed upon the vast sepulchral monuments, the tombs of Abraham, Zechariah, and Jehoshaphat, and the thousands and thousands of Hebrew tombstones covering the declivity of the mountain, I had no doubt I was looking upon that great gathering-place where, three thousand years ago, the Jew buried his dead under the shadow of the Temple of Solomon; and where, even at this day, in every country where his race is known, it is the dearest wish of his heart that his bones may be laid to rest among those of his long-buried ancestors."—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*]

veiled appears at the wooden bars of a window, or a boy opens a low and dark door, and goes to purchase for the family the day's provision. The streets are every where obstructed with rubbish, heaps of filth, and, above all, with loads of blue cloth, or stuff shreds, which the wind sweeps about like dead leaves, and with which we are unable to avoid contact. It is from the filth and rags with which the streets of eastern towns are covered, that the plague is chiefly communicated. Hitherto we had seen nothing in the streets of Jerusalem which proclaimed the residence of a nation—no symptom of wealth, activity, or life—the exterior aspect had deceived us, as we had been so frequently before deceived in other towns of Greece and Syria. The most miserable hamlet on the Alps or Pyrenees, the most obscure alleys of our suburbs, abandoned to the lowest classes of the population, have more cleanliness, luxury, and elegance, than the deserted streets of the queen of cities. We only met a few Bedouins, mounted on Arab mares, whose feet slid or plunged into the holes with which the pavement is well supplied. These men have not the noble and chivalric air of the Arab sheiks of Syria and Lebanon; they have, on the contrary, the ferocious countenance, the vulture-eye, and the costume of brigands.

We were stopped in our progress, through streets similar to each other in all particulars, from time to time, by the interpreter of the Latin convent, who, showing us a Turkish house in ruins, an old gate of worn-out wood, or the remains of a Moorish window, said to us, "There is the house of Veronica—there the gate of the Wandering Jew—there the window of the Pretor;" words which only excited in us a painful impression, belied as they were by the evidently modern appearance, and by the palpable improbability of such arbitrary demonstrations—pious frauds, of which no one is guilty, because they date from a remote period, and they have been repeated perhaps for ages to the pilgrims, whose ignorant credulity had first originated them. We were shown, at last, the roof of the Latin convent, but we could not enter. The monks keep quarantine; the monastery is closed in times of plague. A small house, which depends on it, alone remains open for strangers, under the direction of the monk, who is priest, or rector, of Jerusalem; it possesses but one or two rooms, which are occupied; and we pass on. We are led into a small square court, surrounded on all sides by high arcades surmounted by terraces—it is the court of a convent. The monks come out upon the terraces, and converse a few moments with us in Spanish and Italian. None of them speak French; those whom we see are almost all aged men, with a mild, venerable, and contented aspect. They welcome us with gaiety and cordiality, and appear greatly to regret that the prevalent calamity interdicts all communication with guests, exposed as we are to take and impart the plague. We give them news from Europe, and they offer us all the comforts that the country affords. A butcher kills sheep for us in the court. They lower us fresh bread by a cord from the terrace. We receive from them, by the same means, a store of crosses, chaplets, and other pious curiosities, of which they always keep abundant supplies. We hand them, in exchange, some alms, and letters with which their friends in Cyprus and Syria had charged us for them. Every object that passes from us to them is first subjected to a rigorous fumigation, then plunged into a pitcher of cold water, and at last hoisted to the top of the terrace in a brass basin, suspended by a string. These poor monks appear more terrified than we at the danger which surrounds them. They have so often had experience that a slight neglect in the observation of the sanitary rules carries off in a few hours an entire convent, that they adhere to them with scrupulous fidelity. They are unable to comprehend how we should throw ourselves voluntarily, and with gay hearts, into this ocean of contagion, a single spray from which turns them pale. The priest of Jerusalem, on the contrary, forced by his duty to partake the risks of his parishioners, wishes to persuade us that there is no plague.

After half an hour's conversation with these monks, the bell calls them to mass. We return them our thanks; they give us their good wishes for a safe journey. We send to our camp the stores and provisions we have obtained, and leave the court of the convent.

After traversing some other streets similar to those which I have just described, we come upon a small square, looking to the north upon a corner of the Hill of Olives. On our left, some steps of descent lead us to a courtyard, on which stands the front of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The church of the Holy Sepulchre has been so often and so well described, that I will not describe it afresh. It is, especially on the exterior, a vast and splendid monument of the Byzantine era; its architecture is solemn, imposing, and rich, for the period in which it was constructed; it is a worthy memento raised by the piety of men over the tomb of the Son of Man. Comparing this church with any of the same epoch, we find it superior in every respect. Saint Sophia, much more colossal, is also much more barbaric in its form; it is but a mountain of stones, flanked by hills of stones. Saint Sepulchre, on the contrary, is an airy and chiselled cupola, in which the artistic and graceful workmanship of the doors, windows, capitals, and cornices, gives to the mass the inestimable value of skilful labour; in which the stone has been carved to be rendered worthy of making part of a monument, elevated to the grandest of human ideas; in which the very belief that has reared it, is written in the details as well as in the entirety of the edifice. It is true, that the church of the Holy Sepulchre is not such, at the present day, as Saint Helena, mother of Constantine, constructed it; the kings of Jerusalem retouched and embellished it with the ornaments of that architecture, half western, half Moorish, the taste and models for which they had picked up in the East. But such as it now is, on its exterior, with its Byzantine body, and Greek, Gothic, and Arabic decorations, with its very rents, the marks of time and barbarism, remaining on its façade, it presents no repugnant contrast to the thoughts we bear to it, or to the thoughts which it expresses; we do not experience, on beholding it, that distressing impression of a grand conception ill executed, of a sublime recollection profaned by the hands of men; on the contrary, we exclaim involuntarily, "This is what I expected! Man has done all he could. The monument is not worthy of the tomb, but it is worthy of the mortal race, anxious to do honour to the great sepulchre." We enter the arched and sombre vestibule of the nave with this solemn feeling.

On entering the vestibule, which opens directly on the court, we perceive, to the left, in the hollow of a wide deep niche, the divan which the Turks have there established; they are the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, and they alone have the right of opening and shutting it. When I passed, five or six venerable Turks, with long white beards, were sitting cross-legged on this divan, covered with rich Aleppo carpets; coffee-cups and pipes were beside them on the carpets; they saluted us with dignity and grace, and gave orders to one of the watchers to accompany us into all parts of the church. I saw nothing in their countenances, their words, or their gestures, of that irreverence with which they are accused. They do not enter the church, they remain at the door; they speak to the Christians with the gravity and respect which the place and the object of the visit require. Possessors, by right of conquest, of the sacred monument of the Christians, they do not destroy it, they cast not its ashes to the winds; they preserve it; they maintain order, regularity, and a silent reverence in it, which the Christian communions, who dispute amongst themselves, are very far from guarding. They watch, in order that the relic, common to all that bears the name of Christian, may be preserved for all, in order that each communion may enjoy, in its turn, the opportunity of worship at the Holy Tomb. Without the Turks, this tomb, which is claimed by the Greeks, the Catholics, and the innumerable ramifications of the Christian idea, would have been a hundred times an object of contest amongst these rival and bitter creeds,

would have passed in exclusive possession from the one to the other, and would, without question, have been interdicted to the enemies of the triumphant communion. I see nothing in this to accuse and malign the Turks. The pretended brutal intolerance of which the ignorant accuse them, is only manifested in forbearance and respect for what other men venerate and adore. Wherever the Mussulman perceives the idea of God in the mind of his fellow-creature, he bows and respects. He believes that the idea sanctifies the form. They are the only tolerant people. Let Christians interrogate and ask themselves, in good faith, what they would have done if the destinies of war had delivered to them Mecca and the Kaaba? Would they have allowed the Turks to come from all parts of Asia and Europe to venerate in peace the monuments preserved of Islamism?

At the bottom of the vestibule we found ourselves under the large cupola of the church. The centre of this cupola, which the local traditions assert is the centre of the world, is occupied by a small monument, as one precious stone is enchased in another. This interior monument is an oblong square, adorned with pillars, a cornice, and cupola, of marble, the whole in bad taste, and of a laboured fantastic design. It was reconstructed in 1817, by a European architect, at the expense of the Greek Church, which now possesses it. All around this interior erection, the great external cupola extends without obstruction. We make the circuit freely, and find between the pillars large and deep chapels, which are each consecrated to one of the mysteries of Christ's passion. They all contain some real or supposititious evidences of the scenes of the Redemption. The part of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is not under the cupola, is exclusively reserved to the sect of Greeks; a separation of painted wood, covered with the pictures of the Greek worship, divides one nave from the other.* Notwithstanding the absurd profusion of bad paintings, and of all sorts of ornaments with which the walls and the altar are surcharged, the whole has a solemn and religious effect; we feel that adoration in various forms has possessed this sanctuary, and accumulated all that superstitious but fervent generations have believed most precious before God. A staircase cut in the rock leads to the top of Calvary, where the three crosses were planted. Thus Calvary, the Sepulchre, and several other sites of the action of the Redemption, are found gathered under the roof of a single edifice of moderate extent. This appears little conformable to the recitals of the Evangelists, and we are very far from expecting to find the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea cut in the rock beyond the walls of Sion, fifty paces from Calvary, the place of executions, and contained within the enclosure of modern walls; but such are the traditions, and they have prevailed.† The mind does not contest, on such a scene, a few paces of difference between historical probabilities and traditions, nor whether it were here or there, since it is certainly not far from the positions pointed out.

* [On the 12th of March 1808, a great portion of the edifice was destroyed by fire, which consumed the Armenian chapel, the cells of the Franciscans, the chapel of the Virgin, and the great dome. It likewise destroyed many of the fine marble columns and mosaic works of its founder, St Helena. The sepulchre itself was not injured. The present building was commenced immediately afterwards, and finished in September 1810. It happened that, at the time of the conflagration, the funds of the Terra Santa [Roman Catholic missionaries] were very low, and that at this epoch the attention of the Church of Rome was otherwise engaged, and the devotional fervour of Christians in Europe (according to the report of the monks) somewhat relaxed. The consequence was, that the Greeks, backed by their co-religionists, the Russians, having offered to defray the expenses of reconstruction, were put in possession of what was esteemed the most valuable portions of the edifice.—*Robinson's Travels in Palestine and Syria.*]

† [The first founders of the church, in order to reduce the rocky inequalities of Calvary to a plain area, were obliged to cut away several parts of the rock, and to elevate others, taking care that none of those parts of the hill which were reckoned to be more immediately concerned in our Lord's passion, should be altered or diminished.—*The same authority.*]

After a moment of profound and silent meditation in each of these sacred places, induced by the recollection which it individually recalled, we descended again to the enclosure of the church, and we entered the interior monument, which serves as a stone curtain or covering to the sepulchre itself. It is divided into two small sanctuaries. In the first is shown the stone on which the angels were seated when they answered the holy women: "He is not there; he has risen." The second and last sanctuary contains the sepulchre, yet covered with a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, which surrounds and entirely conceals from the eye the substance of the primitive rock, out of which the tomb was hollowed. Gold and silver lamps, kept perpetually burning, light this chapel, and frankincense is burned night and day. The air is warm and scented. We entered it one by one, separately, without permitting any of the servants of the temple to follow us. We were separated by a curtain of crimson silk from the first sanctuary. We were unwilling that observation should interrupt the solemnity of the place, or the intensity of the impressions which it might inspire in each, according to his tone of mind and according to the measure and nature of his belief in the great event which this tomb recalls; each of us remained in it a quarter of an hour, and no one came out with dry eyes.

Whatsoever was the form which internal meditation, the perusal of history, the effects of time, the changes in the human heart and mind, might have given to the religious sentiment within him; whether he had preserved the very letter of Christianity, the teaching of his mother; whether he possessed but a philosophic Christianity, according to its spirit; whether Christ were to him a crucified God; whether he saw in Him only the most holy of men apotheosised for his virtue, inspired by supreme truth, and dying to testify to His father; whether Jesus were in his eyes the Son of God, or the Son of Man; divinity made man, or humanity made divine—Christianity is still always the religion of his remembrances, his heart, and his imagination; and let it be ever so evaporated in the whirlwind of the age and of life, so that the mind which has once imbibed it preserves but the first impression, the visible appearance of the places and monuments of his original creed must renew in him all such feelings, and make him shudder with solemn awe. For the Christian or the philosopher, for the moralist or the historian, this sepulchre is the boundary which separates two worlds, the ancient and the modern; it is the departing point of an idea which has revived the world, of a civilisation which has changed all things, of a word which has echoed throughout the globe. This sepulchre is the tomb of the old world, and the cradle of the new. Upon no rock here below has so vast a superstructure been founded; no tomb has been so fruitful; no doctrine buried three days, or three ages, has shivered in so triumphant a manner the stone that man had rolled upon it, and given the lie to death by so astounding and eternal a resurrection!

I entered in my turn, and the last, into the Holy Sepulchre, my mind besieged by these overwhelming ideas, my heart moved by such inward emotions as remain mysteries between man and his soul, between the reflecting insect and the Creator. These emotions cannot be written down; they exhale amidst the smoke of the consecrated lamps, amidst the perfume of the censers, amidst the vague murmur of sighs; they fall with the tears which start to the eyes at the recollection of the first names we have lisped in our infancy, of the father and the mother who taught us them, of the brothers, the sisters, and the friends, with whom we hummed them. All the pious thoughts which have stirred the soul in all the epochs of life, all the prayers which have sprung from the heart and the lips, in the name of him who teaches us to pray to his father and ours; all the joys and afflictions of which these prayers were the expression, re-awaken in the receptacles of the heart, and produce, by their vibration and tumultuousness, that overpowering of the intellect, and that melting of the heart, which find no words, but are resolved into moistened eyes, a heaving chest, a forehead lowly

bent, and a mouth which silently presses the sepulchral stone. I remained thus a long time, praying to Heaven, to the Father, in the very place where the most divine of prayers first mounted to Heaven; praying for my father here below, for my mother in another world, for all those who are, or who are not, with whom the invisible link has never been broken. The communion of love never dies; the names of all the beings whom I have known, loved, by whom I have been loved, passed from my lips in the prayer at the Holy Sepulchre. Last of all, I prayed for myself; my prayer was ardent and vigorous. I asked for truth and courage, before the tomb of him who brought the greatest truth into the world, and died with the most perfect devotedness to that truth of which God had constituted him the Word; I will for ever remember the words which I murmured in that critical moment of my moral life. Perhaps I was favourably heard: a powerful ray of reason and conviction fell upon my mind, and separated more distinctly the light from the darkness, error from truth. There are moments of life when the thoughts of men, long vague and doubtful, unsettled as the waves, at length reach a point at which they are stayed, and returned upon themselves in new conformations, and in a direction contrary to that which has impelled them there. This was for me one of those moments: he who dives into hearts and thoughts knows it, and I myself will comprehend it one day. It was a mystery in my life which will be revealed hereafter.

Same date.—On leaving the church of the Holy Sepulchre, we follow the Mournful Way, of which M^r de Chateaubriand has given so poetical an itinerary. Nothing imposing, nothing proved, nothing probable; ruins of modern construction pointed out by the monks to pilgrims, as the undoubted vestiges of the different stations of Christ. The eye cannot entertain even a doubt, and all confidence in these local traditions is preliminarily destroyed by the history of the first years of Christianity, in which Jerusalem did not preserve one stone upon another, and in which the Christians were afterwards banished from the city for many years. Jerusalem, with the exception of its pools and the tombs of the kings, does not contain a single monument of any of those great events; some sites are, of course, ascertainable, such as the position of the temple, marked by its terraces, and bearing, at present, the immense and beautiful mosque of Omar-el-Sakara, the Mount of Sion occupied by the Armenian convent, and the Tomb of David. But it is only with history in the hand, and with a critical eye, that the greater part of the sites can be ascertained with sure precision. Except the terraced walls over the valley of Jehoshaphat, not a stone gives evidence of its era by its form or colour; the whole is reduced to powder, or modern. The mind wanders in uncertainty over the city, without knowing where to settle; but the city taken altogether, marked by the circumscribed hill which bears it, by the different valleys which encircle it, and especially by the deep vale of the Kedron, is a monument as to which the eye cannot be deceived. It is surely there that Sion was placed: a strange and unfortunate situation for the capital of a great people!—it is rather the fortress of a small tribe, chased from the earth, and taking refuge with its God and its temple upon a soil which none was interested to dispute with it, upon rocks which no roads could render accessible, in waterless valleys, in a rude and unfruitful climate, having for horizon nothing but mountains calcined by the internal fire of volcanoes, the mountains of Arabia and Jericho, and a tainted sea, without shore and without navigation, the Dead Sea! Such Judea, such the home of that people whose destiny has been to be proscribed at every epoch of their history, and from whom the nations have wrested even this capital of their proscriptions, perched like an eagle's nest on the top of this group of mountains; and yet this people carried with them the grand idea of the unity of God, and the truth of this elementary conception sufficed to separate them from other nations, and to render them proud of their persecutions, and resolute in their saving doctrines.

Same date.—After having gone through the different quarters of the city, all equally dismantled with those by which we had entered, we descended in the direction of the famous mosque which holds the place of Solomon's Temple. The governor of Jerusalem has his seraglio in a building adjoining the gardens and walls of the mosque. We went to make him our visit of thanks. The court of the seraglio was a magnificent grated dungeon, in which we perceived some of the Jews of Jericho and Samaria, who were awaiting their sentence, or the sword of the Pacha. Troopers, and the feet of their horses, scheiks of the desert, and Arabs from Naplous, were grouped, here and there, upon the steps, or under the corridors, waiting the hour of audience. The governor having learnt our arrival, sent to us his son, with a request to enter. This young man, about thirty years of age, was the most handsome of the Arabs, and perhaps of men, whom I have seen in the course of my life. Vigour, gracefulness, intelligence, and mildness, were mingled with such harmony in his features, and were expressed in his blue eye with such attractive evidence, that we stood quite amazed at his appearance. He was of Samaria. The governor of Jerusalem, his father, is the most powerful of the Naplous Arabs. Persecuted by Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, and often at war with him, during the dominion of the Turks he had been forced to fly with his family to the mountains beyond the Dead Sea: the victory of Ibrahim Pacha over Abdallah had restored him to his country. He had recovered his riches and influence, he had chased his enemies from the land; and the Pacha of Egypt, to supply the deficiency of Egyptian troops in Judea, had intrusted to him the government of Jerusalem and Samaria. He had no other troops but some hundreds of horsemen, of his own tribe, by whose aid he maintained tranquillity, and the sway of Ibrahim, over all the surrounding population.

We entered the divan, a large saloon without any ornament but a few carpets upon mats, with pipes and coffee cups on the ground. The governor, surrounded by a great number of slaves, by armed Arabs, and by some secretaries on their knees, writing on their hands, was engaged in administering justice, and dispatching orders. He arose at our approach, and came towards us. He caused the carpets of the divan to be removed, as they are susceptible of imparting infection, and Egyptian mats, which do not communicate it, were substituted. We seated ourselves, and pipes and coffee were presented to us. My dragoman made the governor the usual compliments; and I thanked him myself, for all the pains he was good enough to take in order that strangers like ourselves might visit, without danger, the places consecrated by their religion. He answered me, with a smile, that he only performed his duty; that the friends of Ibrahim were his friends; that he was answerable for every hair in their heads; that he was ready not only to do for me what he had already done, but also to march himself, if I wished it, with his troops, and accompany me wherever my curiosity or my religion inspired me with the desire of going, within the limits of his government; that such was the order of the pacha. He afterwards inquired from us news of the war, and as to the interest that the powers of Europe took in the fortune of Ibrahim. I answered him, in a manner to satisfy his secret inclinations—"that Europe admired in Ibrahim Pacha a conquering civiliser; that on this account it took an interest in his victories; that it was time that the East should participate in the benefits of a better administration; that the Pacha of Egypt was the armed missionary of European civilisation in Arabia; that his bravery, and the tactics he had learnt from us, insured him a certain victory over the Grand Vizier, who was advancing against him into Caramania; that, according to all appearance, he would gain a great victory, and march upon Constantinople; that he would not enter it, because the Europeans would not yet permit him, but that he would make peace with their mediation, and retain Arabia and Syria in permanent sovereignty." This prophecy touched the heart of the old rebel of Naplous; his looks

drank up my words; and his son and friends stretched their heads over mine, so as not to lose a syllable of the conversation, which was to them an augury of a long and peaceable possession of rule over Samaria. When I saw the governor in so happy a humour, I signified to him my desire, not to enter the Mosque of Omar, as I knew that such a proceeding was opposed to the manners of the country, but to contemplate the exterior.

"If you require it," answered he, "all shall be opened to you, but I should run the risk of deeply enraging the Mahomedans of the city. They are still ignorant; they believe that the presence of a Christian within the circuit of the mosque would cause them to incur great dangers, for a prophecy has declared that every thing that a Christian shall ask of God in the interior of El-Sakara, he will obtain; and they do not doubt that a Christian would pray from God the ruin of the religion of the prophet, and the extermination of the Moslems. For myself, I believe it not; all men are brothers, since they adore, each in his own tongue, the common father; he does not give to some at the expense of others; he makes the sun shine on the worshippers of all prophets; men know nothing, but God knows all; *Allah karim!*" (God is great!) and he bowed his head, smiling.

"God preserve me," said I to him, "from abusing your hospitality, and exposing you to danger in order to satisfy a traveller's vain curiosity! If I were in the mosque of El-Sakara, I would pray not for the extermination of any people, but for the enlightening and the happiness of all the children of Allah."

At these words we arose; he conducted us through a corridor to a window of his seraglio, which opened upon the exterior courts of the mosque. We could not so well seize the whole of the building from this position as may be done from the top of the Mount of Olives; we saw only the walls of the cupola, some Moorish porticoes of the most elegant architecture, and the tops of the cypresses which grow in the interior gardens. I took leave of the governor, informing him that my project was to pass eight or ten days encamped in the environs of the city, and to depart to-morrow on an excursion to the Dead Sea, to the Jordan, to Jericho, and even to the foot of the mountains of Arabia-Petræa; that I should return several times into the interior of Jerusalem; and that I had nothing to ask from him but a sufficient number of horsemen to guarantee our safety in the different excursions that we proposed to make in Judea. We went out of the city by the Bethlehem gate, near which our tents were fixed, and in the evening we visited all the remarkable or consecrated spots around the city walls.

Same date.—The evening was passed in going over the slopes which extend to the south of Jerusalem, between the tomb of David and the valley of Jehoshaphat. These slopes are the only part outside the city which has any appearance of a trifling vegetation. At sunset I seated myself in front of the Mount of Olives, four or five hundred feet above the fount of Siloam, near where were the gardens of David. Jehoshaphat was at my feet; the high terraces of the temple were a little above me on the left; I saw the beautiful cypresses which raise their pyramidal heads above the porticoes of the mosque El-Aksa, and the dome-like orange trees which overshadow the fountain of the temple called the Orange Fountain. This fountain recalled to my memory one of the most delightful oriental traditions, invented, transmitted, or preserved by the Arabs. It is thus they recount that Solomon chose the site of the temple:—

"Jerusalem was a ploughed field; two brothers possessed that part of the ground where the temple is now erected. One of these brothers was married and had several children, the other lived alone; they cultivated in common the field which they had inherited from their mother. The time of the harvest being come, the two brothers bind their sheaves, and place them in two equal heaps, which they leave on the field. During the night, the brother who was unmarried said to himself, 'My

brother has a wife and children to succour; it is not just that my portion should be as great as his; I will take from my heap some sheaves, and add them to his; he will not perceive it, and will not thus be able to refuse.' And he did as he had determined. The same night the other brother awoke, and said to his wife, 'My brother is young, and lives alone companionless; he has no person to assist him in his labour, or console him in his fatigue; it is not just that we should take from the common field as many sheaves as he; let us rise and carry secretly to his heap a certain number of sheaves; he will not take notice of them to-morrow, and therefore cannot refuse to take them.' And they did as they had determined. In the morning each of the brothers went to the field, and was much surprised to see that the two heaps were still equal; neither of them could inwardly give account of this prodigy. They did the same thing for several nights in succession; but as each of them bore to his brother's heap the same number of sheaves, the heaps always remained equal, until one night both placed themselves on watch to ascertain the cause of the miracle, and met each other carrying the sheaves destined for the other.

Now, the place where so good a thought had entered the heads of two men at one time, and had been so perseveringly pursued, must be a place agreeable to God, and men blessed it, and chose it to build thereupon the house of God."

What a charming tradition! How it breathes the simple goodness of patriarchal manners! How ancient and natural is the inspiration which falls on men to consecrate to God a place in which virtue has germinated on the earth! I have heard amongst the Arabs hundreds of legends of this nature. The atmosphere of the Bible is breathed in all parts of the East.

The aspect of the valley of Jehoshaphat is conformable to the destination which Christian ideas assign it. It is like a vast sepulchre, too narrow, however, for the multitudes of the human race that are there to be gathered. Surmounted on all sides by mournful monuments; entombed at its southern extremity in the rock of Siloam, all pierced by sepulchral caves like a withered honey-comb; having, for its dismal terminations, the tombs of Jehoshaphat and of Absalom, 'cut like pyramids in the living rock, and overshadowed, on one side, by the black ridges of the Mount of Offences, on the other, by the walls of the demolished temple; it was a place naturally exciting a holy terror, and destined, at an early date, to become the place of execution for a large city, and in which the imagination of the prophets might place, without effort, the scenes of death, resurrection, and judgment. We figure to ourselves the valley of Jehoshaphat as a vast hollow in the mountains through which the Kedron, a large and black torrent with mournful waters, flows in a dismal murmur; in which wide gorges, open to the four winds, expand to give entrance to the four torrents of the dead, pouring from the east, the west, the north, and the south; with enormous slopes stretching, as in an amphitheatre, to give space to the innumerable children of Adam coming to assist, each for himself, in the final catastrophe of the grand drama of humanity;—nothing of all this! The valley of Jehoshaphat is only a natural moat hollowed between two hills, a few hundred feet high, one of which bears Jerusalem, and the other the peak of the Mount of Olives; the ramparts of Jerusalem crumbling down have filled up the greater part of it; there is no gorge at its termination; the Kedron, which issues from the ground some paces above the valley, is but a torrent formed in winter by the dripping of the rains from some olive fields below the tombs of the kings, and is crossed by a bridge in the middle of the valley opposite one of the gates of Jerusalem; it is a few paces across, and the valley at that spot is not wider than its stream. This waterless brook simply marks out a steep bed of white shells, at the bottom of the ravine. In a word, the valley of Jehoshaphat is perfectly similar to a moat, cut at the foot of the lofty fortifications of a large town, into which the sewer of the town discharges, during winter, its putrefactions, on which a few poor

people of the suburbs dispute for a speck of earth to plant cabbages, and where the goats and asses without owners go to browse, on its steep sides, the grass poisoned by filth and dust. Sprinkle this ground with tombs belonging to all the creeds on earth, and you will have before your eyes the Vale of Judgment.

Same date.—Behold the fountain of Siloam, the only spring in the valley, the source of inspiration to kings and prophets! I do not know how so many travellers have had difficulty in discovering it, and continue to dispute amongst themselves as to the site it occupies. It is there, quite full of limpid and pleasant water, freshening the heated and dusty air of the valley with its watery exhalation, having twenty steps cut in the rock, on whose summit stood the Palace of David. These steps, worn by the tread of women coming from the village of Siloam to fill their pitchers, are slippery as marble. I went down them, and seated myself for a moment on the moist flags; I listened to the gentle dripping of the spring, I washed my hands and face in its waters, and I repeated the verses of Milton, to invoke, in my turn, his inspirations so long ago silenced. It is the only place in the environs of Jerusalem where the traveller can moisten his finger, quench his thirst, and rest his head under the shadow of the cool rock, and of two or three tufts of verdure. Some small gardens, planted with pomegranates and other small trees by the Arabs of Siloam, form around the fountain thickets of pale verdure. It nourishes them with its superfluous waters. The valley of Jehoshaphat finishes there. Beyond, a small plain with a gentle slope draws the eye into the wide and deep gorges of the volcanic mountains of Jericho and Saint-Saba, and the Dead Sea closes the prospect.

Banks of the Jordan beyond the plain of Jericho, some leagues from the falling of the river into the Dead Sea.—Yesterday, the 30th October, we left Jerusalem at seven in the morning, with the whole caravan; to wit, six soldiers of Ibrahim Pacha, the nephew of Abougosh and four of his horsemen, and eight mounted Arabs of Naplous, sent by the governor of Jerusalem. We made the circuit of the town, descended to the bottom of the vale of Jehoshaphat, mounted again as we went along the Mount of Olives, leaving on our right the Hill of Offences, and traversed, at its southern extremity, the mountainous chain which continues that of the Mount of Olives. We arrived at the village of Bethany, yet peopled by some Arab families, and we distinguished there the remains of a Christian monument. There was a good spring. An Arab drew water for an hour to satisfy the horses, and to fill the jars hung from the saddles of our mules. There was no more water as far as Jericho, ten or twelve hours' march. We left Bethany at four in the afternoon. We had a descent of two hours by a wide road, with artificial slopes, cut in the precipitous sides of mountains succeeding each other without interruption. This is the only trace of a road which I have seen in the East. It was the route to Jericho, and the fertile fields watered by the Jordan. It led to the possessions of the tribes of Israel, who had amongst them the whole course of that river, and the plain of Tiberias, as far as the environs of Tyre, and the foot of Lebanon. It conducted into Arabia, Mesopotamia, and through them into Persia and India, countries with which Solomon had established his great commercial relations. It was he, doubtless, who made this road. It was likewise by this route that the Jewish people passed at first when they descended from Arabia Petraea, passed the Jordan, and came to take possession of their heritage. After departing from Bethany, we met neither houses nor cultivation; the mountains are completely bare of vegetation; nothing but rock, or the dust of rock; a blackish ashy colour prevails, like a winding-sheet for the dead, over the whole of this land. From time to time the mountains are broken, and split into narrow and deep gorges—abysses to which no path conducts, in which the eye can distinguish nothing but the incessant repetition of the same scenes that surround it. Almost all these mountains have a volcanic appearance; the stones, rolled

on their sides or on the road, by the winter rains, resemble blocks of lava hardened and cracked by centuries. Occasionally in the distance, we see on some hill tops, that slight yellowish and sulphureous tint which we perceive on Vesuvius and Ætna. It is impossible to hold out long against the dismal and horrible impression that this landscape produces. It oppresses the heart and afflicts the eyes. When on the summit of one of these mountains, and the horizon opens for an instant to the vision, as far as the eye can reach we see only the black chains, the conical or broken peaks, piled one above the other, and standing out of the rav-blue of heaven; a boundless labyrinth of avenues, of mountains in all forms, torn, broken, split into gigantic portions, connected with each other by chains of hills similar to themselves, with bottomless ravines, where we expect at least to hear the noise of a torrent, but in which all is still and silent, and only rarely is descried a tree, a plant, a flower, a little moss; the ruins of a world laid in ashes, the outburst of a land on fire, petrified into waves of gravel and stone.

At the bottom of the ravine we found the walls of a ruined caravanserai, and a spring, protected by a small wall, loaded with sentences from the Koran. The spring trickled drop by drop into the stone basin; our Arabs in vain applied their lips to it. We let our horses rest a moment under shelter of the caravanserai. We had been descending for so long a time, that we believed ourselves on the level of the plain of Jericho, and of the Dead Sea. We again resumed our route, exhausted with the heat and fatigue of the journey. Our Arab troopers flattered us with the hope of getting in a few hours to Jericho; but the day was sinking every minute, and twilight added its horrors to the gloom of the ravines in which we toiled. After an hour's march at the bottom of this valley, we found ourselves once more upon the steep declivities of a fresh chain of mountains, which seemed to us the last before coming upon the plain of Jericho. The night entirely hid the prospect from us; we had just light enough to distinguish at our feet the appalling precipices, down which the least false step of our horses would hurl us. Our jars were exhausted; we were parched with thirst; one of our troopers from Samaria told the dragonman that he knew a spring in the neighbourhood: we decided upon halting where we were, if a little water could in reality be obtained. After attempting for about half an hour, the Samaritan returned, and said that he had not been able to find the spring. It was necessary to march on; there yet remained a four hours' journey. We placed the Arabs from Naplous at the head of the caravan. Each horseman was ordered to follow, step by step, him who preceded, without losing track. The most profound silence reigned throughout the company; the night had become so dark, that it was impossible to see even the head of our horses; each followed his companion by the noise of his steps. At every instant the whole caravan was stopped, from the foremost ranks probing the road for fear of being precipitated into the abyss. We all got off horseback to grope our way better; we were twenty times obliged to stop, on account of exclamations issuing from the front or the rear of the caravan; a horse had tumbled, or a man had fallen. We were often on the point of stopping altogether, and waiting, motionless in our places, until this long and dreary night had passed; but the van kept moving, and it was necessary to follow.

After three hours had been spent in this anxious condition, we heard loud cries and musket-shots at the front of the caravan; we imagined that the Arabs of Jericho had attacked us, and we prepared to fire at hazard; but being passed from mouth to mouth, the intelligence came to us, that the Naplousians were shouting for joy, and had fired off their pieces because we had cleared the bad part of the road. We felt, in fact, the route becoming a little more level under our feet, and I jumped on horseback. My young Arab stallion, smelling water not far off, grew restive, and, in the strife, fell with me into a hollow. The night was

so dark, that no one saw my predicament; I kept hold, however, of the bridle, and reseating myself in the saddle, I let the animal follow his instinct, ignorant whether I were on the edge or in the bottom of a ravine, hollowed in the plain. He shot forward in a gallop, neighing, and stopped not until he reached the banks of a wide stream, of little depth, and lined with prickly shrubs. Whilst he was slaking his thirst, I heard, on my left, the shouts and pistol-shots of the Arabs, who had just discovered my disappearance, and were seeking me in the plain. I saw a light glittering through the leaves of the shrubs; I urged my horse towards it, and in a few minutes I found myself at the door of my tent, pitched on the edge of this very rivulet. It was already midnight; we ate a morsel of bread, steeped in water, and slept without knowing where we were, unable to conceive by what prodigy we had emerged so suddenly from the solitude, without shade or spring, on a brook which, by the light of our torches, and the fires of the Arabs, appeared to us like an Alpine stream, with its drooping willows, and its tufts of reeds and cresses.

If Tasso had possessed, as M. de Chateaubriand pretends, a local inspiration whilst composing his "*Jerusalem Delivered*" (and I confess, that great admirer as I am of Tasso, it is not on this account I should praise him, for it is impossible to have worse conceived the localities, and more mistaken manners than he has done; but what signify localities and manners!—poetry does not lie in them—it is in the heart); but if he had been so inspired, it would have been, beyond doubt, on the banks of this stream he had made *Hermione* arrive, flying on her courser, abandoned to himself, and let her meet that Arcadian, and not Arab, shepherd, of whom he has given so ravishing a description.

We awoke, like her, to the warbling of a thousand birds fluttering on the branches of the trees, and the roaring of the waters over their bed of flints. We issued from our tents to observe the spot to which the night had brought us. The mountains of Judea, which we had traversed the previous day, were to the east of us, about a league from our camp; their chain, every where sterile and indented, stretched out of sight to the south and north, and at intervals we perceived vast gorges, which opened on the plain, from which were pouring the nocturnal vapours like large billows, and spreading in sheets of mist over the undulating sands of the shores of the lake Asphaltides. To the west, a wide desert of sand separated us from the banks of the Jordan, which we were unable to discern, from the Dead Sea, and from the blue mountains of Arabia Petraea. These mountains, viewed at this hour and distance, seemed to us, from the playing of the shadows on their tops, and in their intervening valleys, to be strewn with cultivation, and covered with immense forests; the chalky ravines which intersected them, gave an idea of the fall and dazzling effect of waters from a cascade. There was nothing of the sort, however; when I approached them, I found that they presented, on a larger scale, the same barren and withered aspect as the mountains of Judea. Around us, all was smiling and fresh, though uncultivated; water gives animation to every thing, even to the desert; and the dwarfish trees, which were scattered, like artificial shrubberies, in small groups upon its banks, recalled to us the sweetest spots of our own country.

We mounted our horses; we could not be more than an hour from Jericho, but we perceived neither walls nor smoke in the plain, and we knew not very well in what direction to proceed, when a troop of Bedouins, mounted on superb horses, came out from between two hills, and advanced curvetting towards us. It was the sheik, and the principal inhabitants of Jericho, who, informed of our approach by an Arab of the governor of Jerusalem, sought us in the desert, to place themselves in our suite. We were acquainted with the Arabs of the desert of Jericho only by the reputation for ferocity and brigand habits which they enjoy in all Syria, and we were not too sure at first whether they came as friends or enemies; but nothing, during several

days that they remained with us, denoted any evil intention on their part. Overawed by terror at the name of Ibrahim, whose emissaries they conceived us to be, they gave us all that their country afforded—a free desert, water from their fountains, and a little barley and *doura* for our horses. I thanked the sheik and his friends for the escort which they came to offer us; they joined our troop, and flying here and there on the flanks, amongst the hillocks of sand, appeared and disappeared with the swiftness of the wind. I remarked a horse distinguished for its shape and fleetness, bestrode by the sheik's brother, and I empowered my dragoman to purchase it for me at whatever cost. But as such offers cannot be made directly, without committing a species of outrage on the delicacy of the owner of the horse, it required several days' negotiation to render me possessor of this beautiful animal, which I designed for my daughter, and which, in fact, I gave to her.

JERICHO.

After an hour's march, we were beyond all doubt at the foot of the ramparts of Jericho. These ramparts were twenty feet high, and fifteen or twenty broad, formed of faggots of thorns piled one above the other, and arranged with admirable care to prevent the passage of man or beast. They were fortifications which might not have fallen at the sound of the trumpet, but which a spark of the shepherd's fire, or the fox of Samson, would have consumed.* This fortress of dried thorns had two or three wide gates always open, which the Arab sentinels doubtless watched during the night. On passing before these gates, we saw on the roofs of some mud huts all the women and children of the city of the wilderness, grouped in attitudes the most picturesque, pressing and leaning upon each other to see us pass. These women, whose shoulders and legs were naked, had for their only garment a piece of blue cotton cloth, bound at the waist by a leather girdle, the arms and legs clasped by several rings of gold and silver, with the hair frizzled and floating on the neck. Some had their hair wove into tresses, and entwined with piastres and sequins in great profusion, falling like a cuirass on their breast and shoulders. There were some remarkably handsome, but they have not that air of softness, of timid modesty and voluptuous languor, of the Arab women of Syria. But they are not women; they are the companions of barbarians; they have in their eyes and attitudes the same fire, the same audaciousness, and the same ferocity, as the Bedouin. Several negroesses were amongst them, and did not appear slaves. The Bedouins espouse indifferently black or white women, and colour makes no difference in rank. These females uttered savage cries and yells of laughter as we passed; the men, on the contrary, seemed to chide their indiscreet curiosity, and exhibited towards us nothing but gravity and respect.

Not far from the thorn walls, we passed near to two or three houses of the sheiks. They are built of mud, dried in the sun, a few feet high. A terrace covered with mats and carpets is the principal apartment; the family remains there almost the whole day and night. Before the door is a large seat of dried mud, on which a carpet is stretched for the chief. He assumes his station there from sunrise, surrounded by his principal slaves, and visited by his friends. Coffee and pipes are in constant requisition. A large courtyard, filled with horses, camels, goats, and cows, encircles the house. There are always two or three beautiful mares kept saddled and bridled for the excursions of the master.

We staid only a few moments near the mud palace of the sheik, who offered us water, coffee, pipes, and a calf and several sheep, which he caused to be killed

* [According to the accounts of travellers, Jericho is now a mean hamlet, of no kind of importance. "It consists," says Mr Stephens, "of fifty or sixty miserable Arab houses, the walls of which on three sides are of stone, piled up like the stone fences of our farmers, most of them not so high as a man's head, and the front and top either entirely open, or covered with brush."]]

for our use. We received presents, likewise, of dried doura, chickens, and water-melons. We took our departure, preceded by the scheik and fifteen or twenty of the chief Arabs of the town; we observed several fields of maize and doura well cultivated in the environs. A few groves of orange and pomegranate trees, and some beautiful palms, also surround the houses scattered about the town, and then all becomes once more wilderness and sand. The desert is an immense plain, with several elevations, which sink successively, as far as the river Jordan, by regular gradations like the steps of a natural staircase. The eye can distinguish only one complete plain; but after marching an hour, we come all at once on one of these terraces, which we descend by a rapid slope, and march another hour, when there is a fresh descent, and thus the whole way. The soil is a white compact sand, covered by a concrete and saline crust, produced doubtless by the fogs from the Dead Sea, which, on their evaporation, deposit this salt crust. There is no stone or earth, except on approaching the river or the mountains; there is, on all sides, a vast horizon; and we distinguished, from an immense distance, an Arab galloping over the plain. As this desert is the theatre of their attacking, pillaging, and massacring the caravans going from Jerusalem to Damascus, or from Mesopotamia to Egypt, the Arabs take advantage of some detached hills formed by the moving sand, and have also erected artificial ones, to hide themselves from the observation of the caravans, and to despoil them from afar; they hollow out the sand on the summit of these hills, and there burrow with their horses. As soon as they perceive their prey, they dart with the rapidity of the falcon; they go to apprise their tribe, and return all together to the attack. Such is their only industrial occupation, such their only glory; civilisation with them is murder and pillage, and they attach as much importance to their successes in this species of exploit, as our conquerors to the acquisition of a province. Their poets, for they have poets, celebrate in their verses these scenes of barbarity, and deliver down, from generation to generation, the honoured memory of their courage and their crimes. The horses have a considerable share of the glory assigned them in these recitals: here is one, which the scheik's son related to us on the way:—

“An Arab and his tribe had attacked in the desert the caravan of Damascus; the victory was complete, and the Arabs were already occupied in loading their rich booty, when the troops of the pacha of Acre, coming to meet this caravan, fell suddenly upon the victorious Arabs, slew a great number of them, made the remainder prisoners, and, having tied them with cords, conducted them to Acre to present them before the pacha. Abou-el-Marsch, the Arab of whom he spoke, had received a ball in his arm during the combat; as his wound was not mortal, the Turks had fastened him on a camel, and having obtained possession of his horse, led off both horse and horseman. The evening before which they were to enter Acre, they encamped with their prisoners in the mountains of Saphad; the wounded Arab had his legs bound together by a leathern thong, and was stretched near the tent where the Turks were sleeping. During the night, kept awake by the pain of his wound, he heard his horse neigh amongst the other horses fastened around the tents according to oriental usage. He recognised his neigh, and, unable to resist the desire of speaking once more to the companion of his life, he dragged himself with difficulty along the ground, by the assistance of his hands and knees, and came up to his courser. ‘Poor friend,’ said he to it, ‘what wilt thou do amongst the Turks! Thou wilt be immured under the arches of a khan, with the horses of an aga or of a pacha; the women and the children will no longer bring thee the camel’s milk, or the barley or the doura in the hollow of their hands; thou wilt no longer run free in the desert, as the wind of Egypt; thou wilt no more divide the waters of the Jordan with thy breast, and cool thy skin as white as their foam; therefore, if I remain a slave, remain thou free!—go,

return to the tent, which thou knowest; say to my wife that Abou-el-Marsch will return no more, and put thy head under the curtains of the tent to lick the hands of my little children.’ Whilst speaking thus, Abou-el-Marsch had gnawed through with his teeth the cord of gont-hair which fetters Arab horses, and the animal was free; but seeing its master wounded and bound at its feet, the faithful and sagacious steed understood by instinct what no language could explain to him. He stooped his head, smelt his master; and, seizing him with his teeth by the leathern thong which he had about his body, went off in a gallop and bore him to his tent. On arriving and placing his master on the sand, at the feet of his wife and children, the horse expired from fatigue. All the tribe wept for him, the poets have celebrated him, and his name is constantly in the mouths of the Arabs of Jericho.”

We have no idea of the degree of sagacity and attachment to which the habit of living with the family, of being caressed by the children, fed by the women, rebuked or encouraged by the voice of their master, tends to raise the instinct of the Arabian horse. The animal is by his very breed more sagacious and tame than the breeds of our climates; it is the same with all animals in Arabia. Nature or heaven has given them a stronger instinct, a greater attachment to man than amongst us. They remember better the days of Eden, when they submitted voluntarily to the control of the king of nature. I have myself frequently seen in Syria, birds caught in the hand by children, and perfectly tamed by the evening; not requiring either cage, or a thread to the leg, to retain them with the family which adopts them, but flying at freedom upon the orange and mulberry trees in the garden, return at the call and perch themselves on the fingers of the children, or the heads of the young maidens.

The horse of the scheik of Jericho, which I bought and mounted, knew me at the end of a few days as its master. He would not allow himself to be mounted by any other, and clearer the whole caravan to come to my call, though my tongue was a strange one to him. Gentle and affectionate with me, and accustomed to the caresses of my Arabs, he walked quietly and discreetly in his rank in the caravan, when we met only Turks, Arabs dressed in the Turkish fashion, or Syrians; but if he chanced, even a year after, to spy a Bedouin mounted on a horse of the desert, he became all at once another animal; his eye grew fiery, his neck swelled, his tail was raised and lashed his sides like a whip; he reared on his haunches, and thus proceeded for a long time, under the weight of his saddle and of the person upon him; he did not neigh, but uttered a warlike cry, like that from a brass trumpet; such a cry as all the other horses were alarmed at, and stopped with their ears cocked listening to it.

Same date.—After five hours’ march, during which the river always seemed farther off than ever, we arrived at the last level, at the foot of which it flowed; but although we were not more than two or three hundred paces distant, we still perceived only the plain and the desert before us, and no trace either of valley or river. It is this illusion of the desert, I suppose, which has caused some travellers to say and believe that the Jordan rolls its muddy waters over a bed of flints, and between banks of sand, in the desert of Jericho. These travellers had not been able to reach the river itself; and seeing from a distance a vast sea of sand, they were unable to conceive that a cool, shady, and delicious oasis, was hollowed between the levels of this monotonous desert, and that the full stream, and murmuring course of the Jordan, was overhung with a verdure which the Thames might envy; yet such is the fact. We stood in astonishment and rapture, when, arrived at the edge of the last level, which sinks all at once beneath the feet, and is scooped into a perpendicular fall, we had before our eyes one of the most delightful vales whereon they had ever rested. We urged our horses down with a gallop, irresistibly attracted by the novelty of the sight, and by the charms of freshness, moisture, and shade, of which the valley was redolent. All around

were swards of the most lovely green, on which were growing tufts of rushes in flower, and bulbous plants, whose glittering shoots sprinkled the turf with various tints; thickets of shrubs with long flexible twigs, bending like bunches of flowers around their multifarious trunks; large Persian poplars with a slight foliage, not rising in pyramids, like our clipped poplars, but throwing freely out on all sides their sinewy branches, like those of oaks, and their smooth white bark glittering in the restless rays of the morning sun; groves of willows of all species, and of large osiers, so entwined that it was impossible to penetrate them; and so much were the trees crowded, and so multiplied was the underwood crawling at their feet with their twigs matted in tresses, that an inextricable net-work was formed. These woods stretched on both sides along the banks of the river far out of sight.

We were obliged to descend from our horses, and fix our camp in one of the glades of the wood, and to make our way on foot to the stream of the Jordan, which we heard without seeing. We penetrated with difficulty, sometimes struggling with the thickets of wood, sometimes with the long grass, sometimes with the high rushes; at length we reached a spot where the turf was open to the water, and we steeped our hands and feet in the river. It may be a hundred, or a hundred and twenty feet broad; its depth appears considerable, and its course is as rapid as the Rhone at Geneva. Its water is of a faint blue, slightly muddied by the grey earth it passes through and hollows, immense banks of which we heard, from time to time, falling into its stream. Its shores are perpendicular, but it fills them to the rushes and trees which border them. The roots of these trees, undermined by the water, hang and trail along the sides; frequently being entirely uprooted, and no longer supported by the earth, they bend over the river with all their leaves and branches, which dip into it, and throw, as it were, an arch of verdure from one bank to the other. From time to time one of these trees is carried away with the portion of soil which sustains it, and floats all leafy down the current, with the underwood torn up, and adhering to the branches, its nests under water, and the birds still hopping amongst its leaves; we saw several of these pass during the few hours that we remained in this charming oasis. The woods follow the windings of the Jordan, and deck it every where with an everlasting garland of branches and leaves, which bend into the water, and make its ruffled surface murmur. A countless multitude of birds inhabit these impenetrable forests. The Arabs warned us not to go without our arms, and to be careful as we advanced, because this entangled underwood is the resort of lions, panthers, and leopards. We saw none, but we frequently heard, in the gloom of the thicket, growls and noises similar to those which large animals make in diving into the depths of woods. We went over the accessible parts of the shores of this beautiful river for an hour or two. In some places, the Arabs of the savage tribes in the mountains of Arabia Petraea, at the bottom of which we were, had set the forest on fire, in order to penetrate it, or carry off the wood. There remained a great quantity of trunks, only calcined at the bark, but new shoots had sprung around the burnt trees, and the climbing plants of this fertile soil had already so entwined the dead and young trees, that the forest was there more novel, without being less vast or luxuriant. We gathered an ample stock of willow and poplar branches, as well as of other trees with long twigs and beautiful rinds, whose names I am ignorant of, to make presents of them to our friends in Europe, and we rejoined the camp, which the Arabs had shifted during our ramble, on the shores of the river.

They had found out a situation yet more delightful and convenient to pitch our tents, than all those that we had just traversed. It was on a bank of turf, as smooth as if it had been pastured by a flock of sheep. Here and there were shrubs with broad leaves, and a few tufts of young planes and sycamores, scattered so as to throw a shade upon the grass, and keep ourselves

and our horses cool. The Jordan, flowing not twenty paces from us, had worn a small shallow bay in the middle of this glade, and its waters wound round the feet of two or three great poplars. An accessible path led down to the river, and permitted us to take our thirsty horses to it, and to go ourselves and bathe. We there fixed our two tents, and made the day's halt.

On the following day, the 2d of November, we continued our route, drawing towards the highest mountains of Arabia Petraea, leaving and again joining the Jordan, according to the sinuosities of its course; and we approached the Dead Sea. Not far from the course of the river, on a spot of the desert which I know not how to design, there are the remains, still imposing, of a castle of the crusaders, built by them apparently to protect this route. This ruin is deserted, and may serve to shelter the Arabs when in ambush waiting for the caravans. In the midst of the ocean of sand, it has the appearance of the hull of an abandoned vessel on the horizon at sea. On drawing near the Dead Sea, the ground becomes more level, and descends with an insensible slope towards the shore; the sand gets spongy, and the horses, sinking at each step, proceed with difficulty. When we at length perceived the reflection of the waves, we could not restrain our impatience; we set off at a gallop to throw ourselves into the waters, which were reposing on the sand before us, resplendant as molten lead. The scheik of Jericho and his Arabs, who always followed us, imagining that we wished to run the djerid with them, scampered off also, at the same time, in all directions over the plain, and returning upon us with loud cries, brandished their long reedy lances, as if they would have pierced us; then, stopping their horses short, and throwing them on their haunches, they let us pass, and again set off in a sweep to return as before. I arrived the first, owing to the speed of my Turcoman steed; but when twenty or thirty paces from the sea, the sand mixed with soil is so wet and marshy, that my horse sank up to the belly, and I was apprehensive of being swallowed up. I drew back the way I had come, and, getting off our horses, we went on foot to the shore.

The Dead Sea has been described by several travellers. I took no note of its specific gravity, or of the relative quantity of salt its waters contain. It was not science or criticism that I was come in search of. I had come to it simply because it was on my route, and because it was in the middle of a celebrated desert, celebrated of itself for the engulfing of towns, which formerly arose where I now saw its motionless waters. Its shores are flat to the east and west; the high mountains of Judea and Arabia enclose it, and descend almost to its edges on the north and south. Those of Arabia, however, are somewhat more distant from it, especially near the mouth of the Jordan, where we stood. The shores are completely deserted; the air is infected and unhealthy. We ourselves found its influence, during the few days we passed in this desert. A great depression on the head, and a feverish sensation, attacked us, and did not quit us until we were rid of its atmosphere. There was not an island to be seen. Yet, at sunset, from the top of a sand-hill, I thought I could distinguish two islands at the extremity of the horizon on the Idumean side. The Arabs knew nothing of them. The sea is, in this part of it, at least thirty leagues long, and they never venture to follow its shore so far. No traveller has ever been able to circumnavigate the Dead Sea; it has never been explored at its other extremity, or on its two shores of Judea and Arabia. We are, I believe, the first who have enjoyed the full liberty of exploring it on the three sides; and if we had had a little more time on our hands, there was nothing to prevent our getting pine planks from Lebanon, Jerusalem, or Jaffa, and constructing on the spot a sloop, and visiting, in security, all the coasts of this wondrous inland sea. The Arabs, who do not generally permit travellers to approach it, and whose prejudices are opposed to any attempt at navigating it, were then so devoted to our least wishes, that they would have offered no obstacle to our enterprise. I should have put it in

execution, if I had foreseen the welcome that these Arabs gave us. But it was too late; we must have returned to Jerusalem, and brought carpenters to build the vessel; all this would have taken us, together with the navigation, at least three weeks, and our days were numbered. I renounced the scheme, therefore, not without pain. A traveller, in the same circumstances as myself, will be easily able to accomplish it, and to throw on this natural phenomenon, and on this geographical question, the light that criticism and science have desired for so long a time.

The aspect of the Dead Sea is neither sad nor mournful, except to the thought. To the eye it is a dazzling lake, whose wide and silvery surface reflects the light and the firmament like a Venetian mirror. Mountains, rising in beautiful domes, throw their shadow upon its banks. They say there are neither fish in its bosom nor birds on its shores. I know not; I saw no gulls, or any of those pretty white birds, like sea-doves, which skim all the day over the waves of the sea of Syria, and follow the caïques (skiffs) on the Bosphorus: but at a few hundred paces from the Dead Sea, I fired at and shot some birds, similar to the wild-drakes which rise from the marshy shores of the Jordan. If the air of the sea were mortal to them, they would not come so near to brave its mephitic vapours. I likewise did not perceive those ruins of engulfed towns, which are seen, as it is said, at a little depth beneath the waters. The Arabs who accompanied me asserted that they had beheld them sometimes. I followed, for a great distance, the banks of this sea, both on the Arabian side, where the Jordan falls into it (this river is there in truth what travellers describe it, a ditch of dirty water in a bed of mud), and on the Judean side, where the shores rise, and occasionally assume the appearance of the slight downs abutting on the ocean. The surface of the water everywhere presents the same aspect—it is shining, blue, and motionless.* Men have faithfully preserved the faculty given them by God in Genesis, of calling things by their names. This sea is beautiful; it glitters, it pours upon the desert which surrounds it the reflection of its waters; it attracts the eye, and it rouses the thought; but it is dead—motion and noise are no more. Its waves, too heavy for the wind, are still, and no white foam plays on the pebbles of its shores: it is a sea of petrification. How was it formed? Apparently, as the Bible says, as also probability, forming the vast centre of the volcanic chains which stretch from Jerusalem into Mesopotamia, and from Lebanon to Idumæa, a crater has opened in its middle at the time when seven cities crowded the plain. The towns have been overthrown by the earthquake; the Jordan, which, according to all probability, then flowed through this plain, and fell into the Red Sea, arrested all at once by the volcanic eminences thrown up from the earth, and swallowed up in the craters of Sodom and Gomorrah, has formed this sea, corrupted by salt, sulphur, and bitumen, the ordinary aliments or products of volcanoes. Such is the fact, and such probability! This adds not to, or detracts from, the action of that sovereign and eternal will which some call a miracle, and others ascribe to nature. Nature and

miracle—are they not one!—and is the universe any thing but a miracle from perpetuity and at all moments!

Same date.—We returned by the northern side of the Dead Sea, in the direction of the valley of Saint-Saba. The desert is much more diversified in this part; it is obstructed with immense hills of earth and sand, which every moment we have to wind round or scale. The line of our caravan undulates upon these hills, like an extended fleet in a heavy sea, where the different ships are seen and lost by turns in the hollows of the waves. After three hours' march, sometimes over small unbroken plains, where we proceeded in a gallop, sometimes upon the edge of deep ravines of sand, down which some of our horses rolled, we perceived before us the smoke from the houses of Jericho. The Arabs parted from us, and flew towards this smoke. Two only remained to point out the road. On approaching Jericho, the chief amongst the Arabs came back to us. We encamped in the midst of a field, shaded by a few palm-trees, and where a brook flowed. Our tents were soon pitched, and we found a supper prepared, thanks to the presents of all sorts which the Arabs had brought to our camp. The Arab who rode the beautiful horse which I desired to carry away, appeared to admire the Turcoman horse which I had ridden the preceding day. The conversation being skilfully drawn to the subject of our several steeds, they praised many of mine. I proposed to him to exchange his Arab for my Turcoman; we debated the whole evening what further sum was to be given by me; but nothing was fixed. Every time that I came up to his price, he testified so great a grief at parting with his horse, that we went to bed without concluding a bargain. On the following day, at the moment of starting, all the horses being already caparisoned and mounted, I again made advances. He at length determined himself to mount my Turcoman horse, and he galloped him across the plain. Captivated by the brilliant qualities of the animal, he sent me his by his son. I paid 900 piastres, mounted the horse, and departed. All the tribe seemed to view his leaving with regret; the children spoke to him, the women pointed to him with their fingers, the sheik returned often to look at him, and to make him certain cabalistic signs, which the Arabs have always the precaution to make to the horses which they sell or buy. The animal himself appeared to understand the separation, and sadly drooped his head, shaded by a superb mane, casting a mournful and unquiet eye to the right and the left upon the desert. The eye of the Arab horses is a perfect tongue. By their beautiful eye, the fiery pupil of which starts from the blood-veined white of the orbit, they express and comprehend all things.

I had ceased for several days to mount that horse amongst my stud which I preferred to all the rest. From the numberless superstitions of the Arabs, there are seventy good or bad signs in the horoscopo of a horse; and this is a science which all the men of the desert possess. The horse of which I speak, which I called Lebanon, because I had purchased him in those mountains, was a young and splendid stallion, tall, strong, high-spirited, untiring, and sagacious, displaying no vice in the fifteen months which I rode him; but he had on his chest, by the accidental conformation of his beautiful ashy-grey skin, one of those ears of corn which the Arabs have placed in the number of unfortunate signs. I had been forewarned of it, on buying him, but I took him, from the very natural reasoning, that a sign unfortunate for a Mahometan was one favourable to a Christian. They found this an unanswerable argument, and I mounted Lebanon every time that I had to make longer or worse journeys than usual. When we approached a town, or a tribe, and the people came out to meet the caravan, the Arabs, or the Turks, struck with the beauty and strength of Lebanon, commenced to compliment me, and to admire him with longing eyes; but after a few moments' consideration, the fatal sign, which was a little covered by the silk collar, and the amulet suspended round the neck, which every horse always carries, was discovered, and the Arabs, drawing near me, changed countenance, appeared grave and

* [The water of the Dead Sea, or Lake Asphaltides, has been frequently analysed, and is found to be of a greater specific gravity than common water; in other words, it is more dense and better able to buoy up objects, than water of an ordinary kind. Still, this density is not remarkable. The specific gravity is only 1.211, and it is perfectly transparent. In 100 grains are the following substances in solution:—Grains of muriate of lime 3.920, of muriate of magnesia 10.246, muriate of soda 10.360, sulphate of lime 0.054—total 24.580. It thus appears that about a fourth part of the 100 grains is foreign substance. The taste is a bitter salt. Mr Stephens mentions that he bathed in the Dead Sea, and that he felt the buoyant property to be much greater than that of either fresh or salt water. It has been alleged, among other idle tales regarding this mysterious lake, that birds cannot fly over it and live; but this is completely disproved by various recent travellers, one of whom saw swallows skimming along its surface. The Dead Sea has no outlet; its waters are carried off entirely by evaporation.]

afflicted, and gave me signs not to mount that horse again. This was of little importance in Syria; but in Judea, and amongst the tribes of the desert, I feared that it might jeopardise my consideration, and destroy the respect and obedient feeling which attended us. I ceased, therefore, to mount him, and he was led by the hand in the suite. I do not doubt, we owed a considerable portion of the deference and fear which were manifested around us, to the beauty of the dozen or fifteen Arab horses which we rode, or which followed us. A horse in Arabia is the fortune of a man; it supposes every thing, it supplies the place of every thing. They formed a high idea of a Frank who possessed so many horses, equally beautiful with those of their scheik and the pacha.

We returned to Jerusalem by that same valley which we had traversed at night on coming. Before entering the first gorge of the mountains, we saw evident traces of ancient buildings upon a wide table-land commanding the plain, and we supposed that there might be the true site of the ancient Jericho. It requires a great progress in civilisation to build towns in the plain. We are never deceived when we search for ancient cities on the heights.

It was in this gorge that the touching parable of the Samaritan places the scene of the murder and the charity. It appears, from the times of the Gospel, these valleys have had a bad reputation.

This was a fatiguing day, from the monotony of a fourteen hours' march, and the excessive heat of the sun, reverberated by the precipitous sides of the ravines. We met no one during these fourteen hours but an Arab shepherd, who was tending an innumerable flock of black goats on the top of a hill.

Encamped near the Pool of Solomon, under the Walls of Jerusalem: November 2.—We wished to consecrate a day to prayer in the place to which all Christians turn in praying, as the Mahomedans turn towards Mecca. We engaged the monk who fulfilled the functions of priest at Jerusalem, to celebrate for our living and dead relations, for our friends of all times and of all places, and also for ourselves, the commemoration of the grand and mournful sacrifice which had moistened this land with the blood of the Just, in order that charity and hope might grow from it. We assisted at it in such moods as our recollections, sorrows, losses, desires, and different degrees of piety and faith, inspired to each. We chose for our temple and altar the grotto of Gethsemane, in the hollow of the valley of Jehoshaphat. It was into this cavern, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, that Christ retired, according to tradition, to escape from the persecution of his enemies, and the importunity of his disciples; it was here that he communed with his heavenly thoughts, and prayed to his father, that the too bitter cup which he had himself filled, as we all fill ours, might pass away from his lips; it was here that he said to his three friends, on the eve of his death, to remain on the watch, and not to sleep, and he was obliged thrice to awaken them, so prone is the zeal of human charity to grow dull; it was here, in fine, that he passed those terrible hours of the agony, the ineffable strife between life and death, between the mind and instinct, between the soul, anxious to be freed, and the matter resisting, because it is blind! It was here that he sweated blood and water, and that, wearied at combating with himself without the victory of the soul giving peace to his thoughts, he spoke those final words which evince the man and the God, those words which are become the wisdom of all the wise, and which ought to be the epitaph on all lives, and the sole motto of all created things—"My father, let thy will be done, not mine."

The locality of this grotto, cut in the rock of the Kedron, is one of the most probable, and best justified by its appearance, of all those which the popular piety in its credulity has assigned for each of the scenes in the grand evangelical drama; it is the very valley resting in the shadow of death, the abyss hid under the walls of the city, the hollow the most profound, and then probably the most stunned of men, in which the

Saviour, who had all men for his enemies, because he came to attack all their falsehoods, could seek an occasional shelter, and retire within himself to meditate, to pray, to suffer! The impure brook of Kedron flows at some paces' distance. It was then but a sewer of Jerusalem. The Mount of Olives there bends over to meet the hills which bear the tombs of the kings, and forms, as it were, a projecting angle, on which thickets of olive, turpentine, and fig trees, together with those fruit trees which poor people always cultivate, even in the crevices of the rocks, in the neighbourhood of a large town, would conceal the entrance of the grotto. Furthermore, this spot was not disturbed, and rendered incapable of being distinguished by the ruins in which Jerusalem was buried. The disciples who had watched and prayed with Christ could return and say, marking the rock and the trees, "It was here!" A valley is not obliterated like a street, and the smallest rock endures longer than the most majestic of temples.

The grotto of Gethsemane, and the rock which covers it, are at present surrounded by the walls of a little chapel, kept locked, the key of which is in the hands of the Latin monks of Jerusalem. This grotto, and the seven olive-trees, in the adjoining field, belong to them. The door cut in the rock opens on the court of another pious sanctuary, which they call the Tomb of the Virgin. This belongs to the Greeks. The grotto is deep and lofty, and divided into two cavities, which communicate by a sort of subterranean portico. There are also several altars, hollowed out of the living rock; they have not disfigured this sanctuary, thus formed by nature, with so many artificial ornaments as the other sanctuaries of the Holy Sepulchre. The arch, the floor, and the walls, are the rock itself, dripping, as it were weeping, with the dampness of a cavern enveloped by earth. They have only appended, above each altar, a bad representation in copperplate, painted a flesh-colour, and as large as life, of the agony of Christ, with the angels, who are presenting to him the cup of death. If they tore away these wretched figures, which destroy the forms which the pious imagination loves to create for itself in the shadow of the grotto—if they permitted the eyes, moistened with tears, to ascend freely, and without sensible images, towards the thoughts of which that night is so full—this grotto would be the most unpolluted and holy relic on the hills of Sion; but men must always spoil what they touch! Alas! if they had contented themselves with altering and injuring the mere stones and remains of these visible scenes! But how many dogmas, doctrines, and sects, have they not made from that religion of reason, simplicity, love, and humility, which the Son of Man taught them at the price of his blood! When God permits a truth to come upon the earth, men begin by cursing and stoning him who bears it; then they seize upon this truth, which they have been unable to kill with him, because it is immortal; his spoil is their inheritance; but like the precious stone, which the malefactors carried off from the heavenly pilgrim, they encase it with so many errors, that it becomes undistinguishable, until the light breaks afresh upon it, and, after many ages, separating the diamond from its setting, wisdom proclaims—Behold the truth! Behold the lie! Here is the reality!—there is the counterfeit! It is on this account that all religions have two natures, the association of which astonishes the mind; a popular nature, with miracles, legends, and shameful superstitions, the impure alloy with which ages of ignorance and darkness have mixed and adulterated the doctrine of heaven; and a rational and philosophical nature, which is effectual in removing the human rust, and presents religion to an eternal and incorruptible light, which is reason, reflects it pure and unmixed, and illuminates all things and all intelligence with that blaze of truth and love, by which we see and adore the self-evident being, God.

Same date.—There remains, not far from the grotto of Gethsemane, a small corner of land, yet shaded by seven olive-trees, which popular traditions describe as the same trees under which Jesus lay and wept. These

olives, in fact, bear on their trunks and prodigious branches the date of the eighteen centuries which have elapsed since that awful night. These trunks are of enormous compass, and are formed, like those of all old olives, by a vast number of stems, which seem incorporated into the tree, and are covered by the same bark, resembling a cluster of cemented columns. Their branches are almost withered, but still produce a few olives. We collected those which strewed the earth beneath the trees; we made some fall with a pious discretion, and we filled our pockets with them, to carry as relics of this locality to our friends. I imagine that it is sweet for the Christian mind to pray whilst grasping with the fingers the olive stones of those trees, whose roots Jesus has perhaps watered and fructified with his tears, when he himself prayed for the last time on earth. If they are not the same trunks, they are in all probability offshoots from those sacred trees. But there is nothing to show that they are not identically the same stocks. I have traversed every part of the world where the olive grows; this tree exists for ages, and nowhere have I found any larger, although planted in a rocky and arid soil. I have likewise seen, on the summit of Lebanon, the cedars which Arab traditions carry back to the age of Solomon. There is nothing impossible in it; nature has given to certain vegetables a longer existence than to empires; certain oaks have seen many dynasties pass away, and the acorn which we trample with our feet, the olive-kernel which I rub in my hand, the cedar-apple which the wind scatters, will reproduce, flourish, and cover the earth with their shadows, when hundreds of generations which follow us shall have restored to the earth that morsel of dust which they have borrowed in their turns. But creation does not thereby mark its contempt for us. The relative importance of beings is not measured by the duration, but by the intensity of their existence. There is more of life in one hour of thought, of contemplation, of prayer, or of love, than in the entire existence of a purely physical man. There is more of life in a thought which pervades the world, and ascends to heaven in a space of time not to be counted, in the millionth part of a second, than in the eighteen centuries of vegetation in the olives which I lean upon, or in the two thousand five hundred years of Solomon's cedars.

Same date.—Breakfasted, seated on the steps of the fountain of Siloam. Wrote some verses, tore them, and cast the fragments into the spring. Words are poor weapons. The most beautiful verses are those which we cannot express. The diction of every language is insufficient, and every day the heart of man finds in the delicacies of his sentiments, and the imagination discovers in the impressions of visible nature, things which the mouth cannot embody for want of words. The heart and the thought of man are like a musician driven to play infinitely varied music on an organ which has but a few notes. It is more advisable to be silent. Silence is a refined poetry at certain moments. It is felt by the soul, and appreciated by God. And that is enough.

•Same date.—On proceeding again up the valley of Jehoshaphat, I passed near the sepulchre of Absalom. It is a block of rock cut in the very body of the mountain of Siloa, attached to the primitive rock upon which it is based. It is about thirty feet in height, and twenty broad on all its sides. I say so at hazard, for I measure nothing; the rule is useful only to the architect. Its form is a square pedestal, with a Greek doorway in the middle, a Corinthian cornice, with a pyramid at the summit. The character is neither Roman nor Greek. The effect is solemn, monumental, and novel, as the Egyptian monuments. The Jews had no architecture of their own. They borrowed from Egypt, Greece, but chiefly, I believe, from India. The key of the whole is to be found in India; the birth of philosophy and the arts appears to me to date from there. It preceded and brought forth Assyria, Chaldea, Mesopotamia, Syria; the great cities of the desert, as Balbek; then Egypt; then the islands such as Crete

and Cyprus; then Etruria; then Rome; then came night; and Christianity, fostered at first by the Platonic philosophy, afterwards by the ignorant barbarism of the middle ages, has given birth to our civilisation and modern arts. We are young, and have scarcely yet reached the age of virility. A world new in thought, in social forms and arts, will spring, probably in a few centuries, from the great ruin of the middle ages, which we are promoting. We know that the intellectual world bears its own fruit, the outburst of which will be made amidst convulsions and agony; language, written and multiplied by the press, by exciting discussion, criticism, and inquiry, by drawing the vigour of all intellects to every point of fact or argument in the world, invincibly leads humanity to the age of reason. Revelation will come to all by all. The divine light, which is reason and religion, will penetrate through all the circles of humanity. A beautiful book might be made of the history of the divine spirit in the different phases of humanity; the tracing of divinity in man, when the religious principle is found first acting in the earliest records of humanity by instincts and blind impulses; then singing by the voice of poets, the *mens divinior*; then manifesting itself on the tables of legislators, or in the mysterious initiations of the Indian, Egyptian, Hebraic theocracies. When its mythological forms, worn out by time, exhausted by the credulity of mankind, are cast from the human spirit, we see it disseminated and taught in the great schools of philosophy in Greece and Asia Minor, and in the Pythagorean sects, but seeking in vain for universal symbols, until Christianity embodied all speculative and disputed truth in those two grand practical and incontestible truths: adoration of an only God; charity and good will amongst men. Christianity itself, obscured and alloyed with errors, like every doctrine rendered popular by the credulousness of the ages it has passed, appears destined to be itself transformed, to come out more rational and pure from the load of mysteries with which it is enveloped, and to unite its divine illuminations with those of religious reason, which it has been the first to generate, and to raise so high in the horizon of humanity.

Same date.—A little above the entrance to the valley of Kedron, on the north of Jerusalem, we traversed some fields of a reddish and more fertile earth, covered with a wood of olives. About five hundred paces from the city, we came to the edge of a deep quarry, into which we descended. On the left, a block of rock, profusely sculptured, stretched the whole breadth of the quarry, and below it was a narrow opening, half closed by earth and stones. A man could scarcely crawl into it by creeping. We entered it; but as we had neither steels nor torches, we almost immediately came out again, and did not visit the interior chambers; they were the sepulchres of the kings. The frieze, magnificently sculptured, and of beautiful Grecian workmanship, on the exterior rock, would mark the most flourishing epoch of the arts in Greece for this decoration of the monuments; yet it perhaps belongs to the age of Solomon, for who can know what that great prince had borrowed from the genius of India or of Egypt?

November 3.—The plague, which rages more and more in Jerusalem and its environs, will not allow us to enter Bethlehem, the convent and sanctuary of which were closed. We mounted our horses, however, in the evening, and after traversing a level of about two leagues, which extends to the east of Jerusalem, we arrived upon a height, a short distance from Bethlehem, whence we had a complete view of the whole of this little town. We had scarcely seated ourselves, when a numerous cavalcade of Bethlehemite Arabs came and requested to be presented to me. After the usual compliments, they told me that they were deputed to me by the population of Bethlehem, with the prayer that I would obtain a diminution of the tribute which Ibrahim Pacha had laid upon their town, as they knew from report, and the Arabs of Abougosh their chief, that Ibrahim Pacha was my friend, and would certainly

not refuse if I solicited indulgence for them. As the Arabs of Bethlehem are the most detestable race in the country, always at war with their neighbours, always making exactions on the Latin convent of the town, I replied to them with gravity, after making them severe reproaches for their rapines, "that I would have respect for their prayer, and would present it to the pacha, but only on condition that they respected Europeans, pilgrims, and especially the convents of Bethlehem and of Saint John in the wilderness; and that, if they permitted the slightest domestic violation with regard to these poor monks, it was the determination of Ibrahim to exterminate them to the last man, or to drive them into the deserts of Arabia Petraea." I added, and it seemed to make a lively impression, "that if the forces of Ibrahim Pacha were insufficient, the pachas of Europe had decided to come themselves and reduce them to reason." In the meantime, I engaged them to pay the tribute. From that day to the hour of my departure, I had constantly in my suite, in spite of all endeavours to dismiss them, a certain number of the Bedouin scheiks of Bethlehem, Hebron, and the desert of Saint John, who never ceased imploring me for the reduction of tribute.

We returned to the camp in the valley of the Pool of Solomon, under the walls of Sion, and received a visit from Abougosh, who came with his uncle and brother to inquire after our health. I gave him coffee and pipes, and we conversed an hour at the door of my tent, each seated under an olive-tree.

Same date.—A courier from Jaffa brought me letters from Europe and Beirut, and put them into my hands, beneath the ramparts of Jerusalem. These letters reassured me as to the health of my daughter; but as she added, at the foot of her mother's letter, that she was resolutely opposed to my going into Egypt, at this moment, I altered my route, and countermanded my caravan of camels at El-Arisch, determining to return by the coast of Syria. We struck our tents; I sent a present of 500 piastres to the convent, besides 1500 that I had paid for chaplets, relics, crucifixes, &c.; and we proceeded once more to the wilderness of Saint John.

The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be described in a few words: mountains without trees, valleys without water, ground without verdure, rocks without awe or grandeur; blocks of grey stone piercing a brittle soil full of cracks; now and then a fig-tree, and a gazelle or jackal crawling furtively amongst the interstices of the rocks; a few vine plants creeping over the ashy or reddish earth; at far distances a thicket of pale olives, casting a speck of shade down the precipitous sides of a hill; at the horizon a turpentine or black carob-tree, standing out, sad and solitary, from the blue sky; the walls and grey towers of the fortifications of the city, appearing from a distance on the crest of Sion: such is the land. And the sky is pure, clear, deep, in which the smallest cloud never floats, and which is never coloured with the purple of evening or morning. On the side of Arabia, a wide ravine descends between the black mountains, and conducts the eye to the dazzling waters of the Dead Sea, and the blue horizon of the mountain-peaks of Moab. Not a breath of wind murmurs on the battlements, or among the dry branches of the olive-trees; not a bird singing, or a cricket chirping in the bladeless vales; a complete, perpetual silence in the city, on the roads, in the fields. Such was Jerusalem, during all the days that we passed under its walls. I heard but the neighing of the horses around our camp, chafing at the heat and digging up the dusty soil with their feet, and from time to time the doleful chant of the muezzim, crying the hour from the top of the minaret, or the tuneful lamentations of Turkish mourners, accompanying, in long files, the dead to the different cemeteries outside the city. Jerusalem, where we go to visit one sepulchre, is indeed itself the tomb of a people, but a tomb without cypresses, inscriptions, or monuments, with its stones broken and pounded, the ashes of which seem to cover the surrounding earth with sorrow, silence, and sterility. We several times cast back our eyes on quitting it, from the height of

every eminence whence we could still perceive it; and we saw, for the last time, the crown of olives which rises on the famous mount, which floated a long time in the horizon, after we had lost sight of the city, gradually sunk into the sky, and finally disappeared, like the pale flowers which are cast into a grave.

Nevertheless, we must again return there; but, alas! no more with the same sentiments, no more to weep over the miseries of others, but there to groan for our own woes, and to shed tears for ourselves, on that land which has already drunk up and dried so many.

Yesterday I had fixed my tent in a rocky field, where a few trunks of knotty and stunted olives were standing, under the walls of Jerusalem, some hundreds of paces from the tower of David, a little above the fountain of Siloam, which still trickles down the worn flags of its grotto, and not far from the tomb of the poet-king, who has so repeatedly sung of it. The high and black terraces which formerly sustained the Temple of Solomon, arose on my left, crowned by the three blue cupolas, and the light and airy colonnades of the Mosque of Omar, which now hovers over the ruins of the Temple of Jehovah. The city of Jerusalem, ravaged by the plague, was inundated with the rays of a dazzling sun, reflected upon its thousand domes, its white marbles, its gilded towers, and its walls, polished by centuries and the salt winds of the lake Asphaltides. No noise arose from its expanse, mute and mournful as the bed of one in the last agony; its wide gates were open, and there were seen, from time to time, the white turban and red mantle of the Arab soldier, a useless watcher at these deserted gates. Nothing entered, nothing came out; the morning breeze alone raised the dust on the roads, and deluded us, for a moment, with the idea of a caravan; but when the gust of wind was past, when it had died away, whistling over the battlements of the tower of the Pisans, or the three palm-trees of the house of Caiaphas, the dust fell, the desert reappeared, and the step of no camel or mule sounded on the stones of the road. Only, every quarter of an hour, the dead whom the plague had carried off were brought out, borne by two naked slaves, on a litter, to the tombs scattered all around us. Sometimes a long train of Turks, Arabs, Armenians, Jews, accompanied the dead body, and defiled amongst the olive trunks, singing, and afterwards returned, with slow steps, and in silence, into the city. But most frequently the dead were brought out singly; and when the two slaves had scooped out a few hands' breadth of the sand or earth, and laid the plague-body in its last bed, they sat down upon the barrow they had just raised, divided between them the raiment of the defunct; and, lighting their long pipes, smoked in silence, looking at the smoke from their chibouques mounting in a light blue column, and gracefully losing itself in the limpid and transparent air of these autumnal days. At my feet, the valley of Jehoshaphat stretched like a vast sepulchre; the drained Kedron ploughed it with a white rent, all scattered with large flints, and the sides of the two hills which hem it were all blanched with the tombs and sculptured turbans, the usual monuments of the Moslems. A little to the right, the hill of Olives sank, and gave sight to the horizon expanding beyond the chains of naked mountains of Jericho and Saint-Saba, sprinkled with volcanic cones; the eye turned there of its own accord, attracted by the azure and silvery brightness of the Dead Sea, which shone at the foot of these mountains; and behind all, the blue mountains of Arabia Petraea bounded the horizon. But bounded is not the word, for these mountains appeared transparent as crystal; and we saw, or believed we saw, far beyond, an indistinct and undefined horizon still stretching, and floating in the ambient vapours of a purple and cerulean-tinted atmosphere.

It was mid-day, the hour in which the muezzim watches the sun from the highest gallery of the minaret, and chants the time and prayer; a living, animated voice, feeling what it says and sings—much superior, in my opinion, to the unconscious sound of the bells of our cathedrals. My Arabs had given barley, in sacks of

goat-hair, to my horses, tothered at intervals round my tent with iron-rings about their legs. These beautiful and tractable animals were motionless, their heads drooping, and overshadowed by their long thick manes, and their grey skins shining and steaming under the rays of a perpendicular sun. The men had collected themselves under the shade of the largest of the olive-trees; they had stretched on the earth their Damascene mats, and were smoking, whilst relating to each other tales of the desert, or singing the verses of Antar.

Antar, that sample of the wandering Arab, at once a shepherd, warrior, and poet, who has described the whole desert in national poetry, epic as Homer, plaintive as Job, amorous as Theocritus, philosophic as Solomon! His verses, which soothe or stimulate the imagination of the Arab as much as the drugged smoke of the hookah, were re-echoed in guttural sounds by the animated group of saïs; and when the poet had accurately or strongly touched the sensitive chord of these men, so savage and yet so lively in their impressions, a slight murmur from their lips was heard; they clasped their hands, raised them above their ears, and, bowing their heads, exclaimed, "Allah! Hah! Allah!"

Afterwards, the recollection of hours thus passed in hearing these verses, which I was not able to understand, induced me to seek with care for some fragments of the popular Arab poems, and especially of the heroic poem of Antar. I succeeded in obtaining a certain number, and I had them translated by my dragoman during the winter evenings I spent on Lebanon. I myself began to understand a little Arabic, but not sufficient to read; my interpreter translated portions of the poem into common Italian, and I afterwards rendered them, word for word, into French. I preserve these poetical essays, utterly unknown in Europe, and I shall insert them at the end of this book. We see from them that poetry is of all places, of all times, and of all grades of civilisation.

The poem of Antar is, as I have said, the national poetry of the wandering Arab—it is the holy book of his imagination. How many times have I seen groups of Arabs, seated cross-legged round the fire of the bivouac, stretching their necks, listening with attentive ears, fixing their fiery eyes upon their companion, who was reciting to them some passages of these admirable productions, whilst a cloud of smoke rising from their pipes, formed above their heads an obscuring fantastic atmosphere, and the horses, leaning their heads upon them, seemed also attentive to the cadenced voice of the speaker! I used to seat myself not far from the circle and also listen, although I did not comprehend; yet I comprehended the sound of the voices, the play of the features, the shuddering of the auditors; I knew that it was poetry, and I imagined for myself affecting, dramatic, and wondrous actions, which I recited to myself. It is thus that on hearing melodious or impassioned music, I think they are words I hear, for the poetry of tuneful language reveals and utters to me the poetry of written language. Is it, indeed, necessary to speak every thing? I have never read poetry comparable with that poetry which I heard in the, to me, unintelligible language of these Arabs—the imagination always surpassing the reality. I thought the primitive and patriarchal poetry of the desert was open to my understanding; I saw the camel, the horse, the gazelle; I saw the oasis raising its palm tops of yellow green above the immense plains of the desert, the combats of warriors, and the young Arab maidens captured and rescued in the strife, and recognising their lovers in their champions. This reminds me that I have always had more pleasure in reading a foreign poet in a detestable mean translation than in the original itself; because the most diving original always leaves something to desire in the expression, and the bad translation indicates but the thought, the poetic design; because the imagination itself illustrating this design with words which it finds as transparent as the idea, enjoys a perfect satisfaction of its own creation. The thought being boundless, it conceives it so in the expression—the delight is thus also boundless. To give

ourselves this gratification, we must, in a certain degree, be musicians or poets; but who is not so?

Antar, at once the hero and the poet of the wandering Arab, is little known by us—we know his history imperfectly—we are ignorant even of the precise date of his existence. Some learned persons assert that he lived in the sixth century of our era. Local traditions carry him back much farther. Antar, according to the traditions gathered in part from his poem, was a negro slave, who obtained his liberty by his exploits and virtues, and gained his mistress Abia by love and heroism. The poem of Antar is not, like that of Homer, written entirely in verse; it is in poetic prose, of the purest and most classical Arabic, intermingled with verses. What is a singularity in this poem, is, that the portion written in prose is infinitely superior to the lyrical fragments which are interspersed. The poetic part presents the far-fetchedness, affectation, and style of literature in its decline; on the contrary, nothing is more simple, more natural, and more truly impassioned, than the recitative. All the Arab poetry, ancient or modern, that I have read, participates more or less in this unfortunate far-fetched tone of thought distinguishable in the poetry of Antar; if there is no play on words, there is at least the play on ideas and images, more fitted to amuse the mind than touch the heart. Art requires ages to arrive at the simple and sublime expression of nature. With the Arabs, verses are but an ingenious medium for trifling with their minds or their feelings. I except some religious poems, written about thirty years ago by a Maronite bishop of Mount Lebanon. I possess some fragments of them worthy the places which inspired them, and the sacred subjects to which this pious anchorite exclusively consecrated his masculine genius. These religious poems are more solemn, and more from the soul, than any of that sort I know in Europe; something of the accent of Job, the grandeur of Solomon, and the melancholy of David, remains in them.

I regret that no experienced orientalist has translated for us the whole of Antar; it would be better than a book of travels, for nothing represents manners so well as a poem. It would invigorate also our own inspirations, by the novel ideas which Antar has drawn from his solitudes; furthermore, it would be amusing as Ariosto, affecting as Tasso. I do not doubt that the Italian poetry of Ariosto and Tasso is twin-sister of the Arabic poetry; the same alliance of ideas that produced the Alhambra, Seville, Grenada, and some of our cathedrals, gave birth to *The Jerusalem*, and the charming dramas of the poet of Reggio. Antar is more interesting than *The Thousand and One Nights*, because he is less marvellous. The whole interest is drawn from the human heart, and the true or probable adventures of the hero and his lover. The English have an almost complete translation of this delightful poem; we possess but a few beautiful fragments, scattered in our literary reviews. The reader will scarcely perceive, in the imperfect version placed at the end of this book, the admirable beauties of the original.

A few paces from where I sat, a young Turkish female was weeping for her husband over one of those little monuments of white stone, with which all the eminences round Jerusalem are sprinkled. She appeared scarcely eighteen or twenty years old, and I never beheld so ravishing an image of grief. Her profile, which her veil thrown back permitted me to see, had the exquisite outlines of the most beautiful heads of the Parthenon, but at the same time the softness, gentleness, and graceful languor of the Asiatic women, a beauty much more feminine, much more voluptuous, and fascinating to the heart, than the severe and masculine beauty of the Grecian statues; with hair of a bronzed and gilded blonde, a colour much esteemed in this land of the sun, of which it is, as it were, a true reflection. Her hair, shook loose from her head, fell around her, and literally swept the ground; her breast was entirely uncovered, according to the custom of females in this part of Arabia; and when she stooped to embrace the turban, or to put her ear to the tomb, her

two naked nipples touched the earth, and left their print in the dust, like the mould of the lovely breast of the buried Atala, which the sand of the sepulchre still delineated, in the beautiful epic of M. de Chateaubriand. She had strewed with all sorts of flowers the tomb and the earth around; a handsome carpet of Damascus was stretched under her knees; on the carpet there were some vases of flowers, and a basket filled with figs and barley cakes; for she had to pass the entire day thus mourning. A hole hollowed in the earth, and which was judged to correspond with the ear of the dead, served to convey her voice towards that other world, in which he was at rest whom she came to visit. She stooped every moment towards this opening; she sang some words mingled with sobs; then she placed her ear as if she waited the answer; and again commenced to sing and weep as before. I attempted to get at the meaning of the words that she thus murmured, which reached me where I sat; but my Arab dragoman could not catch or render them. How I regret it! How many secrets of love and grief, how many sighs expressive of the whole life of two souls torn from each other, these broken sentences drowned in tears must have contained! Oh! if any thing could rouse the dead, it would be such words lisped by such a mouth!

Two yards from this female, under a piece of black cloth attached to two reeds stuck in the earth, by way of a parasol, her two young children were playing with three black Abyssinian slaves, seated like their mistress on the sand, which was covered by a carpet. These three women, all young and beautiful also, in the slender shapes and aquiline profiles of the negroes of Abyssinia, were grouped in different attitudes, like three statues taken from a single block. One of them had her knee on the ground, and held on the other one of the children, who was stretching out its arms towards its weeping mother. The second had her two legs folded under her, and her two hands clasped, like the Magdalene of Canova, upon her blue apron. The third was standing leaning a little over her companions, and moving her body from side to side, cradled in her bosom the most infantine of the children, which she in vain strove to lull to slumber. When the sobs of the youthful widow were heard by the children, they began to cry, and the three slaves, responding with a sigh to the grief of their mistress, commenced singing the monotonous airs of their country to appease the children.

It was a Sunday; two hundred yards from me, within the thick and lofty walls of Jerusalem, I heard issuing in gusts, the distant and feeble echoes of the vespers from the cupola of the Greek Convent. The hymns and psalms of David arose after three thousand years, sung by foreign voices and in a new tongue, upon the same hills which had inspired them; and I saw on the terraces of the convent some old monks moving about, with their breviaries in their hands, and muttering those prayers, now repeated through so many ages, in different languages and metres.

And I was there also to sing all these things; to study history at its cradle; to discover at its source the unknown stream of a civilisation and a religion; to inspire myself with the genius of the localities, and the hidden sense of histories and monuments, upon those spots whence the modern world took its departure; and to foster with a wisdom more real, and a philosophy more truthful, the solemn and reflective poetry of the epoch in which we live.

This scene, thrown by hazard before my eyes, and remembered as one of my thousand impressions during my travels, presented me with almost the whole purposes and phases of every poetry. The three black slaves lulling the children with the artless and infantine songs of their country, was the pastoral and imitative poetry of the infancy of nations; the young Turkish widow weeping for her husband, with songs and sobs, the elegiac and impassioned poetry, the poetry of the heart; the Arab soldiers, and moukres, reciting the warlike and amorous fragments of Antar, the epic and martial poetry of nomade or conquering races; the

Greek monks chanting the psalms on their solitary terraces, the sacred and lyrical poetry of ages of enthusiasm and religious renovation; and I, meditating in my tent and reviewing historical facts, or the thoughts of all the earth, the poetry of philosophy and meditation, the offspring of an era in which mankind studies and reasons on itself, even in the songs with which it amuses its leisure hours. Such is all past poetry; but what will be the future?

November 4.—We passed the evening and the night at the convent of Saint John, to take leave of the excellent monks, whom we shall certainly never forget; the recollection of humble and unmixed virtues remains in the soul, like the perfumed odours of a temple. We gave to these good fathers an alms, scarcely sufficient to indemnify them for the expenses we had occasioned them; they thought nothing of the peril we had caused them to run; they begged me to recommend them to the terrible protection of Abougosh, whom I was to see again at Jeremiah. We departed before daylight, in order to avoid the importunity of the Bedouins of Bethlehem and of the desert of Saint John, who continued to follow me, and began even to use menaces. By eight in the morning, we had cleared the high mountains which are topped by the tomb of the Maccabees, and we were seated under the fig-trees of Jeremiah, smoking a pipe and taking coffee with Abougosh, his uncle, and his brothers. Abougosh loaded me with fresh marks of regard and kindness; he offered me a horse, which I refused, not wishing to make him any present myself, because it would have seemed an acknowledgment of the tribute which he ordinarily imposes on pilgrims, and from which Ibrahim has emancipated them. I placed under his protection the monks of Saint John, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem. I knew afterwards that he had in fact gone to deliver them from the outrages of the Bedouins of the desert; he had little idea, doubtless, when I asked his protection for some poor Frank monks exiled to his mountains, that eight months afterwards he should have to implore mine for the freedom of his own brother, carried captive to Damascus, and that I should be fortunate enough to be of service to him in my turn. Having drunk coffee and refreshed our horses, we started, escorted by the whole population of Jeremiah, and proceeded beyond Ramla, to encamp in a superb olive wood which surrounds that town. Worn out with fatigue, and without provisions, we asked hospitality from the monks of the convent of the Holy Land; they refused us as infected persons, which we might very easily have been. We did without supper therefore, and we slept to the noise of the sea-breeze rustling amongst the branches of the olive-trees. It was here that the Virgin, Saint Joseph, and the Infant, passed the night in the fields, in the flight to Egypt. This recollection sweetened our couch.

Departed from Ramla at six in the morning, and came to breakfast at Jaffa, with M. Damiani. The day was passed in resting ourselves, and preparing provisions to return into Syria by the coast.*

Nothing can be more delightful than travelling in a caravan when the landscape is beautiful, when the horses, freshened by rest, march briskly over a firm and sandy soil; when the scenes vary and quickly succeed each other; when the sea, above all things, rolls at your horses' feet, and sends to your cheek the fresh breeze from its rolling waves, or dashes upon you sandy flakes of foam. This pleasure we experienced in skirting the charming gulf which separates Caypha from Acre. The desert formed by the plain of Zabulon was concealed on the right by the thickets of tall reeds, and by the palm-trees, which separate the strand from the country. We trod a route of white and fine sand, continually watered by the waves breaking upon it. The gulf, shut in on the east by the lofty point of the capo of Mount Carmel surmounted by its monastery, and to the west by the white walls of St Jean d'Acre in ruins, resembled a vast lake, on which the smallest vessels

* [The author means that he is now returning northwards along the coast of the Mediterranean.]

might sport with impunity. It is not so, however; the coast of Syria, every where dangerous, is most so in the Gulf of Caypha; the ships which take refuge there, and cast anchor on its bottom of soft sand, in order to escape a tempest, are frequently thrown on the coast; sad and picturesque wrecks proved this too well; the entire shore is bordered with the hulks of vessels buried in the sand; some of them yet show their broken prow, where sea-birds build their nests; others have only their masts out of the sand, which, motionless and leafless, resemble those funeral crosses which we plant on the ashes of those who are no more. A few of them have even their rigging yet hanging on the masts, but rotted with the salt vapour from the sea. The Arabs do not meddle with these ruins of shipwrecked vessels; time and the winter tempests are required to complete their destruction, or the sand to cover them up.

We saw there, as in the other gulfs of Syria, how the Arabs take fish. A man holding a small unfolded net above his head ready for casting, advances some paces into the sea, and chooses an hour and place at which the sun is behind him, and throws its light upon the water without dazzling him. He waits until the waves, heaped and rising upon each other, break on the ledge or the sand. He observes, with a piercing and practised eye, whether the wave carries any fish with it, and he throws his net at the very moment it breaks, and would drag back what it brings by its reflux. The net fills, the wave retires, and the fish remain. It requires the weather to be a little rough to pursue this sort of fishing on the coast of Syria; when the sea is calm, the fisher discovers nothing; it is when the wave rises to the sun that it becomes transparent.

The infected odour of battle-fields announced to us the neighbourhood of Acre; we were not more than a quarter of an hour from its walls. It is a heap of ruins; the domes of the mosques are full of holes, the embattled walls are breached with immense gaps, and the towers have fallen into the harbour. It had just endured a year's siege, and been taken by assault by Ibrahim's 40,000 soldiers.

The politics of people in the east are ill understood in Europe. We imagine them to have designs, when they are but caprices; plans, when they are but passions; and to look to a future, when to-day and to-morrow embrace the whole foresight. We have perceived, in the aggression of Mahomet-Ali, a premeditated and long progressive ambition; it was but the seduction of fortune, which, from one step to another, led him almost involuntarily to shake the throne of his master, and to conquer half his empire; a fresh opportunity may carry him still farther.

The quarrel originated in the following manner:—Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, a young inconsiderate man, raised to the pachalik by a caprice of favour or hazard, had revolted against the Grand Signior; being overcome, he had solicited the protection of the Pacha of Egypt, who secured his pardon from the Divan.* Abdallah, soon forgetting the gratitude which he owed to Mahomet, refused to execute certain conditions sworn to in the period of his misfortunes. Ibrahim marched to coerce him; he found at Acre an unexpected resistance; his anger was roused; he demanded from his father fresh troops, which were sent, and they were also repulsed. Mahomet-Ali grew tired, and recalled his son; but Ibrahim resisted, and declared his intention of dying under the walls of Acre, or of reducing it to the power of his father. He at length broke open the gates of the town, at a great sacrifice of men. Abdallah, being taken prisoner, prepared himself for death; Ibrahim sent for him to his tent, and having addressed to him a few bitter sarcasms, dispatched him to Alexandria. Instead of the bow-string or the sabre, Mahomet-Ali sent him his own horse; made him enter in triumph, seated him by his side on the divan, complimented him on his valour and fidelity to the sultan, and gave him a palace, slaves, and large revenues.

* [This is another use of the word *divan*. It here represents the supreme privy-council of the sultan, and the executive organ of the Ottoman government.]

Abdallah deserved this treatment for his bravery. Shut up in Acre with 3000 Turks, he resisted for a year the whole of the Egyptian land and sea forces. The fortune of Ibrahim, like that of Napoleon, vacillated before this rock. If the Grand Signior, in vain solicited by Abdallah, had sent him a few thousand men at the proper time, or had even sent to the Syrian coasts two or three of those fine frigates which were uselessly lying at anchor before the pavilions of the Bosphorus, Ibrahim had been repulsed; he would have retreated into Egypt, convinced of the impotency of his rage. But the Porte was faithful to its system of fatalism; it permitted the ruin of its pacha to be accomplished. The bulwark of Syria was overthrown, and the Divan awoke not from its torpor before it was too late. However, Mahomet-Ali wrote to his general to return; but he, a man of courage and enterprise, determined to test to the uttermost the weakness of the sultan and his own fortune. He advanced. Two brilliant victories, weakly disputed, that of Homs in Syria, and that of Konia in Asia Minor, rendered him absolute master of Arabia, of Syria, and of all those kingdoms of Pontus, Bithynia, and Cappadocia, which at present compose Caramania. The Porte might yet have cut off his retreat, and, disembarking troops in his rear, have retaken possession of the towns and provinces where he could not leave sufficient garrisons; a body of 6000 men thrown into the defiles of Taurus and Syria had imprisoned Ibrahim amidst his victories, and made prey of him and his army. The Turkish fleet was infinitely more numerous than that of Ibrahim, or rather the Porte had an immense and magnificent fleet; Ibrahim had only two or three frigates. But from the commencement of the campaign, Kalil-Pacha, a young man of elegant manners, the favourite of the sultan, and named by him Capitan-Pacha (High Admiral), had retired from the seas before the small force of the Egyptian; I had seen him with my own eyes quit the harbour of Rhodes, and shut himself up in the road of Marmorizza, upon the coast of Caramania, at the bottom of the Gulf of Macri. Once entered with his ships into this port, the entrance of which is singularly narrow, Ibrahim, with two vessels, could prevent him coming out. He, in fact, came out no more, and all winter, when the military operations were the most important and decisive on the coasts of Syria, Ibrahim's fleet alone appeared in those seas, and carried him, without obstacle, reinforcements and munitions of war. But, however, Kalil-Pacha was neither a traitor nor a coward; but thus go the affairs of a people who remain lethargic when all is in motion around them. The fortune of nations lies in their genius; the genius of the Ottomans now trembles before that of the weakest of their pachas. The rest of the campaign, which recalls that of Alexander, is well known. Ibrahim is incontestably a hero, and Mahomet-Ali a great man; but all their fortune rests upon their own two heads: take away these two men, and there is no more an Egypt or an Arab empire, there are no longer Maccabees for Islamism, and the East will return to the West, by that invincible law of nature which gives empire to intelligence.

Same date.—The sand which borders the Gulf of Acre became more and more revolting. We began to perceive the bones of men, horses, and camels, scattered on the beach, whitening in the sun, and washed by the foam of the waves. At every step these mournful relics multiplied before our eyes. The whole strand was covered with them, and the noise of our horses' feet disturbed bands of wild dogs, hideous jackals, and birds of prey, engaged for the last two months in gnawing the remains of the horrible feast, which the cannon of Ibrahim and Abdallah had made ready for them. Some dragged in their flight the limbs of men, others those of horses; and some eagles, perched on the bony heads of camels, rose at our approach with enraged cries, and hovered, spite of our musket-shots, over their disgusting prey. The high grass, the reeds, and the shrubs of the shore, were equally strewn with these wrecks of men and animals. But war was not

the sole cause of this destruction. The typhus fever, which had desolated Acre for several months, finished what arms had spared; there scarcely remained twelve or fifteen hundred persons in a town containing from twelve to fifteen thousand souls, and every day they threw from the walls, or into the sea, fresh corpses, which the waves cast on the shores of the gulf, or the jackals dragged amongst the bushes. We went as far as the eastern gate of this unfortunate town. The atmosphere was not respirable; we entered not, but turning to the right along the battered walls on which some slaves were at work, we traversed the field of battle in its whole extent, from the walls of the town to the country house of the pachas of Acre, built in the middle of the plain, nearly two hours' distance from the sea-side. On approaching this house, which had a splendid appearance, flanked with elegant kiosks of an Indian architecture, we saw long furrows a little deeper than those which the plough makes in our strong soils. They were stretched over a space half a league long, and nearly as broad, and the ground thrown up was one or two feet above the level of the earth. It was the site of Ibrahim's camp, and the tomb of 15,000 men, whom he had caused to be buried in these sepulchral trenches. We marched a long time with much labour over this soil, which covered with a slight layer so many victims of the ambition and waywardness of the thing they call a hero.

We urged our horses forward, their hoofs clashing every moment against the dead bodies, and crushing the bones which the jackals had disinterred, and we proceeded to encamp about an hour's march from this dismal spot, in a charming part of the plain, watered by a running stream, overshadowed with palms, oranges, and lemons, and out of reach of the breeze from Acre, or its pervading exhalations. This grove, thrown like an oasis amidst the nakedness of the plain of Acre, had been planted by the preceding pacha, the successor of the famous Djezzar-Pacha. Some poor Arabs, sheltered in huts of earth and mud, furnished us with oranges, eggs, and chickens. We slept there.

On the following day, M. de Laroyere could scarcely rise from his mat and mount his horse; his members, benumbed by pain, were tortured by the least movement. He felt the first symptoms of the typhus, which his medical science taught him to distinguish better than we could. But the place offering us neither an abode nor resources to restore an invalid, we hastened to remove from it before the malady became more serious, and we went fifteen leagues from there to sleep in the plain of Tyre, on the banks of a river shaded by immense reeds, not far from an isolated ruin, which seemed to belong to the era of the crusades.* The motion and heat had relieved M. de Laroyere. We laid him under the tent, and went to shoot the wild ducks and geese, which rose in clouds from the banks of the river. We killed as many of these birds as sufficed for our whole caravan.

On the following day we met on the sea-shore—a delightful spot, shaded by marine cedars and magnificent plane-trees—a Turkish aga, who was returning from Mecca with a numerous suite of men and horses. We established ourselves beneath a tree near the fountain, at a little distance from the tree under which the aga was breakfasting. His slaves were walking his horses about. I was struck with the symmetry and light step of a young Arab stallion, of pure breed. I instructed

my dragoman to enter into conversation about him with the aga. We sent him, by way of presents, some of our provisions, and a pair of pistols, and he presented us in return with a Persian yatagan. I ordered my horses to be paraded before him, to lead the conversation in a natural manner to that topic. We succeeded in that object, but the difficulty was to make the proposition that he should sell his horse to me. My dragoman informed him that one of my companions was so ill, that he could not get a horse of a sufficiently easy pace to carry him. The aga then said, that he had one upon whose back he could drink a cup of coffee at full gallop, without letting fall a drop. This was the beautiful animal which I had admired, and which I ardently longed to possess for my wife. After a long circumlocution, we finished by striking a bargain, and I carried off the horse, which I called *El Kantara*, in memory of the place and the fountain where I had purchased him. I got on him that very moment to complete the rest of the journey. I never bestrode an animal of such easy motion. I felt neither the elastic movement of his shoulders, nor the treading of his hoof upon the rock, nor the slightest pull of his head on the rein. Raising his feet like a gazelle from his prominent chest, one might have believed it was a bird, sustaining itself on its wings, and skimming the ground. He was swifter also than any Arab horse I tried him against. His colour was a pearly grey. I gave him to my wife, who would never mount any other during our sojourn in the East. I will always regret this finished creature. He was born in Khorassan, and was only five years old.

In the evening, we arrived at Solomon's Well. On the morrow, early, we entered Saïde, the ancient Sidon, escorted by the Franks of the town and the sons of M. Giraudin, our excellent vice-consul at Saïde. We found also at Saïde M. Cottafago, whom we had known at Nazareth, and his family. He had just built a house in the town, and was occupied with preparations for the marriage of one of his daughters. The ancient Sidon offering no longer any vestige of its former grandeur, we gave ourselves entirely to the amiable attentions of M. Giraudin, and to the pleasure of talking with him about Europe and the East. Become a patriarch in the land of patriarchs, he and his family presented to us the image of the patriarchal virtues, and recalled to us likewise their manners.

The typhus fever showed itself with all its symptoms in the increasing illness of M. de Laroyere. Being unable any longer to mount on horseback, we freighted a boat to transport him by sea to Beirout. We departed with the rest of the caravan. I sent a courier to Lady Stanhope, to thank her for her obliging proceedings in my favour, with respect to the chief Abougosh, and to beg her to seize any occasions that might present themselves to announce my coming to the Arabs of Bkaa, Balbek, and Palmyra.

November 5.—Slept at a miserable deserted hovel, on the borders of the sea; wrote some verses during the interval in my Bible; overjoyed at approaching Beirout, after a journey so happily accomplished; intercepted an Arab courier, with a letter from my wife; all well, Julia in flourishing health—both waiting for me to go and pass some days at the monastery of Antoura, on Lebanon, with the Catholic patriarch who had come to invite us. At four in the afternoon, a frightful storm arose; the clouded sky seemed to fall all at once on the mountains to our right; the thunder from the dark clouds meeting on the peaks of Lebanon, was confounded with the roaring of the sea, which was like a plain of snow, ploughed up by a furious hurricane. The rain did not fall, as in the West, in drops more or less continuous, but in unbroken and weighty streams, which strike and sink down both man and horse, like the blow of the tempest. The day completely disappeared; our horses toiled through torrents filled with rolling stones, and were every instant on the point of being carried off their legs into the sea. When the sky rose again, and light reappeared, we found ourselves on the skirts of the pines of Fakardin, half a league from the town.

* [Tyre, which M. de Lamartine does not seem to have entered, is now a poor small town, situated on a low promontory projecting into the sea. It was visited by Mr Stephens, who thus speaks of it. "On the extreme end of a long, low, sandy isthmus, which seems to have crawled out as far as it could, stands the fallen city of Tyre, seeming, at a distance, to rest on the bosom of the sea. A Turkish soldier was stationed at the gate. I entered, under an arch so low that it was necessary to stoop on the back of my horse, and passed through dark and narrow streets, sheltered by mats stretched over the bazaars from the scorching heat of a Syrian sun. A single fishing-boat was lying in the harbour of the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth."]

Animals have their country as well as men; those of my horses who remembered this locality from having often carried us to it, although wearied with a journey of 300 leagues, neighed, cocked their ears, and bounded with joy upon the sand. I left the caravan to defile slowly through the pines; I urged Lebanon to the gallop, and arrived, my heart trembling with anxiety and joy, in the arms of my wife. Julia was amusing herself in a neighbouring house with the daughters of the Prince of the Mountain, who had been appointed governor of Beirut during my absence; she saw me arrive from the top of the terrace. I heard her crying, as she came, "Where is he? Is it really he?" She entered, threw herself into my arms, covered me with caresses, and ran round the room, her beautiful eyes all brilliant with tears of delight, exclaiming, "Oh, how happy I am! Oh, how happy I am!" and came again to seat herself on my knees, and to embrace me. There were two young Jesuit monks of Lebanon in the room, on a visit to my wife; it was long before I could address to them a word of politeness. They themselves were mute before this artless and impassioned expression of the love of a child for its father, and before the heavenly lustre which her bliss added to her dazzling beauty, and they remained standing, awed into silence and admiration. In the meantime our friends and suite arrived, and filled the mulberry fields with the horses and tents.

Several days of rest and happiness were passed in receiving the visits of our friends in Beirut. The sons of the Emir Beschir, called down from the mountains by the orders of Ibrahim, to occupy the country, which threatened to rise in favour of the Turks, were encamped in the valley of Nahr-el-Kelb, about an hour's march from us.

November 7.—The Sardinian consul, M. Bianco, connected for many years with these princes, invited us to a dinner he gave them. They arrived, clothed in magnificent caftans (robes), wore throughout with thread of gold; their turbans were composed of the richest stuffs of Cachemire. The eldest of the princes, who commanded the army of his father, had a poignard, the hilt of which was entirely encrusted with diamonds of inestimable value. Their suite was numerous and novel; among a great number of Mussulman and black slaves, there was a poet, quite similar by his attributes to the bards of the middle ages. His duties consist in singing the virtues and exploits of his master, in composing tales for him, when he calls upon him to beguile the time, and in standing behind him, during meals, to improvise verses, a sort of toasts in his own honour, or in that of the guests whom the prince designs to distinguish. There was likewise a Catholic Maronite chaplain, or confessor, who never quits him, even at table, and to whom alone the harem-gates are thrown open: he was a monk of jovial and martial aspect, exactly such a person as we call chaplain of a regiment. The confessor, on account of his ecclesiastical character, was seated at table, but the poet remained on his legs.

These princes, and especially the eldest, did not appear at all embarrassed at our manners, or the presence of European ladies. They conversed with us with the same graceful address, the same propriety, the same freedom of spirit, as if they had been bred in the most elegant court in Europe. Oriental politeness is always on a level with ours, because it is of a much older date, and originally more pure and unalloyed. To an unprejudiced eye, there is no comparison between the nobleness, the decorum, and the solemn grace of the Turkish, Arabic, Indian, or Persian manners, and our own. In us may be perceived a young people, scarcely emancipated from a harsh, gross, and imperfect civilisation; but they are the children of a noble family, the inheritors of ancient wisdom and virtue. Their nobility, which is but the descent of primitive worth, is written on their foreheads, and impressed on all their customs; and, more than all, there is no mob amongst them. The moral civilisation, of which alone I am speaking, is everywhere on a level. The shepherd and the emir are of the same family, speak the same

language, have the same usages, and are joint inheritors of the same grand traditions which form the moral atmosphere of a people.

At dessert the wines of Cyprus and Lebanon were profusely circulated; the Christian Arabs, and the family of the Emir Beschir, which is Christian, or believes itself to be so, drink wine without scruple on occasions. Toasts were drunk to the success of Ibrahim, to the enfranchisement of Lebanon, and to the friendship between the Franks and Arabs. The prince proposed a toast to the ladies present at the fête; and his bard, being ordered by the prince to make verses for the occasion, sang in recitative, and at the full pitch of his voice, some of the following purport:—

"Let us drink the juice of Eden, which makes drunk and rejoices the heart of slave and prince. It is the wine of those plants which Noah himself planted, when the dove, instead of the branch of olive, brought him from heaven a cutting of vine. By virtue of this wine, the poet instantly becomes a prince, and the prince a poet."

Let us drink it to the honour of those young and beautiful Franks, who come from the country where every woman is a queen. The eyes of the women of Syria are soft, but they are veiled. In the eyes of the daughters of the west, there is more intoxication than in the transparent cup which I drink.

To drink wine and behold the visages of women are double sins for the Moslem; for the Arab they are double enjoyments and praises to God."

The chaplain appeared enchanted with these verses, and joined in the repetitions of the bard, laughing and drinking off his glass. The prince proposed to us the spectacle of a falcon hunt, a habitual diversion amongst all the princes and scheiks of Syria. It was from there the crusaders brought the custom into Europe.

November 9.—The climate, with the exception of some gusts of wind upon the sea, and some storms of rain about the middle of the day, is as fine as in the month of May in France. As soon as the rains begin, a fresh spring follows; the walls of the terraces which support the cultivated slopes of Lebanon, and the fertile hills in the environs of Beirut, are so covered with vegetation in a few days, that the earth is completely concealed under the moss, grass, brushwood, and flowers; the green barley carpets all the fields, which were nothing but dust on our arrival; and the mulberries, which open their second buds, form around the houses groves impenetrable to the sun. We perceive the roofs of houses scattered in the plain at intervals, rising out of this ocean of verdure, and Greek and Syrian women, in their rich and brilliant costume, like queens, taking the air on the pavilions of their gardens. Narrow footpaths, hollowed in the sand, conduct from house to house, from hill to hill, through these continued gardens, which reach from the sea to the foot of Lebanon. Following them, we come all at once to the portals of the houses, where we discover the most enchanting scenes of the patriarchal life; there are the women and the young girls seated under the mulberry or the fig-tree before their door, embroidering rich woollen carpets, with varied and bright colours, or, having attached the ends of a silken thread to distant trees, wind it slowly up, walking and singing from tree to tree. The men, on the other hand, walk backwards from the trees, occupied in weaving silk stuffs, and throwing the shuttle, which another returns to them. The children are lying in cradles of rushes, or on mats under the shade, and some are hanging on the branches of the orange-trees. The large sheep of Syria, with their long trailing tails, too heavy to move, are extended in the holes which are cut expressly for them in the fresh earth before the door. One or two goats, with long pendant ears, like those of our hunting dogs, and sometimes a cow, complete the rural scene. The horse of the master is always there likewise, covered with its splendid harness, and ready to be mounted; he makes part of the family, and appears to take an interest in all that is done, in all that is said, around him; his countenance is animated like that of a human being;

when a stranger appears, and speaks to him, he cocks his ears, curls his lips, contracts his nostrils, turns his head to the wind, and scents the unknown who caresses him; his soft and pensive eyes glitter like two red coals under the beautiful long mane hanging down his forehead.

The Greek, Syrian, and Arab cultivators who dwell in these houses at the foot of Lebanon, have nothing savage or barbarous about them; better educated than the peasants in our provinces, they all can read, and all understand two languages, Arabic and Greek; they are mild, laborious, peaceable, and decorous; occupied all the week in the labours of the field, or the working of silk, they refresh themselves on Sundays, by assisting with their families in the long and showy rites of the Greek or Syrian creed; they return afterwards to their houses to enjoy a repast, somewhat more sumptuous than on ordinary days; the women and girls, adorned in their richest clothes, their hair plaited, and all strewn with orange-flowers, scarlet wall-flowers, and carnations, seat themselves on mats before the doors of their dwellings, with their friends and neighbours. It is impossible to describe with the pen, the groups so redolent of the picturesque, from the richness of their costume and their beauty, which these females then compose in the landscape. I see amongst them daily such countenances as Raphael had not beheld, even in his dreams as an artist. It is more than the Italian or Greek beauty; there is the nicety of shape, the delicacy of outline, in a word, all that Greek and Roman art has left us as the most finished model; but it is rendered more bewitching still, by a primitive artlessness of expression, by a serene and voluptuous languor, by a heavenly clearness, which the glances from the blue eyes, fringed with black eyelids, cast over the features, and by a smiling archness, a harmony of proportions, a rich whiteness of skin, an indescribable transparency of tint, a metallic gloss upon the hair, a gracefulness of movement, a novelty in the attitudes, and a vibrating silvery tone of voice, which render the young Syrian girl the very *hours* of the visual paradise. Such admirable and varied beauty is also very common; I never go into the country for an hour, without meeting several such females going to the fountains or returning, with their Etruscan urns upon their shoulders, and their naked legs clasped with rings of silver. On a Sunday, the men and boys seat themselves on mats stretched at the foot of some spreading sycamore, at a short distance from a fountain;—this is their complete relaxation. There they remain motionless for hours, relating marvellous tales, and drinking from time to time a cup of coffee or fresh water. Others go to the tops of the hills, and there, grouped under the vine or olive trees, appear to enjoy with ecstacy the sea-view which these heights command, the transparency of the atmosphere, the singing of the birds, and all those instinctive pleasures of the pure and simple mind, which our populations have lost in the blustering drunkenness of the tavern, and the stupefactions of revellings. Never were more beautiful scenes in the creation so prolific of chaste and agreeable impressions; here nature is in truth a perpetual hymn to the bounty of the Creator, and no false refinement, no spectacle of misery or vice, disturbs for the stranger the enchanting melody of this hymn; men, women, birds, animals, trees, mountains, sea, sky, climate—all are beautiful, natural, splendid, and disposing to religion.

November 10.—This morning I went early to wander with Julia upon the hill which the Greeks name Saint Demetrius, about a league from Beirut, going towards Lebanon, and following obliquely the curve of the sea shore. Two of my Arabs accompanied us, one as a guide, the other to lead Julia's horse by the head, and to catch her in his arms if the animal grew frisky. When the paths became too steep, we quitted our horses for a moment, and scaled on foot the natural or artificial terraces which form verdant steps all the way up the hill of Saint Demetrius. In my boyhood, I had often imagined to myself this terrestrial paradise, this Eden which all nations have in their remembrance,

either as a charming dream, or as the tradition of a more holy epoch; I had followed Milton in his ravishing descriptions of the enchanting abode of our first parents; but here, as in all other things, nature far outstrips imagination. God has not permitted man to dream any thing so beautiful as he has made. I had dreamed an Eden—I can say I have seen it.

When we had continued half an hour, proceeding under the arched nopal-trees, which line all the pathways on the plain, we began to mount by still narrower and steeper paths to the successive table-lands, whence the view of the country, the sea, and Lebanon, opens out yet more considerably. These table-lands, which are of moderate breadth, are all encompassed by forest-trees unknown to our climates, and the names of which I unfortunately am not acquainted with; but their trunks, the form of their branches, the strange appearance of their pyramidal or dishevelled tops, give to this edging of vegetation a grace and novelty which sufficiently pourtray Asia. Their leaves, likewise, are of all forms and tints, from the black verdure of the cypress to the grey green of the olive, and the yellow of the citron and the orange; from the broad leaves of the Chinese mulberry, one of which is sufficient to shade the sun from the face of a child, to the slight slips of the tea-tree, the pomegranate, and other innumerable shrubs with a foliage resembling parsley, which interpose, as it were, a light drapery of vegetable lace-work between the horizon and the beholder. The ground under these woods is covered with flowers from verdant plants growing beneath their shade. The interior part of the levels is sown with barley, and at every angle two or three palm-trees, or the sombre and rounded dome of the colossal carob-tree, indicate the place where an Arab husbandman has built his cottage, encircled by vine-plants, by a ditch surmounted with green hedges of Indian figs, loaded with their prickly fruit, and by a little grove of orange-trees, scattered with carnations and wall-flowers for the ornament of his daughters' hair. When the road conducted us to the door of these houses, concealed like nests amongst this waving verdure, the countenances of their happy and amiable inhabitants never betrayed any surprise, sulkiness, or anger. They saluted us with the pious salutation of the orientals, *Saba-el-kair*, ("May the day be a blessed one for you!") Some of them entreated us to rest under their palm-tree, and brought us, according to their condition, a mat or a carpet, and offered us fruits, milk, and flowers from their garden. We sometimes accepted their presents, and promised to return and bring them some European production. But their politeness and hospitality were perfectly disinterested; they like the Franks, because they can cure maladies, are acquainted with the virtues of the different plants, and adore the same God as themselves.

We mounted from one level to another; the same scenes, the same enclosures of trees, the same vegetation upon the land they encircle. But from height to height the magnificent horizon expanded, the lower levels stretched in variegated colouring, and the rows of shrubs, seeming grouped together by the distance, formed clumps and dark spots below us. We traversed these table-lands from hill to hill, occasionally descending into the valleys which separate them—valleys a thousand times more shaded and more delightful even than the hills, being completely veiled by the trees of the terraces which rise above them, and buried in a redundant and odoriferous vegetation, yet having at their terminations a straitened glimpse of the prospect over the plain and the sea. As the plain grew out of sight when we reached the more elevated of these valleys, they appeared to open immediately on the beach, their dark trees standing out from the blue waves; and we amused ourselves, when seated at the foot of a palm-tree, by observing the sails of the vessels, which were in reality four or five leagues from us, glide slowly from one tree to another, as if they were sailing on a lake, and the valley was directly on its shore.

We came at last, in our wanderings, to the most perfect and enchanting of these landscapes. It was one

of the higher valleys, open to the east and west, and entombed in the folds of the last chain of hills which advances into the great valley in which the Nahr-el-Beirout flows. No words can describe the profuse vegetation which carpets its bed and sides; although its slopes on both sides are of rock, they are so clothed with plants of all sorts, dripping with the humidity, as it distils drop by drop, so covered with clusters of heath, fern, sweet-smelling herbs, rushes, ivy, and shrubs, rooted in their imperceptible clefts, that we could not doubt it was the live rock that thus vegetated. It is a bushy carpeting one or two feet thick, a velveting of wedged vegetation, variegated in tint and dye, strowed throughout with clusters of unknown flowers, of a thousand forms and a thousand odours, now sleeping motionless, like flowers painted on a rug laid down in a drawing-room, and then, when the sea-breeze glides over them, rising with the herbs and twigs, amongst which they are blown like the silky hair of an animal stroked backwards, diversified with waving hues, and resembling a river of leaves and blossoms gushing in perfumed waves. There rise from them gusts of bewitching odour, multitudes of insects with coloured wings, and innumerable birds fluttering and perching on the neighbouring trees. The air is filled with their voices, mingled with the buzzing of wasps and bees, and with that dull murmur from the earth in spring time, which we imagine, with reason perhaps, to be the noise of its thousand vegetations. The drops of dew fall from every leaf, and glitter upon every sprig of grass, as the sun rises, and his rays glance above the lofty trees and piled rocks which encompass the valley.

We breakfasted there, on a stone at the edge of a cavern, where two gazelles had taken refuge on hearing our steps. We were careful not to disturb the asylum of these beautiful creatures, which are in the deserts what the lamb is in our meadows, or tame doves on the roofs or in the courts of our dwellings.

All the valley was enveloped with the same foliage and vegetation; we could not restrain an exclamation at each step; I do not recollect ever to have seen so much life in nature, thus accumulated and overflowing, in so small a space. We followed this vale in all its length, seating ourselves, from time to time, where the shade was coolest, and brushing the dew-drops from the grass with our hands, and raising odours and clouds of insects from its bosom. How great is God!—how inexhaustible and infinite must be the spring whence all this life, and beauty, and bounteousness, flow! If there be so much to see, to admire, to be astounded and overpowered at, in a single petty corner of nature, what will it be when the curtain of worlds shall be lifted up for us, and we shall contemplate the whole of boundless creation! It is impossible to see and reflect, without being filled with the internal conviction of a God. All nature is sprinkled with the glittering fragments of the mirror in which God reflects himself!

On arriving near the western mouth of the vale, the sky opens, its declivities become less steep; the snows shining on the tops of Lebanon rise into the sky undulating with heated vapours. We draw our eyes from these eternal snows to the black rings of pines, cypresses, and cedars, and to the deep ravines reposing in the shade like nests; then to the perpendicular rocks, tinged with a golden colour, at the foot of which extend the high Maronite convents and the villages of the Druzes, the whole being finished by olive forests, which die away in descending to the borders of the plain. The plain, which stretches between the hills where we stood and the roots of Lebanon, may be a league wide. It is winding, and we could only catch about two leagues of its length; the rest was concealed from us by knolls covered with woods of black pines. The Nahr-el-Beirout, or river of Beirout, which pours, some miles off, from one of the most deep and rocky of the gorges of Lebanon, divides the plain in two. It flows gracefully in a full stream, sometimes confined by its banks lined with reeds, sometimes widening between verdant slopes, and forming little lakes glittering in the plain. It is covered with vegetation; and we perceived asses, horses, goats, black buffaloes, and white cows,

scattered in flocks along the river, and Arab shepherds passing over a ford upon the backs of camels. We also distinguished at a greater distance Maronite monks, clad in their long black robes and cowls, ploughing their fields upon the first ridges of the mountain. We heard the bell of the convents, which called them from time to time to prayer. Then they stopped their oxen, and, placing their rods against the handle of the plough, and throwing themselves on their knees for some minutes, they gave their team wind, whilst they breathed their souls to heaven.

Proceeding onwards, and commencing to descend towards the river, we suddenly descried the sea, which the sides of the valley had hitherto concealed from us, and the wide mouth of the Nahr-el-Beirout, which flows into it. Not far from its mouth, a Roman bridge, almost in ruins, with very elevated arches, but without parapets, crosses the river; a long straggling caravan from Damascus, going to Aleppo, was passing it at that very moment. We saw the travellers, one by one, some upon a dromedary, others upon horseback, issue from the reeds which overshadow the abutments of the bridge, slowly scale the summit of the arches, intercept, for a moment, the blue sea with their beasts of burden, and their brilliant and fantastic costumes, then descend from the ruin, and disappear with their file of asses and camels under the reeds, rose-laurels, and planes, which hang over the other bank of the river. A little farther we saw them again appear on the sandy beach, where the waves were rolling their foam to the very feet of their horses. Immense perpendicular rocks, standing out from an advanced point; finally concealed them, and being prolonged into the sea, shut up the horizon on that side. At the mouth of the river, the sea was of two colours—blue and green in the expanse, and twinkling with restless diamonds; yellow and dirty where the waters of the river came in contact with its waves, and tinged them with the red sand which they constantly carry down with them into the bay. Seventeen ships, at anchor in the roads, were rocking amidst the heavy swell which always prevails there, and their masts rose and sank like long reeds bending to the wind. Some had their masts naked as trees in winter; others, with their sails spread to be dried in the sun, resembled those large white sea-birds, which float in the air without their wings seeming to vibrate. The gulf, more dazzling than the sky above it, reflected a portion of the snows of Lebanon, and the monasteries, with their indented walls, standing on the advanced ledges. A few fishing-boats were passing in full sail, and making towards the river as their harbour. The valley below our feet, the slopes towards the plain, the river flowing under the conical arches of the bridge, the sea with its little bays in the rocks; the prodigious block of Lebanon, with the numberless varieties of its structure; the pyramids of snow, penetrating like cones of silver into the depths of the sky, where the eyes seek them as they would stars; the insensible hummings of the insects around us, the songs of the thousands of birds on the trees, the murmurings of the breeze, and the almost human wailings of the camels of the caravans; the heavy and regular echo of the waves breaking on the beach, at the mouth of the river; the meandering and green banks of the Nahr-el-Beirout on the right; the broken and gigantic Lebanon in front of us; the lustrous and serene arch of heaven, intercepted only by the peaks of the mountain, or by the tops of the large trees; the warmth, the perfume of the atmosphere in which all seemed to float, like an image in the transparent water of a Swiss lake: all these prospects, all these noises, all these shades, all this clear light, all these impressions, formed of this scene the most sublime and enchanting landscape upon which my eyes have ever gazed! What was it, then, for Julia? She was all emotion, all trembling with inward sensation and pleasure; and I rejoiced in impressing such a spectacle upon her young imagination! God exhibits himself here better than in the lines of a catechism; he is depicted in features worthy of himself; the sovereign beauty, the pervading bounteousness of nature in its perfection, reveal him

as he is, to the mind of a child; the physical and material loveliness is transferred into a sentiment of moral perfectibility. To the artist are shown the statues of Greece to inspire him with the instinct of the beautiful. To the virgin mind must be shown the grand and beautiful scenes of nature, in order that the idea it forms of its author shall be just and worthy!

We remounted our horses at the foot of the hill, near the margin of the river. We crossed the bridge, and ascended some wooded eminences to the first monastery on Lebanon, which stood, like a fortified castle, on a granite rock. The monks recognised me from the reports of their Arabs, and received me into the convent. I went over the cells, the refectory, and the chapel. The monks, returning from labour, were busied in unyoking the oxen and buffaloes in the large courtyard, which had all the appearance of a farmyard, being filled with ploughs, cattle, dunghills, poultry, and all the accompaniments of rustic life. The labour was going on without bustle or noise, as by men animated with a spirit of decorum, though not under any severe or rigorous control. Their countenances were mild, serene, and expressive of peace and contentment, such as a community of husbandmen should be. When the bell for repast sounded, they entered the refectory, not all together, but one by one, or in couples, as they finished the work they were engaged on at the time. The meal consisted, as upon all other days, of two or three cakes of meal, dried, rather than baked, on hot stones, of water, and of five olives preserved in oil; occasionally a little cheese or sour milk is added. Such is the entire nourishment of these cenobites, which they take standing or squatted on the floor. The furniture used in Europe is altogether unknown to them. After joining in their dinner, and eating a piece of dough, and drinking a glass of excellent Lebanon wine which the superior placed before us, we revisited some of the cells, which are all alike, being small rooms five or six feet square, each containing, for its whole furniture, a rush mat and a carpet, with images of the saints nailed against the walls, an Arab bible, and a few Syrian manuscripts. A long thatched gallery served as an approach to all these chambers. The view which is enjoyed from the windows of the monastery is beautiful; the lower slopes of Lebanon, the plain and river of Beirut, the waving tops of pine-forests, and then the sea, enclosed by its capes and rocks into gulfs and bays, with white sails traversing it in all directions: such is the prospect always before the eyes of these monks. We received from them some presents of dried fruits and wine in leathern bottles, which were placed on the backs of asses; and we quitted them to return by a different road to Beirut.

We descended by a steep path, cut through the blocks of yellow and soft freestone, which covers the first tiers of Lebanon. In the interstices of the rock a few shrubs and herbs take root, with flowers similar to the tulip of our gardens, but considerably larger. We disturbed several gazelles and jackals, which were sheltered in the hollows of the rocks. A great number of partridges, quails, and woodcocks, flew up at the noise of our horses' steps. Arrived in the plain, we again met the vine, barley, and palm tree. We passed nearly half-way across it, in the midst of this rich vegetation, until we came to the foot of a wide hill, covered with a forest of Italian pines, with various glades, where we saw flocks of camels and goats browsing. This hill concealed from us the Nahr-el-Beirut, which we were intent upon crossing at its southern part. We dived under the branches of these beautiful and lofty pines, and after winding for about a quarter of an hour beneath their shade, we suddenly heard loud shouts, and the noise of a multitude of men, women, and children, coming towards us, playing on drums, bagpipes, and fifes. In an instant we were surrounded by five or six hundred Arabs of strange aspect. The chiefs, clad in magnificent costumes, but dirty and ragged, advanced towards us, at the head of their musicians, and, bowing, addressed to us some apparently respectful compliments, which we could not, however, understand. Their gestures

and shouts, backed by those of the whole tribe, assisted us in interpreting their meaning. They prayed, and, indeed, forced us to follow them into the interior of the forest, where their camp was pitched. It was one of those tribes of Kurds who come from the provinces bordering on Persia to pass the winter, sometimes in the plains of Mesopotamia, sometimes in those of Syria, carrying with them their families and flocks. They take possession of a wood, a plain, or a hill, and fix themselves there for five or six months. Much more barbarous than the Arabs, their invasions and neighbourhood are much feared; they are the armed gipsies of the East.

Encompassed by this crowd of men, women, and children, we marched to the din of their savage music and their yells, whilst they regarded us with a curiosity half good-natured and half ferocious. We soon reached the middle of their encampment, and stopped before the tent of one of the sheiks of the tribe. They made us descend from our horses, which they gave to the charge of some young Kurds, and brought us carpets of Carmania, on which we seated ourselves at the foot of a tree. The slaves of the sheik presented us pipes and coffee; the women of the tent brought camel's milk for Julia. The appearance of this camp of nomade barbarians, in the midst of a gloomy forest of pines, merits a description.

The forest at this spot was thin, and interspersed with broad glades. At the foot of each tree a family had its tent. These tents were for the most part nothing but a piece of black cloth, made of goats' hair, fastened to the trunk of the tree by a cord, and supported on the other side by two posts stuck in the earth. The cloth did not always cover the whole space occupied by the family; but a rag was drawn to the side where the sun or wind was beating, to shelter the tent and the fire lighted on the hearth. No furniture was visible excepting black earthen jars, lying on their sides, used by the women to carry water, some goat-skin bottles, sabres, and long guns, suspended in bundles to the branches of the trees; with mats, carpets, and men and women's clothing, thrown here and there upon the ground. Some of them had two or three square boxes of red painted wood, with gilded nails to contain their effects. I saw only two or three horses in the whole tribe. The greatest number of the families had at their tent-door a camel stretched on the ground, and ruminating with its high thoughtful head, a few fine goats with long black silky hair and pendant ears, a few sheep and buffaloes. Many of them had likewise one or two splendid white greyhounds of great height. These dogs, contrary to the custom of the Mahomedans, were fat, and in good condition; they seemed to know their masters, therefore I presumed that they were used for the chase. The sheiks appeared to enjoy an absolute authority, and the least sign from them established order and silence. Some children having committed, through curiosity, some slight indiscretions towards us, they ordered them to be instantly seized by the men who surrounded them, and carried to a distance from us, into another quarter of the camp. The men were in general tall, strong, handsome, and well made; their dress depicted negligence rather than poverty. Several of them had silken vests, interwoven with gold or silver threads, and blue silk pelisses, lined with rich furs. Their arms were also distinguished for the chasings and inlayings of silver which adorned them. The women were neither confined nor veiled; they were, indeed, half naked, especially the young girls from ten to fifteen years old. Their chief garment was a pair of wide trousers, which left the legs below the knees and the feet bare. Almost all of them had rings of silver above their ankles. The upper part of the body was covered by a chemise of cotton or silk stuff, bound at the waist, and leaving the breast and neck open. Their hair, generally very black, was plaited in long tresses, hanging to the heels, and ornamented with pieces of money. They had likewise round their hips and throats strings of piastres, which clinked at every movement they made. These females were not so tall, fair, modest, or

graceful, as the Syrian women, nor had they the ferocious aspect of the Bedouin women; they were in general short, lean, and of a tawny complexion, but gay, lively, cheerful, dancing and singing to the sound of the music, which had never for an instant ceased its animating strains. They seemed in no way embarrassed with our observation, nor exhibited any shame at their appearing almost naked before the men of their tribe; the men appeared to exercise little authority over them, contenting themselves with laughing at their indiscreet curiosity concerning us, and pushing them gently away. Some of the young girls were pretty and engaging; their black eyes were painted with henna on the margin of the lids, which gives an infinite vivacity to the look. Their legs and hands were likewise painted a mahogany colour; whilst their teeth, white as ivory, had their brilliancy increased by contrast with their lips tattooed in blue and their tawny cheeks—the whole giving to their countenances and their laugh a wild though not ferocious character; they resembled young Provencal or Neapolitan girls, with a higher forehead, freer step, franker smile, and more natural manners. As we do not see such countenances twice in our lives, they impress themselves strongly on the memory.

When we had had a complete view of their camp, and of themselves, we made a sign that we wished to remount our horses. They were immediately brought to us, and, as they were alarmed at the strange appearance and shouts of the crowd, and the noise of the tambours, the sheik ordered two of his wives to carry Julia to the edge of the forest, to which point the whole tribe accompanied us. When mounted on horseback, they offered us a goat and a young camel, which we declined, but gave them a handful of Turkish piastres, which the young maidens divided amongst themselves to add to their necklaces, and two gazzis of gold to the wives of the sheik.

At a little distance from the forest, we regained the river, and crossed it at a ford. Under the rose-bays which line its banks, we again fell in with about a hundred of young girls belonging to the tribe of Kurds, who were returning from Beirout, where they had been purchasing earthen-jars, and some pieces of stuff, for one of their companions who was about to be married. They had stopped there to dance under the shade, each holding in her hand some object destined for the bride. They pursued us for a long time, uttering savage cries, and clinging to Julia's robe, and the manes of our horses, to obtain some pieces of money. We threw them some, and they fled through the river towards the camp.

After crossing the Nahr-el-Beirout, and the other half of the plain, shaded by young palms and pines, we came to the hills of red sand, which stretch to the east of Beirout, between the sea and the vale of the river. This is a portion of the Egyptian desert, thrown up at the foot of Lebanon, and surrounded by a magnificent cultivation. Its sand is red as ochre, and as fine as an impalpable dust. The Arabs allege that this desert of red sand has not been brought there by the winds, or east of the waves, but has sprung from a subterranean torrent, which communicates with the deserts of Gaza and El-Arisch; they pretend that there are springs of sand as well as of water, and show, to confirm their opinion, the colour and substance of the sea sand, which certainly in no degree resembles that of this desert. Howsoever the case may be, this sand, vomited by subterranean streams, or brought there by the high winds of winter, stretches for five or six leagues round, and rises into hills, or is scooped out into valleys, shifting their forms at every tempest. After proceeding for some time in these undulating labyrinths, it is impossible to know where we are; the hills hide the horizon on all sides, and there is no pathway traced upon the surface. The horse and the camel pass over it, without leaving a more imperishable mark than a boat upon the water—the least breeze effaces all. Some of the hills were so steep that our horses could scarcely scale them, and we advanced with cau-

tion, for fear of being caught in the numerous quicksands in this desert. No trace of vegetation is discoverable, except some large roots of bulbous plants, which our horses occasionally kick from under their hoofs. These moving solitudes convey a sad and mournful impression; they are like a noiseless tempest, but with all its images of death. When the simoom, or wind of the desert, rises, these hills move like the waves of a sea, and, folding over in silence upon their deep valleys, engulf the camels of the caravans. They are gaining, every year, upon the cultivated portions of land which surround them, and you see, near their margins, palms and fig-trees standing out, withered from their surface, like the masts of a ship, with the hull beneath the waves. We heard no noise but the distant and heavy fall of the billows, breaking a league from us upon the shelvages. The setting sun tinged the tops of these sandy mountains with a colour similar to burning iron, just brought from the furnace, or, falling into the valleys, rendered them like the passages of a building in conflagration. As we, from time to time, reached the top of a hill, we saw the white peaks of Lebanon, or the sea, with its fringe of foam skirting the Gulf of Sidé, and then we suddenly replunged into the ravines, and saw nothing but the sky above our heads.

I followed Julia, who often turned her lovely face towards me, all hectic with emotion and fatigue, and I read in her eyes as they fell on me, as if interrogatively, her impressions of terror, enthusiasm, and pleasure. The noise from the sea grew greater, and announced to us the shore; we came upon it all at once, elevated, and sinking perpendicularly under our horses' feet. It stood at least 200 feet above the sea; the ground, solid, and resounding beneath our feet, although covered with a slight layer of white sand, indicated the rock which had succeeded to the sand of the desert. It was, in fact, the rock which lines all the coasts of Syria. We had by chance arrived at one of the points on the coast where the shock of the waves upon the rock presents to the eye the most singular spectacle. The incessant beating of the billows, or earthquakes, had torn at this spot, from the continued line of rock along the shore, stupendous blocks, which, projecting into the sea, had been worn and polished by the waves for ages, and had assumed the most grotesque forms. Before us was one of these blocks, at a distance of 100 feet, rising from the sea above the level of the shore, which the sea, by perpetually breaking on it, had at last succeeded in cleaving through the centre, and forming a gigantic arch, similar to the span of a triumphal monument. The interior walls of this arch were as smooth and shining as Parian marble; the waves, as they retired, left them visible to the eye, all gushing with the foam drawn back by the receding waters; then the sea returning, rushed with the noise of thunder up the sides to the very top of the arch, and, urged by the shock, spouted up in torrents of bubbling foam above the summit of the rock, whence it fell down in streams of spray. Our horses shuddered with affright at each of these shocks, and we could not tear ourselves away from this combat between two elements. For half an hour or more the coast is diversified with these magnificent sports of nature; there were towers covered with martins' nests, natural bridges joining the shore and the rocks, and under which the roaring of the waves is heard in passing. In certain places the rocks were pierced by the action of the waves, and the foam came spouting out under our feet as from the pipes of a fountain. The sea was high at this moment; it came in wide and lofty blue columns, and fell upon the rocks with such fury as to shake the bank, and make us think we saw the rocky arch before us tottering as if about to yield. After the silent and awful solitudes that we had just traversed, the boundless prospect of the ocean at the hour of evening, when the first gloom is beginning to fall on its gulfs; the stupendous breaks of the coast, and the tumultuous rage of the waves, scattering large rocks as a bird scatters with its claws grains of sand; the force of the breeze on our foreheads, and on the manes of our horses; the terrible

subterranean echoes which multiplied the deafening roar of the tempest; all affected our minds with impressions so varied, solemn, and powerful, that we could not speak, and tears of emotion glittered in Julia's eyes.

We silently returned to the desert of red sand, and crossed it in its narrowest part, drawing near to the hills of Beirut, and we found ourselves, at the going down of the sun, under the great pine forest of the Emir Fakir-el-Din. There Julia, recovering her voice, turned to me, and said with ecstasy, "Have I not had the most beautiful ride it was possible to have in the world? Oh! how great is God, and how good to me, to allow me so young to behold such glorious scenes!"

It was night when we descended from horseback at the gate of our house. We projected other excursions, previous to our journey to Damascus.

POPULATIONS OF LEBANON.

THE MARONITES.

The Maronites, of whom I am about to speak, have an unknown origin. History, so incomplete and fabulous in all that concerns the earliest ages of our era, leaves in doubt the different causes which are assigned for their institutions. They have very few books, which are without order or arrangement; but as it is always necessary to lean towards what a people knows of itself, rather than to the vain suppositions of the traveller, I will give the epitome of their own relations.

A holy hermit, named Marron, lived about the year 400. Theodoric and Chrysostom make mention of him. He lived in the desert; and his disciples having spread themselves over the different regions of Syria, built several monasteries, the chief of which stood in the vicinity of Apamea, on the fertile banks of the Orontes. All the Syrian Christians who were not then infected with the heresy of the Monothelites, took refuge in these monasteries, and from this circumstance received the name of Maronites. Volney, who lived several months amongst them, has collected the best information as to their origin; it is nearly similar to what I myself drew from local traditions. Whatever it may have been, the Maronites form at present a tribe governed by the purest theocracy which has resisted the effects of time—a theocracy which, perpetually menaced by the tyranny of the Mahommedans, has been forced into moderation, and served to propagate principles of civil liberty, which are ripe for development amongst this people. The tribe, which, according to Volney, was in 1784 composed of 120,000 souls, at present reckons more than 200,000, and is increasing every day. Its territory comprehends 150 square leagues; but it has no certain limits, for it extends over the sides of Lebanon, or into the valleys and plains which surround it, in proportion as the increased population found new villages. The town of Zarkla, at the mouth of the valley of Bkan, towards Balbek, which twenty years ago had not above 1000 or 1200 inhabitants, contains now 10,000 or 12,000, and is likely to augment.

The Maronites are subject to the Emir Beschir, and form, with the Druzes and Metualis, a sort of despotic confederation under the government of this emir. Although these three nations differ in origin, religion, and manners, and are never amalgamated in the same villages, the defence of a common liberty, and the strong and politic arm of Beschir, keep them united. They cover with their numerous habitations the space comprised between Latakia and Acre on one side, and Damascus and Beirut on the other. Of the Druzes and Metualis I shall speak separately.

The Maronites occupy the most central valleys, and most elevated chain of the principal group of Mount Lebanon, from the environs of Beirut as far as Tripoli in Syria. The slopes of these mountains, which tend towards the sea, are fertile, and watered by many rivers and inexhaustible torrents. Their produce is silk, oil, barley, and wheat. The heights are almost inaccessible, and the bare rock everywhere pierces the mountain sides; but the indefatigable activity of this people, who

have no sure asylum for their religion but upon these peaks and precipices, has rendered the rock itself fertile. They have raised in tiers up to the loftiest crests, to the eternal snows themselves, walls of terraces formed from blocks of loose rock; to these terraces they have brought the little vegetable earth which the waters carry into the ravines, and have even piled up stones to render their dust fertile by mixing it with this portion of soil; and have thus made of all Lebanon a garden covered with mulberries, fig-trees, olives, and corn. The traveller cannot recover from his astonishment, when, after having climbed for a whole day up the perpendicular sides of mountains, which are but masses of rock, he finds on a sudden, in the hollow of a gorge, or on the platform of a pyramid of mountains, a handsome village built of white stone, peopled by a numerous and rich race, with a Moorish castle in the centre, a monastery in the distance, a torrent rolling its foaming water at the foot of the village, and all around a horizon of vegetation and verdure, where the pines, chestnuts, and mulberries, overshadow the vine, or fields of maize and wheat. These villages are sometimes suspended almost perpendicularly one above the other; one can throw a stone from one village to the other, and hear the voices in each, yet the declivity of the mountain requires so many windings and turnings in the road of communication, that one hour, or even two hours, are needed to pass from one hamlet to the other.

In each of these villages is found a scheik—a sort of feudal lord, who has the government of the district. But this administration of government and justice, summarily exercised, and with the simplest formalities, is neither absolute nor without appeal. The supreme administration belongs to the emir and his divan (council). An appeal lies in part to the emir, in part to the bishops. There is a conflicting jurisdiction between the emir and ecclesiastical authority. The patriarch of the Maronites alone possesses the right of decision in all cases where the civil law is opposed to the spiritual, as in marriages, licences, and divorces. The prince observes great caution in his conduct towards the patriarch and the bishops, for the authority of the clergy is prodigious and incontestable. This clergy is composed of a patriarch, elected by the bishops, and confirmed by the pope, of a legate from the pope sent from Rome, and residing at the monastery of Antoura, or Kanoubin, of the bishops, superiors of monasteries, and priests. Although the Romish church has imperatively maintained the law for the celibacy of priests in Europe, and several of its writers affect to regard this rule of its discipline as an article of faith, it has been obliged to yield this point in the East; and whilst they continue fervent and devout Catholics, the priests of the Maronites are married. This power of marriage, however, extends neither to the monks, who live in communities, nor to the bishops. The secular clergy and the curates alone make use of this privilege. The seclusion in which the Arab females live, the simplicity of the patriarchal manners of this people, and custom, remove every inconvenience from this usage of the Maronite clergy; and far from being hurtful, as it is generally asserted, to the purity of sacerdotal manners, to the respect of the people for the minister of religion, or to the precept of confession, it may be said with perfect truth, that in no country of Europe is the clergy so stainless, so exclusively bound up in its pious ministry, so venerated and so influential amongst the people, as it is here. If we wish to behold what the imagination pictures of the era of early and pure Christianity, if we wish to see the simplicity and fervour of the primitive faith, disinterestedness in ministers of charity, the sacerdotal influence without abuse, authority without tyranny, poverty without mendicancy, dignity without pride, constancy in prayer and watchings, sobriety, chastity, and manual labour, we must come among the Maronites. The most rigid philosopher would not find any reform necessary in the public and private life of these priests, who are at once the models, the counsellors, and servants of the people.

There are about two hundred Maronite monasteries, of different orders, on Mount Lebanon. These monasteries are peopled with twenty to five-and-twenty thousand monks. But these monks are neither rich, nor mendicants, nor oppressors, nor extortioners. They are collections of simple and laborious men, who, wishing to devote themselves to a life of prayer and freedom of spirit, renounce the cares of rearing a family, and consecrate themselves to God and the earth in one of these retreats. Their existence, as I have before mentioned, is that of laborious peasants. They tend the cattle and the silk-worms; they break the rock, and build with their own hands the terraces and walls of their fields; they dig, plough, and reap. The monasteries possess little land, and only receive as many monks as they can sustain. I have lived a long time amongst this people, I have often visited these communities, and I have never heard of any scandal committed by a monk. There is not a murmur raised against them; each convent is but a small farm, the servants of which are voluntary, and receive as wages only a roof, an anchorite's food, and the prayers of their church. Useful labour is so much the law of man, it is so entirely the condition of happiness and virtue here below, that I have never met one of these cenobites whose features did not bear the impress of peace of mind, contentment, and health. The bishops possess an absolute authority over the monasteries comprised in their jurisdictions, which are of small compass, as each village has its prelate.

The Maronites, whether descended from the Arabs or Syrians, partake all the virtues of their clergy, and form a peculiar people in the East. One would imagine them a European colony, thrown by chance amongst the tribes of the desert. Their countenances, however, are Arab; the men are tall, handsome, of a frank and haughty aspect, with an intellectual and mild smile, their eyes blue, nose aquiline, beard blonde, gestures noble, voice solemn and guttural; their manners are respectful without humiliation, and their costumes and weapons splendid. When you pass through a village, and see the sheik seated at the door of his turreted mansion, his beautiful horses tethered in the court, and the principal men of the village clothed in their rich pelisses, with their girdles of red silk, stuck full of yatagans and kangars, with silver handles, their heads covered with immense turbans, composed of various coloured stuffs, with a broad lappet of purple silk falling down their shoulders, you might believe you beheld a race of kings. They love the Europeans as brothers; they are connected with us by a community of religion, the strongest of all ties; they conceive that we protect them, by our consuls and ambassadors, against the Turks. They receive our travellers, missionaries, and young interpreters, who go to perfect themselves in the Arabic language, as relations are welcomed by a family amongst us; the traveller, the missionary, and the interpreter, alike become the cherished guests of the whole nation. They are lodged in the monastery, or in the house of the sheik; they are provided with every thing in abundance, that the country produces; they are conducted to the falcon-hunts, introduced to the society of their women, addressed with respect, and ties of friendship formed with them which are never broken, and which are bequeathed by the heads of families to their children.

I have little doubt, that if this people were better known, if the magnificent country they inhabit were more frequently visited, many Europeans would go and establish themselves among the Maronites. Beauty of locality, perfection of climate, moderateness of price for all necessities, conformity of religion, hospitable manners, individual safety and tranquillity, all concur in rendering desirable a habitation amongst these people; and as to myself, if a man could uproot himself at a jerk, if he were not bound to live where Providence has indicated his dwelling and his tomb, to serve and love his fellow-countrymen—if an involuntary exile should ever be my lot, I should nowhere find it so sweet as in one of these quiet Maronite villages, at the foot,

or on the sides of Lebanon, in the bosom of a simple, religious, benevolent population, with the view of the sea and the lofty snows, enjoyed under the palm or orange tree, in the garden of a monastery. A most complete police, the result of religion and manners rather than of legislation, reigns throughout the whole extent of the country inhabited by the Maronites; you may travel alone, and without a guide, by day or by night, without fearing robbery or violence. Crimes are almost unknown amongst them; the stranger is sacred with the Mahomedan Arab, but yet more so with the Christian Arab; his door is open to him at every hour; he kills his kid to do him honour; he abandons his mat to give him place.

In each village is a church, or chapel, in which the ceremonies of the Catholic faith are celebrated in the Syrian form and tongue. The Gospel is read by the priest, turning towards his assistants, in Arabic. Religions, which endure longer than tribes of people, preserve their sacred language when nations have lost theirs.

The Maronites are brave, and naturally warlike, like all mountaineers. They take arms, to the number of thirty or forty thousand men, at the call of the Emir Beschir, either to defend the inaccessible routes of their mountains, or to pour into the plain, and make Damascus or the towns of Syria tremble. The Turks dare not penetrate into Lebanon, when these races are at peace amongst themselves; the Pachas of Acre and Damascus have never come there but when intestine dissensions called them to the one party or the other. I do not know whether I deceive myself, but I believe that high destinies are reserved for this Maronite people—a people pure and primitive in their manners, and their religion; a people who possess the traditional virtues of the patriarchs, decorum, a little liberty, and much patriotism, and who, by the similitude of religion and the relations of commerce, are every day becoming more impregnated with Western civilisation. Whilst all around them is perishing from weakness or the exhaustion of age, they alone seem youthful and endowed with fresh vigour. In proportion as Syria is dispeopled, they will descend from their mountains, found commercial cities on the margin of the sea, cultivate the fertile plains, where now roam the jackal and the gazelle, and establish a new empire in these countries, where the old dominion is on the point of expiring. If a man of intellect should arise amongst them, either from the ranks of the influential clergy, or from the bosom of one of the families of the emirs or schicks whom they hold in veneration, and he should understand the future, and form an alliance with one of the European powers, he might easily re-enact the wonders of Mahomet-Ali, Pacha of Egypt, and leave behind him the veritable germ of an Arabian empire. Europe is much interested in seeing this idea realised. They would form a colony ready made upon these fine shores, and Syria, repopled by a Christian and industrious nation, would enrich the Mediterranean with a commerce which now languishes, would open the route to India, drive back the nomade and barbaric tribes of the desert, and revive the East. There is a greater futurity here than in Egypt: Egypt has but one man, Lebanon a nation!

THE DRUZES.

The Druzes, who with the Metualis and Maronites form the principal population of Lebanon, have long passed for a European colony, left in the East by the crusaders. Nothing is more absurd. Religion and language are the things which are longest preserved amongst a people. The Druzes are idolators, and speak Arabic; they are therefore not descended from a Frank and Christian parentage. What is more probable is, that they are, like the Maronites, an Arab tribe of the desert, who, having refused to adopt the religion of the prophet, and being persecuted by the new believers, took refuge in the inaccessible solitudes of the high Lebanon, in order to defend their gods and liberty. They have prospered; they have frequently had predominance

over the tribes inhabiting Syria; and the history of their chief, the Emir Fakar-el-Din, whom we convert into Fakardin, has rendered them celebrated, even in Europe. It was at the commencement of the seventeenth century that this prince appeared.

Being named governor of the Druzes, he gained the confidence of the Porte. He repulsed the ferocious tribes of Balbek, delivered Tyre and Saint Jean d'Acre from the incursions of the Bedouin Arabs, put to flight the Aga of Beirut, and fixed his capital in that town. In vain the Pachas of Aleppo and Damascus threatened him, or denounced him to the Divan; he bribed his judges, and triumphed by artifice or force over all his enemies. However, the Porte, so frequently warned of the progress of the Druzes, took at last the resolution to repress them, and prepared a formidable expedition. The Emir Fakar-el-Din wished to temporise. He had formed alliances, and concluded treaties, with the princes of Italy; he went in person to solicit the succour which these princes had promised him. He left the government in the hands of Ali, his son, took shipping at Beirut, and fled to the court of the Medicis at Florence. The arrival of a Mahomedan prince in Europe aroused attention. The report was spread that Fakar-el-Din was a descendant of the princes of the house of Lorraine; and that the Druzes took their origin from the comrades of a Count de Dreux, who had remained in Lebanon after the Crusades. It was of no consequence that Benjamin of Tudela makes mention of the Druzes before the era of the Crusades; the politic adventurer himself propagated an opinion likely to interest the sovereigns of Europe in his fate. After nine years' sojourn in Florence, the Emir Fakar-el-Din returned into Syria. His son Ali had repulsed the Turks, and preserved entire the provinces conquered by his father. He surrendered to him the command. The Emir, corrupted by the elegancies and enjoyments of Florence, forgot that he reigned by inspiring his enemies with respect and terror. He built at Beirut magnificent palaces, and adorned them, like the palaces of Italy, with statues and paintings, which are repugnant to the prejudices of the orientals. His subjects grew discontented; the Sultan, Amurath IV., sent once more the Pacha of Damascus, with a powerful army, against him. While the pacha descended from Lebanon, a Turkish fleet blockaded the port of Beirut. Ali, the eldest son of the emir, and governor of Saphad, was slain in opposing the Pacha of Damascus. Fakar-el-Din sent his second son to implore peace, on board the admiral's vessel. The admiral retained the youth a prisoner, and refused all negotiation. The emir fled in consternation, and shut himself up, with a small number of devoted friends, in the inaccessible rock of Nilka. The Turks, after having uselessly besieged him for a whole year, retired. Fakar-el-Din was again free, and retook the road to the mountains, but, betrayed by some of the companions of his fortune, he was delivered to the Turks, and conducted to Constantinople. Prostrated at the feet of Amurath, that prince at first treated him with generosity and benevolence. He gave him a palace and slaves; but shortly afterwards, upon some suspicions of the Sultan, the brave and unfortunate emir was strangled. The Turks, who content themselves with removing the man who causes them umbrage, and respect the customs of tribes, and the traditional legitimacies of families, allowed the posterity of Fakar-el-Din to reign. It is only a hundred years ago that the death of the last descendant of the famous emir caused the sceptre of Lebanon to fall to another family, that of Chab, originally from Mecca, the present chief of which, the old Emir Beschir, now governs these countries.

The religion of the Druzes is a mystery which no traveller has been able to penetrate. I have known several Europeans living for a number of years amongst this people, who have confessed to me their ignorance regarding it. Lady Stanhope herself, who is an exception to all others from her habitual residence in the very midst of this tribe, and from the attachment with

which she is regarded by men whose language she speaks, and whose manners she follows, has also told me, that to her the religion of the Druzes was a mystery. The greatest number of travellers who have written upon them, allege that their creed is but a Mahomedan schism. I am perfectly convinced that they are egregiously deceived. There is one thing certain, that the religion of the Druzes permits them to assume the creeds of all persons with whom they are in communication, and from this circumstance has sprung the idea that they were schismatic Mahomedans. The only fact that is ascertained with certainty upon the subject, is that they worship the calf. Their institutions are in some respects similar to those of the people of antiquity. They are divided into two *castes*, the *Akkals*, or those who know, and the *Dyahels*, or those who do not know; and, according to his caste, a Druze practises such or such a form of religion. Moses, Mahomet, Josus, are names which they hold in veneration. They assemble one day in the week, each in the place assigned to the degree of initiation to which he has advanced, and fulfil their rites. Guards are stationed during the ceremonies, to watch that no profane person may approach the initiated. Death is instantly dealt out to any rash invader of the sanctity. Women are admitted to these ceremonies. The priests, or *Akkals*, are married, and form a hierarchy. The chief of the *Akkals*, or the sovereign pontiff of the Druzes, resides in the village of El-Mutna. After the death of a Druze, the people collect round the tomb, and evidence is received as to the life of the deceased. If the testimony be favourable, the *Akkal* exclaims, "May the All-Powerful be merciful to him!" If the testimony, on the contrary, be condemnatory, the priest and his assistants preserve a gloomy silence. The people in general believe in the transmigration of souls; if the life of a Druze has been good, he will revive in a man favoured by fortune, brave, and the idol of his countrymen; if he has been wicked or a coward, he will return under the form of a camel or dog.

The schools for children are numerous, directed by the *Akkals*. They are learnt to read the Koran. Sometimes, when the Druzes are few in number in a village, and schools are wanting, they let their children be instructed with those of Christians, and when they initiate them at a later date into their mysterious rites, they efface all traces of Christianity. The women are as eligible to the sacerdotal office as the men. Adultery and divorces are frequent amongst them. Hospitality is sacred with the Druzes, and no menace or promise will induce one of them to deliver even to his prince the guest who has sought the protection of his doorway. At the period of the battle of Navarino, the Europeans inhabiting the towns of Syria, fearing the vengeance of the Turks, retired during several months amongst the Druzes, and lived there in perfect safety. All men are brothers, and their moral code is that of the Gospel, but they observe it better than we. Our words are evangelical, but our actions Pagan.

In my opinion, the Druzes are one of those tribes whose origin is lost in the darkness of time, mounting to an antiquity extremely remote. In physical appearance they have a considerable resemblance to the Jews, and the worship of the calf leads me to believe that they are descended from those tribes of Arabia Petrea, who led the Jews to that species of idolatry, or that they have a Samaritan parentage. At present, accustomed to a sort of fraternity with the Christian Maronites, and abhorring the yoke of the Mahomedans; and being numerous, rich, capable of discipline, and attached to agriculture and commerce, they would easily form a united body with the Maronite tribe, and progress with equal rapidity in civilisation, provided their religious ceremonies were respected.

THE METUALIS.

The Metualis, who compose about a third of the population of the low Lebanon, are Mahomedans of the sect of Ali, the prevailing sect of Persia, whilst the

Turks adhere to that of Omar. This schism in the Moslem creed occurred in the 36th year of the Hegira; the partisans of Ali curse Omar as a usurper of the Caliphate, and regard Hussein and Ali as saints. Like the Persians, they neither drink nor eat with the followers of any other religion than their own, and break the glass or plate that has been used by a stranger. They look upon themselves as defiled if their garments touch ours; but as they are weak, and generally contemned in Syria, they accommodate themselves to circumstances, and I have had several of them in my service who did not pay a rigorous observance to these intolerant precepts. Their origin is ascertained; they were masters of Balbek towards the sixth century, and their tribe increasing, extended to the sides of the Anti-Lebanon, round the desert of Bkaa, which at a later date they passed, and mingled with the Druzes in that part of the mountain which stretches between Tyro and Saïde. The Emir Youssef, uneasy at their proximity, armed the Druzes against them, and drove them back towards Saphad and the mountains of Galilee. Daher, Pacha of Acre, courted them, and made an alliance with them in 1760, and they were then sufficiently numerous to furnish him 10,000 horsemen. At that period they took possession of the ruins of Tyre, now a village on the sea-shore called Sour, combated with valour the Druzes, and completely defeated the army of the Emir Youssef, composed of 25,000 men. Their force was only 500, but rage and thirst for vengeance converted them into heroes; and the intestine disputes which divided the Druzes between the Emir Mansour and the Emir Youssef, contributed to their success.

They abandoned Daher, Pacha of Acre, and their separation precipitated his destruction and death. Djezzar-Pacha, his successor, took a cruel vengeance upon them. From the year 1777, Djezzar, master of Saïde and Acre, laboured without intermission at the extermination of this tribe. His persecutions drove them to a reconciliation with the Druzes, and they entered into Youssef's party. Though reduced to 700 or 800 combatants, they did more for the common cause than the 20,000 Druzes and Maronites united at Deir-el-Kammar. They, unassisted, stormed the fortress of Mar-Djebba, and put 800 Arnauts to the sword. Driven from Balbek in the following year, after a desperate resistance, they took refuge, to the number of 500 or 600 families, amongst the Druzes and Maronites. They subsequently again descended into the plain, and at the present day still occupy the magnificent ruins of Heliopolis (Balbek); but the greater part of the nation remained upon the declivities, and in the valleys of Lebanon towards Sour. The principality of Balbek, in these latter years, became the subject of a bitter contest between two brothers of the family Harfousch, Djadja and Sultan. They dispossessed each other by turns of that heap of ruins, and lost in the war upwards of eighty members of their own family. Since 1810, the Emir Djadja has finally regained over Balbek.

THE ANSARIAS.

Concerning the nation of the Ansarias, which occupies the western chain of Lebanon and the plains of Latakia, Volney has given the most correct information. I can add nothing to it. Like the Druzes, they are idolaters, and envelope their religious ceremonies with the darkness of an initiatory process; but they are more barbarous. I will only concern myself with that part of their history which goes back to the year 1807.

At that period, a tribe of the Ansarias, feigning a quarrel with their chief, quitted his territory in the mountains, and went to ask an asylum and protection from the Emir of Maszyad. The emir, eager to take advantage of so favourable an opportunity to weaken his enemies by division, welcomed the Ansarias, with their Sheik Mahmoud, into the walls of Maszyad, and pushed his hospitality to such a pitch, as to dislodge a portion of the inhabitants to make room for the fugitives. During several months all remained tranquil;

but one day, when the greatest part of the inhabitants of Maszyad had left the town to labour in the fields, at a given signal the Ansarias fell upon the emir and his son, slew them, seized upon the castle, put to death all the Ismaelians who were in the town, and then set fire to it. On the following day, a great number of Ansarias came to join the perpetrators of this detestable conspiracy at Maszyad, the secret having been preserved by a whole people for nearly five months. About 800 Ismaelians perished, and the rest fled for refuge to Hama, Homs, and Tripolis.

The religious practices and manners of the Ansarias have induced Burckhardt to conclude that they were an exiled tribe from Hindostan. It is quite certain that they were established in Syria long before the conquest of the Ottomans. The worship of the dog, which appears to have been in great repute among the ancient Syrians, and to have given its name to the Nahr-el-Kelb, the River of the Dog, near the ancient Berytus, is still preserved, it is said, amongst some of the Ansarian families. This tribe is going to decay, and might be easily driven away or subjected by the Druzes and Maronites.

JOURNEY CONTINUED.

November 18.—I have arrived from an excursion to the monastery of Antoura, one of the grandest and most celebrated on Lebanon. On quitting Beirout, we proceeded for an hour along the banks of the sea, beneath a canopy of trees of all foliage and forms. The greater part were fruit-trees, figs, pomegranates, oranges, aloes, and fig-sycamores; the last a gigantic tree, the fruit of which, in prodigious quantity, and similar to small figs, did not grow at the extremity of the branches, but were sticking to the trunk and branches like pieces of moss. After crossing the river by the Roman bridge, the appearance of which I have described above, we followed a sandy plain to Cape Batroun, formed by an arm from Lebanon projected into the sea. This arm is but a rock, in which a road has been cut in ancient times, whence the view is magnificent. The sides of the rock are covered, in several places, with Greek, Latin, and Syrian inscriptions, and with figures sculptured out of the rock itself, the object and signification of which are now lost. It is probable that they have reference to the worship of Adonis, formerly prevailing in these districts; he had, according to tradition, temples and funeral ceremonies near the spot where he perished. It is believed that this spot was on the banks of the river that we had just passed.

After descending from this elevated and picturesque road, the country suddenly changed its aspect. The eye fell into a narrow and deep gorge, traversed by another river, the Nahr-el-Kelb, or River of the Dog. It flows in silence between two perpendicular walls of rock, two or three hundred feet high. In certain places it completely fills the valley, and in others leaves a narrow margin between its waters and the rock. This margin is covered with trees, sugar-canes, reeds, and brushwood, which form a green thick shade upon the banks, at intervals extending over the river itself. A ruined khan is perched upon a rock at the edge of the water, opposite a narrow bridge, which we crossed with trembling. In the sides of the rocks walling up this ravine, the Arabs have, with great perseverance, hewed out steps to serve as pathways, which hang almost plump over the river, which we were compelled, however, to climb up, as well as descend, on horseback. We abandoned ourselves to the instinct and sure-footedness of our horses, but we could not forbear shutting our eyes at certain points, to avoid growing dizzy at the frightful declivities, the slipperiness of the rocky steps, and the depth of the abyss yawning below. A few years ago, the late legate from the pope to the Maronites was precipitated down these precipices by a false step of his horse.

At the mouth of this pass we found ourselves on an elevated table-land, covered with crops, vineyards, and

small Maronite villages. We perceived, on a knoll before us, a handsome new house of Italian architecture, with a portico, terraces, and balustrades. It was the residence which Monsignor Lozanna, bishop of Abydos, and present legate of the Holy See in Syria, had caused to be built for his winter habitation. In the summer he lives in the monastery of Kanoubin, the residence of the patriarch, and the ecclesiastical capital of the Maronites. That convent, being at a much higher elevation on the mountain, is almost inaccessible, and nearly buried in snow during the winter. Monsignor Lozanna, a man of refined manners, cultivated mind, profound erudition, and strong and quick intellect, has been most happily chosen by the court of Rome to cultivate the political objects and influence of Catholicism amongst the dignified Maronite clergy. He would have ably filled a similar mission at Vienna or Paris; he was the representative of those Roman prelates, the inheritors of the grand and noble diplomatic traditions of that government where brute force is extinct, and where personal ability and dignity are all-prevailing. Monsignor Lozanna is a Piedmontese; he is not likely to remain long in these solitudes; Rome will employ him to greater advantage upon a more stormy arena. He is one of those men who justify fortune, and whose high career is legible on his energetic and intellectual countenance. With these people he very wisely assumes an oriental luxury and imposing costume and manners, as without these illusions the people of Asia can conceive neither sanctity nor power. He has taken the Arab costume; his prodigious beard, carefully combed, falls in golden folds on his purple robe, and his full-blood Arab mare rivals in docility and beauty the finest mare of a desert scheik. We shortly perceived him coming towards us, followed by a numerous suite, his horse curvetting on the precipices along which we advanced with so much precaution.

After the first compliments, he conducted us to his delightful villa, where a collation was prepared for us, and shortly after he accompanied us to the monastery of Antoura, where he provisionally resided. Two young Lazarist priests, arrived from France since the revolution of July, are at present the only occupiers of this beautiful and immense convent, which was built at a former date by the Jesuits. The Jesuits have, at several periods, attempted to establish their mission and influence amongst the Arabs, but they have never succeeded, and do not appear destined to be more successful in our own days. The reason is plain; there is no political spirit in the religion of men in the East; completely separated from the civil power, it gives neither influence nor action to the state. The state is Mahomedan; Catholicism is unfettered, but it has no human means of dominion; and as it is above all things by human means that the system of the Jesuits has attempted to operate, and has operated religiously, this country is perfectly unsuited to them. Religion is there divided into orthodox or schismatic communities, whose creed is part of the hereditary family-blood and character. Abhorrence and irreconcilable hatred exist among the different Christian communities, much more than between the Turks and Christians. Conversions are impossible where a change of creed is an opprobrium, branding, and perhaps leading to extermination, a tribe, a village, or a family; and, as to the Mahomedans, it is altogether unheard-of that one of them is converted. Their religion is a practical deism, the moral code of which is the same in principle with that of Christianity, save the dogma of the divinity of man. The Mahomedan creed is a belief in divine inspiration, manifested in a man more wise, and more favoured with the celestial emanation, than the rest of his fellow-creatures; at a later date some miraculous deeds as to the mission of Mahomet were mingled, but these legendary miracles form no part of the foundation of the religion, and are altogether rejected by the enlightened Turks. All religions have their legends, their absurd traditions, their popular *sides*. The philosophic phase of Mahomedanism is quite free from these stupid admixtures; it contains nothing but resignation

to the will of God, and charity towards men. I have known a great number of Turks and Arabs, deeply religious, who only admitted so much of their religion as was human, and according to reason. They did not coerce their reasoning faculties to receive dogmas from which they recoiled in disgust. There was a practical and contemplative theism. Such men are not to be converted—men sober down from the marvellous dogma to the simple, but do not ascend from the simple dogma to the marvellous.

The interference of the Jesuits was attended with other inconveniences to the Maronites. By the very nature of their institution, they easily rouse party spirit and religious factions in the clergy, and in the people at large—they create, by the very ardour of their zeal, either enthusiasm or hatred—nothing remains in moderation with them. The Maronite clergy, although simple and good, could not see with a complacent eye the establishment amongst them of a religious order, which strove to withdraw a part of the Catholic population from their spiritual dominion. The Jesuits, therefore, exist no longer in Syria. Only lately two young fathers, the one a Frenchman, and the other a German, have arrived, upon the invitation of a Maronite bishop, to act as professors in a school which he had founded. I knew these two excellent young men, both of whom were full of faith, and burning with a disinterested zeal. They neglected nothing to propagate amongst the neighbouring Druzes some idea of Christianity; but the result of their exertions went not beyond baptising little children, surreptitiously and unknown to the parents, in families where they introduced themselves under pretext of giving medical advice. They appeared to me little inclined to submit to the somewhat ignorant usages of the Maronite bishops in conveying instruction, and I have an opinion that they will return into Europe without having succeeded in naturalising a taste for an improved education. The French father was worthy of being a professor in Rome or Paris.

The convent of Antoura has passed to the Lazarists, since the extinction of the order of Jesuits. The two young fathers who resided in it had often visited us at Beirut. We had found their society as agreeable as it was unexpected; virtuous, guileless, modest, solely occupied in severe and enlightened studies, well versed in all the affairs of Europe, and partaking the mental movement which was abroad, the universality and learned tone of their conversation was so much the more charming to us, in proportion to the rarity of its occurrence in the desert. When we passed an evening with them, talking of the political events in our country, of the intellectual systems which were falling or which were rising in France, of the writers who were disputing supremacy in the press, of the orators who conquered by turns in the tribune, of the doctrines of the *Future*, or of those of the Simonians, we might have believed ourselves conversing two leagues from Paris with men who had just left that capital. They were at the same time models of sanctity, and of an artless and pious fervour. One of them was labouring under severe indisposition; the piercing air of Lebanon was gnawing his lungs, and contracting the number of his years. He had but a word to write to his superiors to obtain his recall to France, but he would not charge his conscience by so doing. He consulted M. de Laroyere, whom I had with me, and asked him if he could, in his capacity of physician, give him a formal and conscientious opinion that the air of Syria was mortal to his constitution. M. de Laroyere, whose conscience was as severely scrupulous as that of the young monk, did not venture to express his opinion so explicitly, and the man of religion was silent, and remained at his post.

These ecclesiastics, lost in so vast a monastery, where there was only a single Arab besides themselves to wait upon them, received us with that cordiality which a common country inspires to those who meet far from it. We passed two days with them, each of us having a pretty large cell with a bed and chairs, very unusual pieces of furniture on these mountains. The monastery

is situated in the hollow of a valley at the edge of a pine wood, at mid-height up Lebanon, and having, by a gorge in the valley, a glimpse of the boundless prospect over the coasts and Sea of Syria. The remainder of the landscape consists of peaks of grey rock surmounted with villages or monasteries. A few fir, orange, and fig trees, are growing here and there amidst the rocks, and in the vicinity of the torrents and springs. It is a locality worthy of Naples and the Gulf of Genoa.

The convent of Antoura is in the neighbourhood of a nunnery of Maronite females belonging to the chief families of Lebanon. From the windows of our cells we saw those of the young nuns, whom the arrival of a company of strangers in their vicinage appeared greatly to interest. These female convents have here no social utility. Volney speaks, in his travels in Syria, of this convent near Antoura, where a woman, named Hindia, exercised horrible atrocities on her novices. The name and history of Hindia are still well known on these mountains. Imprisoned for many years by order of the Maronite patriarch, her repentance and good conduct procured her liberty. She died a short while ago, in great reputation for sanctity among some Christians of her sect. She was a fanatic by design, or from imagination, who succeeded in fanaticising a certain number of simple and credulous persons. The land of Arabia is the land of prodigies; every thing takes root, and every fanatic may become a prophet in his turn. Lady Stanhope is an additional proof of the fact. This disposition for the marvellous is owing to two causes—to a strongly developed religious sentiment, and to a want of equilibrium between the imagination and the reason. Phantoms are seen only in the dark; there are always miracles in a land of ignorance.

The terrace of the convent of Antoura, on which we walked for some hours during the day, is overshadowed by magnificent orange-trees, mentioned by Volney as the most beautiful and ancient in Syria. They are still flourishing; in appearance similar to our walnut-trees of half a century, they droop over the garden and roof of the convent in a clustering and odoriferous canopy, and bear on their trunks the names of Volney, and of some English travellers, who had passed, like us, some moments at their feet.

The group of mountains in which Antoura is placed, is known under the name of Kosrouan, or of the chain of Castravan. This district extends from the Nahr-el-Kobir to the Nahr-el-Kelb, and comprises the country, properly so called, of the Maronites. This territory belongs to them, and it is here only that their privileges prevail, although from day to day they are extending into the country of the Druzes, and carrying with them their laws and manners. The principal product of these mountains is silk. The *miri*, or land-tax, is assessed upon the number of mulberries each possesses. The Turks exact from the Emir Beschir one or two miris in the year as tribute, and the emir collects several besides for his own benefit. However, notwithstanding the complaints of the Maronites as to their excessive taxation, these imposts are not to be compared with what we pay in France or England. It is not the extent of the tax, so much as its arbitrariness and irregularity, which oppresses a nation. If taxation in Turkey was legal and fixed, it would not be felt; but where it is not determined by the law, there is no property, or rather property is uncertain and unproductive; the riches of a people lie in the beneficial constitution of property. Each scheik of a village assesses the impost in his jurisdiction, and takes to himself a portion of it. At bottom these people are happy. Their rulers fear them, and dare not establish themselves in their provinces; their religion is free and respected; their convents and churches crown the summits of their hills; their bells, which they love as the sound of liberty and independence, ring in the valleys day and night to prayer. They are governed by their own chiefs, selected from their principal families, according to usage or hereditary right. A strict but equitable police maintains order and security in the villages; property is ascertained, secured, and transmitted from father to

son; commerce is in activity; their manners are simple and uncorrupted. I have never seen any people in the world bearing on their features a greater appearance of health, independence, and happiness, than the men of Lebanon. The education of the people, though limited to reading, writing, arithmetic, and the catechism, is universal, and gives to the Maronites a legitimate superiority over the other Syrian tribes. I can only compare them to the peasants of Saxony and Scotland.

We returned to Beirout by the sea shore. The mountains which skirt the coast are covered with monasteries, constructed in the style of the Florentine villas of the middle ages. A village is perched on each eminence, surmounted by a forest of spreading pines, and traversed by a torrent falling in a brilliant cascade to the foot of a ravine. There are little fishing ports along the whole of this indented coast, filled with boats moored to the jetties or the rocks. Vineyards, barley fields, and mulberry groves, descend from the villages to the sea. The towers of the monasteries and churches rise above the sombre verdure of the fig-trees and cypresses. A beach of white sand divides the foot of the mountains from the clear and blue waves. Two leagues of this country might deceive the eye of the traveller; if he could forget he was 800 miles from Europe, he might think himself upon the margin of the Lake of Geneva, between Lausanne and Vevey, or on the enchanting banks of the Saone, between Maçon and Lyons; but the edging of the picture is more majestic at Antoura; and when his eyes are raised, he sees the snowy peaks of Sannin piercing the sky, and glittering like streaks of fire.

NOTE

BY THE EDITOR OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

The journal of the author was here interrupted. At the commencement of December he lost his only daughter. She was carried off in two days, at the moment her health, disordered in France, appeared completely re-established by the air of Asia. She died in the arms of her father and mother, in the country house in the suburbs of Beirout, where M. de Lamartine had fixed his family to pass the winter. The vessel, which he had sent back to Europe, was not to return to the coasts of Syria until the month of May 1833, in order to take up the travellers. They remained six months in Lebanon after their sad disaster, overwhelmed by the blow which Providence had directed against them, and without any comfort in their grief but the tears of their fellow-travellers and friends.

In the month of May the ship "The Alceste" returned to Beirout, as had been arranged; but the travellers, wishing to spare the unfortunate mother any additional pangs of sorrow, did not embark on board the vessel which had conveyed them in happiness and hope with the charming child they had lost. M. de Lamartine had got the body of his daughter embalmed, in order to carry it to Saint-Point, where, at her last moments, she had testified her desire to be buried. He entrusted this sacred deposit to "The Alceste," which was to sail in company with him, and he chartered another vessel, the brig "Sophia," Captain Coulonne, for himself, his wife, and his friends.

The journal of his remarks was not resumed for four months after his loss. Before quitting Syria, he visited Damascus, Balbek, and other remarkable places, which form the subjects of the notes which commence with the date of the 28th March 1833.

[The translator of the present edition considers this to be the place most appropriate for the introduction of the following poem, which M. de Lamartine wrote on the death of his beloved daughter. It appears at a different and less suitable part of the other editions of the work.]

GETHESEMANE, OR THE DEATH OF JULIA.

I from the breast have been a man of grief,
My heart, in place of blood, rolls tears alone,
Or, rather, from my tears springs no relief,
Since God has changed them, in their fount, to poison;
Gall is my honey, sadness is my joy;
For me the tombs a brother's tie possess,
And nothing can my steps aside decoy
But sights of ruin and distress!

Green fields and laughing skies if I espy,
Or sweet vales opening to embrace the sea,
I pass, and, smiling bitterly, I cry,
"A place for bliss, but, ah! not bliss for me!"
My spirit's echo will but groans repeat,
My soul's true home is where men ever weep—
A land with mortal dust and tears replete,
Is such a couch as fits my sleep.

You ask me wherefore—but were I to tell,
The bitter gulf would be but stirred anew,
And sobbings only would my lips expel—
Yet pierce my heart, and all will come to view!
There, in each fibre, death has plunged a knife.
Slow torture lies in every pulsing wave,
Its chambers teem with things that know no life—
My soul is but one mighty grave!

While yet beside Christ's chosen place of birth,
I did not ask each hallowed mount and field,
Where, at his feet, the poor flung palms on earth,
Or where the Word was by his voice revealed:
Where loud hosannahs hailed his conquering path,
Or, wet with holy tears from woman's eye,
His hand, the while it wiped his brow's hot bath,
Caressed the little children nigh:—

"Lead me," I cried, "unto the place of tears!"—
To that sad garden, where the Man of Woe,
By God forsaken and his earthly peers,
Swate bloody drops, as in the mortal throes;
There leave me, for I too would prove the whole
Concentrated anguish that an hour may feel:
Pain is the worship of my hope-reft soul—
This is the altar where I kneel!"

There is, upon Mount Olive's dusty base,
Beneath the shade of Zion's crumbling walls,
A place from which the sun withholds its rays,
Where scanty Kedron o'er its channel crawls;
There hath Jehoshaphat its graves scooped out,
And ruins, 'stead of grass, earth bears alone,
And trailing roots from hollow olives sprout
Amid the tombstones, thickly strewn.

Between two rocks there stands a darksome grot,
Where Jesus once foretasted death's whole power,
When, rousing thrice the sleepers near the spot,
He said, "Watch ye! for fearful is the hour!"
The trembling lip, upon the blood-stained earth,
Seems yet the droppings of the cup to taste;
The sweat, to which that sacrifice gave birth,
May yet upon the rocks be traced.

There sat I, while my hands sustained my head,
And mused what thoughts had filled that heavenly mind,
And numbered all the tears myself had shed,
Whose flow had left a furrowed track behind;
I raised again, and weighed my burdens all,
And sounded of my griefs the whole abyss—
When of a dream my soul became the thrall,
And what a dream, great God, was this!

I late had left, beneath a mother's wing,
My child, my girl, my treasure, and my care,
Whose brow fresh charms yet came to deck each spring,
Although her soul was ripe for heavenly air.
Her form was one that could not leave the eye,
For by its light her trace might followed be;
And never father saw her passing by,
But threw an envying glance on me.

Sole relic she of my storm-vexed career,
Sole fruit of many flowers, love's single birth,
Sweet as a welcome-kiss, or parting tear,
Perpetual blessing of my wandering hearth,
A sunny ray that gave my casement light,
A bird that sipped the food my own lips broke,
A sigh of music near my couch by night,
A kind caress when I awoke!

More, more she was; my mother's form she bore,
In her's my mother's looks would still revive;
Through her the past became the past no more,
My former joy, though changed, she kept alive;
Ten happy years were schooled from her tongue,
Our household air was by her step made bright,
Tears from my eyes her simple glance oft wrung,
Her smile filled all my heart with light.

Her brow would shadow back my lightest thought,
Her pure blue eye reflected still my own,
And o'er that orb my cares a dimness brought,
As when a shade across a pool is thrown:
But all her own heart's thoughts were lively, sweet,
And graveness rarely on her lips abode,
Save when she knelt before her mother's feet,
And prayed with folded hands to God.

I dreamt that to these scenes I had her led,
And that upon my knees the fair thing leant.
And, while my arms enclosed her feet and head,
That tenderly to hers my brow was bent:
Turned back upon my arm in half-eclipse,
Her head's soft burnished gold lay strewn the while,
And her white teeth shone bright between her lips,
Half-parted ever with a smile.

Ever to me, to me her look she raised,
To breathe her spirit and draw forth my soul,
And of the love that in my own eye blazed,
God only can compute the sumless whole;
My lips for fondness know not where to press,
Yet still she sought them, like a toying child,
And oft those lips of her beloved caress,
By turning mouth and cheek, beguiled.

Then unto God my raptur'd heart exclaimed,
"Father! while these light-shedding eyes I see,
With hymns of praise alone shalt thou be named!"
Her life of flowers is life enough for me!
On her my share of thy best gifts bestow,
Cast on her path all coming hopes of mine,
Prepare her bridal couch, and open throw
The arms that wait her at the shrine!"

While thus by prayer and dreamy joy possess'd,
My eye and heart, meanwhile, had failed to note,
That heavier on my arm her forehead prest,
And o'er her feet a stony chill had shot;
"My Julia! why, oh why art thou so pale?
Why this moist brow? wherefore this changing hue?
Speak—smile, my angel! ah, thou feign'st this all!
Re-ope my book—those eyes of blue!"

But on her rosy lip death's purple fell,
The half-formed smile was blasted in its spring,
More and more laboured grew her bosom's swell,
Like the last flappings of a folding wing;
Pressing her heart, I watched its beatings wild,
And when in sighs the soul at length took flight,
My heart felt dead within me, like a child
That dies before it sees the light.

Bearing within my arms my more than life,
I rose upright and walked away anon,
Staggering like one just hurt in mortal strife,
And laid my child on the cold altar-stone;
To her shut eyes my lip I closely prest,
Nor was her brow of all its warmth bereft,
But still appeared like some sweet songster's nest,
Which yet the bird hath newly left.

And thus, while one eternal hour went by,
Ages of anguish seemed o'er me to pass,
Grief filled my heart's void space, and made me cry,
"My God, I had but her! my all she was!"
In this one love were all my loves combined,
The very dead she had to me brought back,
Sole fruit which on the tree was left behind,
By the dark storms which swept my track.

The sole link was she, in my broken chain,
The only spot of blue in all my heaven!
That in our house more sweet might be its strain,
A name of music we to her had given;
She was my world, my source of motion—sound,
A voice that bore enchantment every where,
The charm to which my eyes were ever bound,
Morn, eve, and night, my joy and care:

The glass in which my heart itself could see,
 My purest days had on her brow a place,
 A ray of lasting bliss conferred on me—
 Lord! all thy gifts assembled in one face!
 Sweet burden, by her mother on me thrown,
 Eyes and a soul like mine in brightest day,
 Life of my life, voice echoing my own,
 A living heaven in my way!

Take her, and satisfy, relentless fate,
 Thy quenchless thirst for agonies and death!
 Lo! on thy shrine, I lay her beauteous weight,
 And now, if emptied, break my cup of wrath!
 My girl, my child, my breath of life! one tree,
 Behold! I sever from the golden chains
 That bound me yesterday to her carous:
 And now no more to me remains! —

A stifling sob now woke me; all the rock
 Whereon I sat, seemed clothed with sweat of blood,
 My cold hand gave my brow an icy shock,
 And on my cheeks two frozen tear-drops stood.
 As flies the eagle to its nest, I fled!
 Low sobs I heard, as I my home drew nigh;
 Love but delayed for me the hour of dread—
 She waited but for me to die!

Now all is still within my lifeless home,
 Two weeping eyes ever my own oppose,
 I know not what I seek, nor where I roam,
 My arms on nothing ope, on nothing close,
 One colour all my days and nights now wear,
 Prayer in my bosom was with hope laid low;
 But bear, my soul, God's chastening bravely bear,
 And kiss the hand that gave the blow!

JOURNEY IN SYRIA CONTINUED.

On the 28th March I left Beirout for Balbek and Damascus. The caravan was composed of twenty-six horses, and eight or ten Arabs on foot, as domestics and escort.

On quitting Beirout, we proceeded by deep roads through a red sand, the margins of which were festooned with all the flowers of Asia in the beauty and fragrance of spring; with nopals, a prickly shrub, with clusters of flowers yellow as gold, somewhat similar to the yellow broom of our mountains; vines, hanging from tree to tree, and beautiful carobs—a tree, with leaves of a dark green and bronze colour, interwoven branches, and a trunk of dusky, smooth, and shining bark, the most beautiful tree in these climates. In half an hour we reached the summit of the promontory forming the Cape of Beirout, which terminates in a rounded point jutting into the sea, and at its base is a wide plain, traversed by the Nahr-el-Beirout. This plain, well watered and cultivated, planted in all parts with beautiful palm-trees, green mulberries, and pines with wide and bushy tops, dies away under the first ridge of Lebanon. At the culminating point of the plain of Beirout, the magnificent wood of Fakar-el-Din, or Fakardin, extends. It is the promenade of Beirout, where the Turkish and Arab horsemen, and the Europeans, exercise their horses, and run courses of the *ajerid*. It was where I went myself every day to pass some hours on horseback, sometimes galloping over the desert sands which rise above the blue waters of the Syrian Sea, sometimes slowly walking in a deep reverie, under the avenues of pines which cover a considerable portion of the promontory. It is the most beautiful spot that I know of in the world, with its gigantic pines, whose vigorous trunks, slightly bent by the ocean winds, and rearing their wide and rounded branches in leafy canopies, are grouped in clusters of two or three, or scattered singly, at intervals of twenty paces, over a golden sand, glittering here and there through the green turf sprinkled with anemones. They were planted by Fakar-el-Din, whose wonderful adventures have spread his fame in Europe, and still preserve his name. I grieved every day at seeing a hero of modern times overthrow those trees, which had been planted by so renowned a character. Ibrahim Pacha had ordered several of them to be cut down for his

marine; but there still remained enough to render the promontory distinct to the eye of the mariner, and to excite the admiration of a man captivated by the beautiful scenes of nature.

It is from here, according to my idea, that we have the most splendid view of Lebanon. We are at the foot, but yet sufficiently distant to be beyond reach of its shadow, and for the eye to canvass it in all its height, to plunge into the darkness of its gorges, to descend the foam of its torrents, and to freely glance among the lowest peaks which flank it, each bearing a Maronite convent, rising from out thickets of pines, cedars, or black cypresses. Sannin, the highest and most pyramidal peak of Lebanon, commands all the lower peaks, and forms, with its eternal snow, the majestic termination on which the violet, rose, and gold, are mingled in hue, of the mountainous horizon which floats in the firmament, not like a solid body, but as a vapour, a transparent steam, through which we think the other side of the sky is to be distinguished—a ravishing phenomenon of the mountains of Asia, which I have seen in no other region, and which affords me enjoyment every evening, without my being able to explain the cause. On the southern side, Lebanon gradually sinks to the projecting cape of Saïde, formerly Sidon, in descending peaks crowned here and there, where they rise above the others and the mass of the Lebanon chain, with snow, and following, like the battlements of a ruined town, now ascending, now falling, the line of the sea-coast, and dying away in the mist to the west, towards the mountains of Galilee, and the banks of the Sea of Genesareth, otherwise the Lake of Tiberias. On the northern side we perceived a bay of the sea, spreading like a peaceful lake upon the plain, half concealed by the green terraces of the beautiful hill of Saint Demetrius, the most graceful hill in Syria. In this bay, whose junction with the sea is not perceptible, a few vessels are always lying at anchor, and gently heaving on the ripple, which lashes with its foam amongst the mastic-trees, laurel-roses, and nopals, on the shore. Over the river of Beirout, which runs through the plain, all redolent in life and verdure, a bridge, constructed by the Romans, and restored by Fakar-el-Din, throws its picturesque arches.

This was the scene of the last excursion I made with Julia. She had mounted, for the first time, a horse of the desert, which I had brought for her from the Dead Sea, with an Arab domestic to hold its bridle. We were alone; the day, although in November, was brilliant in clearness, warmth, and verdure. Never had I seen this sweet child in such an ecstasy of enjoyment with nature, so buoyant with the bliss of existence and of sensation. She turned to me every instant with an exclamation; and when we had completed the round of the hill of Saint Demetrius, traversed the plain, and reached the pines, where we paused, "Is this not," said she, "the longest, the most beautiful and delightful ride I have ever had in my life?" Yes, alas! and also the last! A fortnight afterwards, I walked alone and in tears, under those same trees, having in my heart but the sweet image of the most lovely creature that Heaven has ever given me to behold, to possess, and to mourn. I saw nothing; nature was no longer animated for me, by what the feeling of my child rendered doubly charming. I looked again; she alone still filled my eyes, but my heart was moved no more; or if she stirred it in my reverie for a few seconds, it fell as quickly cold and broken into the depth of desolate sadness and bitter woe, in which the will of God had plunged it by such irreparable bereavements.

To the west, the eye was arrested by slight hillocks of sand, red as the glare of a conflagration, whence arose a white and roseate vapour, like that from the mouth of a heated oven; and then, following the line of the horizon, it skipped over this desert, and fell upon the deep blue sea, which closed the whole, mixed in the misty distance with the sky, so that their limits were indecisive. The hills, the plain, the sides of all the mountains, bore an infinite number of small isolated houses, each of which had its mulberry grove, its gigantic

pine, and its fig-trees, whilst here and there, in groups more striking to the eye, were pretty villages, or monasteries, rising on their rocky pedestals, and casting back, far into the sea, the yellow tints of the eastern sun. Two or three hundred monasteries are scattered over the peaks and promontories, and in the ravines, of Lebanon. It is the most religious country in the world, and the only one perhaps where the monkish system has not been attended with the abuses which have in other regions destroyed it. The monks, poor and industrious, and living upon the labour of their own hands, are, properly speaking, but pious husbandmen, asking from the government and people only the corner of the rock they cultivate, and the enjoyment of solitude and contemplation. Their existence in the midst of Mahomedan countries perfectly explains the creation of those first asylums of rising Christianity, when suffering and persecuted, and the prodigious multiplication of such retreats for religious freedom in times of barbarity and persecution. Such was the reason of their prevalence, and such it still remains for the Maronites; and thus these monks have continued what they ought to have been every where, and what they can no longer be, except by a rare exception, any where else. If the present state of society and religion is still compatible with monastic orders, they are not such as were originated at another epoch for different wants and necessities; each era must produce its own social and religious creations; the wants of these times are quite distinct from those of the first ages. Modern monastic orders can effect only two objects better than governments and individual exertions—the education of mankind, and their solacement in corporal sufferings. Schools and hospitals, such are the only functions that are left for them to assume in the movement of the present era; but to be suited for the first, they must themselves participate in the intelligence they would spread abroad; they must be more enlightened and more truly moral than the people whom they would educate and improve.

We began to ascend Lebanon, by paths through yellow and brownish rocks, slightly tinted with rose-colour, which give to the mountain at a distance that rose and violet hue which is so enchanting to the eye. There is nothing striking until two-thirds of the way up the mountain, when we came to the top of a promontory which advanced into a deep valley. One of the most beautiful prospects which was ever presented to the human eye to scan in the works of the Almighty, is the valley of Hamman. It was beneath our feet, commencing by a black and profound ravine, hollowed almost like a grotto in the highest rocks, and under the snows of the most elevated ridge of Lebanon. We could distinguish it, at the first glance, only by the torrent of foam which descended through it from the mountains, and traced in its deep gloom a luminous furrow in constant motion. It widened insensibly as its torrent rolled from one cascade to another, when, suddenly turning to the west by a graceful and winding sweep, like a rivulet falling into a river, or itself expanding into a large stream, it grew into a wide valley, extending, upon an average width of half a league, between two mountain chains. It proceeded towards the sea by a regular and gentle slope, sinking or rising into hillocks, according to the obstacles which the rocks presented to its course. On such hillocks were villages, parted by waving hollows and extensive table-lands, encompassed by black firs, bearing on their cultivated platforms handsome monasteries. In the hollows were spread the waters from its thousand cascades, rolling onwards in a glittering and roaring stream. The two sides of Lebanon which walled in the valley, were themselves covered with fine groups of firs, with convents and highly-perched villages, whose blue smoke floated down the precipices. At the hour in which this valley appeared to me, the sun was setting on the sea, and its rays, leaving the ravines and hollows in a mysterious gloom, were only lingering on the convents, the roofs of the villages, the branches of the firs, and the peaks of the loftier rocks rising above the body of the chain; the waters were falling from the edges of

the two flanks of mountain, and leaping in foaming spouts from the ledges of the rock in their descent, thus lining the sites upon which the villages, convents, and fir woods, were standing, with two encircling arms, white as snow or silver. The noise of the cataracts, like that from a cathedral-organ, was reverberated on all sides, and stunned the ear. I have very rarely felt, with so much profoundness, the distinguishing sublimity of mountain-views; a sad, solemn, soothing beauty, of an entirely different nature to the beauty of the sea or of plains; an effect which concentrates the heart instead of opening it, seeming to partake the religious sentiment evoked by sorrow; a melancholy contemplation, far from the religious emotion of happiness, which is expansion, love, and joy.

Along the sides of the steep hill which we were following, the cascades fell over our heads, or glided into the interstices of the rocks, which they have worn—water-spouts from the sublime mountain-roof, filtering incessantly through the whole extent of its ledge. The weather was stormy, the wind groaning through the firs, and bringing every moment flakes of snow, to variegate the fleeting ray of the March sun. I cannot forget the novel and picturesque effect produced by the passing of our caravan along one of these streaming ravines. The sides of the mountain were scooped out like a deep bay of the sea between high rocks; a torrent, interrupted by some blocks of granite, filled with its boiling and roaring foam this rent in the mountain; the froth of the cascade, which was falling from above, was carried in gusts by the wind over the two banks of arid grey soil which enclosed the gorge, and fell by a rapid inclination to the bed of the torrent over which we had to pass. A narrow cornice, cut in the side of the hill, was the only path by which we could descend to the torrent to cross it. We could only pass one by one along this cornice. I was one of the last of the caravan. The long file of horses, mules, and travellers, descended successively to the bottom of the gulf, winding, and completely disappearing, in the dark mist from the waters, and reappearing indistinctly on the other side, climbing the opposing bank, first enveloped and veiled in a sombre vapour, pale and saffron as a sulphuric exhalation, then in a white and gentle vapour, like the silvery steam from water, and at length emerging, as they scaled the precipice, into the sun, and gleaned upon by its glittering and painted rays. It was a scene of Dante's Hell realised to the eye in one of the most awful phases that his imagination could have invented. But what poet excels nature?—who invents after God?

The village of Hamman, belonging to the Druzes, where we were going to sleep, already appeared through the upper opening of the valley which bears its name. Built on a ledge of sharp-pointed and splintered rocks, it is commanded by the house of the scheik, itself situated on a more elevated point in the middle of the village. Two torrents, deeply sunk in the rocks, and obstructed by rough masses, breaking the currents into foam, divide the village in all quarters; they are crossed by fir-trunks, on which a little scil has been thrown, and are without any thing in the shape of parapets. The houses, like all those of Lebanon and Syria, present, at a distance, a regular, picturesque, and architectural appearance, deceptive to the eye at the first glance, giving them the semblance of groups of Italian villas, with their terraced roofs, and their balconies decorated with balustrades. But the residence of the Hamman Scheik surpassed, in elegance and grandeur, all that I had seen of that sort, except the palace of the Emir Beschir at Deir-el-Kammar. We could only compare it to one of our most interesting Gothic castles of the middle ages—such, at least, as their ruins lead us to conceive them, or painting represents them. Projecting windows, decorated with balconies; a wide and lofty gate surmounted by an arch, also projecting, thrown over the gateway; two stone benches, sculptured in arabesque, and joined to the two sides of the gate; seven or eight steps, winding circularly down into a wide terrace, overshadowed by some immense sycamores, where

water was flowing into a marble fountain. Seven or eight armed Druzes, in their noble costumes of brilliant colours, with head-dresses of gigantic turbans, and in martial attitudes, appeared waiting the orders of their chief; some negroes, clad in blue vests, and some young slaves or pages, seated, or sporting on the steps of the gateway; and, in fine, under the arch of the grand gate, the sheik, seated with pipe in hand, covered with a scarlet pelisse, and observing us pass, in an attitude of conscious power and calm dignity. Add to these, two young and lovely females, the one leaning on her elbow at a window of the edifice, and the other standing on a balcony above the door. Such was the scene we witnessed.

We slept at Hamman, in a room which had been prepared for us some days previously. We arose before the sun, and commenced scaling the last peak of Lebanon. The ascent lasted an hour and a half. At length we were among the snows, and pursued, along the elevated track, the gorge which leads to the opposite side of Lebanon, a plain slightly diversified by undulating hills, as at the summit of the Alps. After two hours' toilsome march through two or three feet of snow, we discovered the lofty and still snowy peaks of Anti-Lebanon, then its arid and naked sides, and, last of all, the wide and beautiful plain of Bkaa, making a continuation of the valley of Balbek to the right. This plain commences at the desert of Homs and Hama, and ends only at the mountains of Galilee towards Saphad, where it gives passage to the Jordan in its course to the Sea of Genesareth. It is one of the most lovely and fertile plains in the world, but cultivation is rare upon it. For ever infested by the wandering Arabs, the inhabitants of Balbek, of Zakla, and of the other villages of Lebanon, scarcely dare to sow the ground. It is watered by a great number of streams from inexhaustible springs, and presented to the eye, when we saw it, more the appearance of a marsh, or of a half-dried lake, than of land.

In four hours we achieved the descent of Zakla, where the Greek bishop, a native of Aleppo, received and gave us some rooms. We departed on the 30th, to traverse the plain of Bkaa, and to pass the night at Balbek.

RUINS OF BALBEK.

On quitting Zakla, a pretty Christian town at the foot of Lebanon, on the margin of the plain immediately facing Anti-Lebanon, we at first skirted the roots of Lebanon in our progress to the north. We passed near a ruined edifice, upon whose remains the Turks have built a dervish's hut, and a mosque of imposing and picturesque effect. According to the Arab traditions, it is the tomb of Noah, whose ark rested on the peak of Sannin, and who dwelt in the vale of Balbek, where he died and was buried. Some relics of ancient arches and structures, of the Greek or Roman times, confirm these traditions. We see at least, that in all periods this spot has been consecrated by some great recollection; the stone is there testifying for history. We passed on, not without carrying back our minds to those ancient days when the sons of the patriarch, those new men born of a single man, inhabited these primitive abodes, and founded civilisations and edifices which have remained problems for us.

We took seven hours to traverse, in an oblique direction, the plain which leads to Balbek. At the passage of the river which divides the plain, our Arab escort wished to compel us to turn to the right, and sleep in a Turkish village three leagues from Balbek. My dragoman could not make himself be obeyed, and I was forced to urge my horse to a gallop on the other side of the river, to induce the two leaders of the caravan to follow us. I advanced upon them, sword in hand; they fell from their horses at the menace, and accompanied us with murmurs.

On drawing near to Anti-Lebanon, the plain rises and becomes more dry and rocky. Anemones and snow-drops were as plentiful as pebbles under our feet. We began to descry an immense mass, which stood out in black relief from the white sides of Anti-Lebanon. It was Balbek, but we could distinguish nothing yet.* At last we reached the first ruin. It was a small octagon temple, supported on columns of red Egyptian granite, evidently cut from more lofty columns, some having arched capitals, and others no trace of the arch, and having been, in my opinion, transported, cut, and erected there in very modern times, to bear the cupola of a Turkish mosque, or the roof of a dervish's dwelling; this must have been in the time of Fakar-el-Din. The materials are splendid; in the chiselling of the cornice and the dome, there are traces of some appreciation of the arts; but these materials are clearly fragments of ruins, readjusted by a weaker hand and a corrupted taste. This temple is a quarter of an hour's march from Balbek. Impatient to behold what remotest antiquity has left us of the beautiful, the grand, and the mysterious, we pressed forward our wearied horses, whose hoofs began to clash against blocks of marble; trunks of columns, and prostrated capitals. All the walls enclosing the fields in the vicinity of Balbek are raised with these relics; our antiquaries would find each stone an enigma. Cultivation began to reappear, and large walnut-trees, the first that I had reseen in Syria, arose between Balbek and us, and continued to the very ruins of the temples, which their branches still concealed from us. They came at last. Properly speaking, it is not a temple, an edifice, or a ruin; it is a ridge of architecture, which springs suddenly from the plain, at some distance from the real ridges of Anti-Lebanon.

Our people crept along amidst the ruins to the Arab village, which is called Balbek. We skirted one of the sides of this hill of ruins, on which a multitude of graceful columns arose, gilded by the setting sun, and recalling to the mind the yellow and dull hues of the marble of the Parthenon, or of the Coliseum at Rome.—Amongst these columns, there were some in long elegant rows, still bearing their capitals untouched, their cornices richly sculptured, and extending along the marble walls which encompassed the sanctuaries. Others were leaning entire against these walls, which sustained them like a tree whose roots have been loosened, but whose stem is still healthy and strong. But the greatest number were scattered in immense heaps of marble or stone upon the slopes of the hill, in the deep ditches which surround it, and even in the bed of the river flowing at its foot. At the summit of the stony eminence, six columns of a more gigantic size stand isolated, not far from the lower temple, and yet preserve their colossal cornices; we shall hereafter inquire to what these bear testimony, in their isolation from the other edifices. On prolonging our stroll along the foot of the monuments, we found the columns and architectural remains conclude, and we saw nothing but prodigious walls, built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture; the relics of another era, of which they made use at the remote epoch when they reared the temples which are now in ruins.

We went no farther this day. The road turned from the ruins, and conducted us to a small house constructed amongst the rubbish. It was the palace of the bishop of Balbek, who, clad in a violet pelisse, and surrounded by some Arab peasants, came to meet us, and lead us to his humble porch. The smallest peasant's hut of Bourgoyne or Auvergne possesses more luxury and elegance than the episcopal palace of Balbek. A hovel without window or door, badly cemented, and the roof partly crumbling, giving admission to the rain upon the mud floor—such the edifice. At the end of the court, however, a well-built new wall, with a door and window

* [Balbek is situated about thirty miles east, or inland, from the coast of Syria, and forty miles in a northerly direction from Damascus.]

in ogive, of Moorish architecture, and the projections of which were composed of stones admirably sculptured, attracted my eye. It was the church of Balbek, the cathedral of this town, where other gods had had such splendid asylums. It served as a chapel for the few Christian Arabs who live upon these ruins of so many creeds, and who come to adore, under a purer form, that same divinity, the conception of whom has stirred men of all ages, and led them to raise up so many stones, and so many ideas.

We deposited our mantles under this hospitable roof, and picketted our horses upon the green sward, which extended between the priests' house and the ruins. We lighted a fire of brambles to dry our clothes, soaked with moisture, and supped in the bishop's little court upon a table composed of stones from the temples, whilst in the neighbouring chapel the litanies of evening prayer were chanted in plaintive tones, and the solemn and sonorous voice of the prelate was uttering pious exhortations to his flock. The congregation was composed of a few Arab herdsmen and some females. When these peasants of the desert issued from the church, and lingered to observe us, we saw upon their countenances nothing but friendly and benevolent expressions; we heard only obliging and affectionate words, those affecting greetings, those artless wishes of primitive races, who have not yet made a vain formula of the salutation of man to man, but who have concentrated in a small number of words, applicable to the different meetings of morning, noon, and evening, all that hospitality can wish the most engaging and the most efficacious to its guests, all that one traveller can wish to another for the day, the night, the route, and the return. We were Christians—it was sufficient for them. A common religion is the most powerful sympathy for man—a common creed amongst men is more than a common country!—and the Christians of the East, lost in the Mahometanism which surrounds them, which menaces and sometimes persecutes them, always look upon the Christians of the West as actual protectors and future liberators. Europe is not sufficiently aware how potent a lever it possesses, in these Christian populations, to raise the East whenever it may carry thither its political observation, and bring to this land, which approaches a necessary and inevitable change, the liberty and civilisation of which it is so worthy and capable. It is time, in my opinion, to throw a European colony into the heart of Asia, to carry back modern civilisation to the regions whence ancient civilisation sprang, and to form a great dominion from the shreds of the Turkish empire, which crumbles under its own weight, and which has no successor but the desert, and the dust of the ruins amidst which it is wrecked. Nothing is more easy than to raise a new monument upon this neglected soil, and to open to fruitful races of men those inexhaustible sources of prosperity, which Mahometanism has destroyed by its execrable administration. When I say execrable, I do not mean to accuse Mahometanism of a brutal ferocity, which is far from its nature, but of a culpable indifference, of an irremediable fatalism, which, without destroying any thing, leaves all to perish around it. The Turkish population is robust, orderly, and moral; its religion is neither so superstitious nor so exclusive as it has been represented to us; but its passive resignation, the abuse of its faith in the sensible reign of providence, extinguishes the faculties of man by referring all to God. God acts not for man, whose duty it is to act on his own account—he is the spectator and judge of human actions—Mahometanism has assumed the divine part; it has constituted itself the inactive spectator of the divine action, crosses its arms, and, in this quiescence, man perishes by his own voluntary sloth. Nevertheless, we must render justice to the creed of Mahomet, which is highly philosophic, having imposed but two great duties on men—prayer and charity. These two great ideas are, in fact, the two grandest truths in all religion. Mahometanism has drawn its toleration from them, which other creeds have so cruelly excluded from their dogmas. Under

this head, it is more advanced towards religious perfection than most of the religions which insult and condemn it. The faith of Mahomet might, without effort or difficulty, become part of a system of civil and religious liberty, and form a material element of a great social confederation in Asia. Mahometanism is moral, patient, resigned, charitable, and tolerant, from its very nature; all these qualities will fit it for the necessary amalgamation in the countries where it now predominates, and in which enlightenment, and not extermination, is required. It is accustomed to live in peace and harmony with the Christian creeds, which it has allowed to exist, and freely to perform the functions of their faith, in the very bosom of its most holy cities, such as Damascus and Jerusalem. Supremacy is of little importance to it; provided it enjoys the right of prayer, with justice and tranquillity, it needs nothing more. Our European civilisation, utterly human, political, and ambitious as it is, can easily afford it a place for the mosque, and a seat in the shade or the sun.

Alexander conquered Asia with 30,000 Greek and Macedonian soldiers; Ibrahim has overturned the Turkish sway with 30,000 or 40,000 Egyptian youths, acquainted only with the mode of loading a piece, and marching in step. A European adventurer, with 5000 or 6000 soldiers from Europe, might easily destroy Ibrahim, and conquer Asia, from Smyrna to Bassorah, and from Cairo to Bagdad, by progressive advances, by taking the Maronites of Lebanon for the centre of his operations, by introducing organisation behind him in proportion as he progressed, and by making the Christians of the East his instruments of action, administration, and recruiting. The Arabs of the desert even would be with him, whenever he could subsidise them. They have no creed but gold; their objects of worship are the sword and money. With such inclinations, they might be detained a sufficient time to render their subsequent submission an inevitable necessity—they will themselves promote it. They will then be driven back, with their tents, far into the desert, which is their only country, and they will be drawn, by slow degrees, to a milder state of society, of which they have not hitherto had any example around them.*

We arose with the sun, whose first rays fell upon the temple of Balbek, and imparted to those mysterious ruins that brilliancy of renewed youth which nature can render at its pleasure, even to what time has destroyed. After a hasty breakfast, we departed to touch with our hands what we had as yet only seen with our eyes. We slowly approached the artificial ridge, the better to observe the different architectural masses which composed it. We came at last to the northern extremity, under the shadow of the gigantic walls which on that side envelope the ruins. A beautiful stream, overleaping its granite bed, flowed at our feet, forming here and there small rivulets of running and limpid water, which murmured and foamed round the immense stones fallen from the walls and the sculptured blocks sunk in its channel.

We crossed the torrent of Balbek by the stones which time had thrown down for a bridge, and ascended through a narrow and steep breach to the terrace which went round the walls. At every step, at every stone that we laid our hands on or our eyes surveyed, admiration and astonishment drew from us an exclamation of surprise and wonder. Each stone in the outer wall was at least eight to ten feet long, five or six broad, and as many high. These enormous blocks rested with-

* [This scheme of conquering and colonising Syria and Egypt is a very favourite one with Frenchmen. Of course, it is France alone that is meant under the general name of Europe. Very few Frenchmen conceive there is any other power in Europe but themselves. Volney gave vent to this very doctrine of De Lamartine, and it is well known Bonaparte embraced it in all its extent. There is no doubt that these fine countries would be redeemed from their present unpeopled and unproductive condition, by an industrious and enlightened people getting possession of them, but the rapidity and facility of their occupation would be found very different from what Lamartine supposes.]

out cement one upon the other, and almost all bore traces of sculpture, after the Indian or Egyptian style. At the first glance, it is apparent that these crumbling stones have originally been applied to a very different purpose than forming a wall for a terrace or enclosure, and that they are the precious materials of primitive monuments, which have been used at a later date to encompass the erections of Greek and Roman epochs. It was a habitual, and I am inclined to believe a religious, custom amongst the ancients, when a sacred edifice was destroyed by war or time, or more advanced art was wishful to renew and perfect, to avail themselves of the materials of the old, for the accessory constructions of the restored monuments, with the intention, doubtless, of preventing stones, upon which the shadow of the gods had fallen, from being profaned by vulgar adaptations, and also, perhaps, from respect for their ancestors, and in order that the labours of the different eras might not be buried under the earth, but might be perpetuated as a testimony of the piety of men, and of the successive progress of the arts. It is thus in the Parthenon, where the walls of the Acropolis, rebuilt by Pericles, contain the materials of the temple of Minerva. Many modern travellers have been led into error, from being ignorant of this pious usage of the ancients, and have taken for barbarous constructions of the Turks or the crusaders, edifices composed in this manner from the most remote antiquity. Some of the stones of the wall were even twenty and thirty feet long, and seven or eight high.

When we reached the summit of the breach, we knew not where to rest our eyes. All around were marble doors of a prodigious height and breadth; windows or niches bordered with most admirable sculpture; arches worked with exquisite ornaments; pieces of cornice, entablatures, and capitals, thick as dust beneath our feet; domes springing above our heads—all was mystery, confusion, and disorder; the masterpieces of art, the relics of ages, inexplicable wonders were around us! Scarcely had we cast an admiring glance on one side, than a new object attracted us to another. Every interpretation we gave to the form and the religious meaning of the monuments, was destroyed in succession. We lost ourselves uselessly in a labyrinth of conjectures: we cannot reconstruct by imagination the sacred edifices of a time or of a people, with whose religion and manners we are not fundamentally acquainted. Time bears its secrets away with it, and leaves enigmas to puzzle and deceive human wit. We promptly abandoned the scheme of building up a system on the subject of these ruins; we contented ourselves with beholding and admiring, without comprehending aught but the colossal potency of human genius, and the vigour of the religious idea which had been able to rear such masses, and to accomplish so many admirable works.

We were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by the interior buildings, which intercepted the view of the temples. According to all appearance, we were but in the abodes of the priests, or on the sites of some chapels consecrated to unknown peculiar rites. We cleared these monumental constructions, much more richly worked than the outer wall, and the second scene of the ruins was before our eyes. Much wider and longer, more decorated still, than the one we had left, it presented to us an immense platform, in an oblong square, the level being often broken by the remains of raised pavement, which appeared to have belonged to temples utterly destroyed, or to temples without roofs, in which the sun, the object of adoration at Balbek, could behold his altar. All around this platform extended a series of chapels, decorated with niches admirably sculptured, with friezes, cornices, and the most finished workmanship, but the workmanship of an age already corrupted with regard to the arts; the taste for a superfluity of ornaments, which betrayed the decay of the Greeks and Romans, is strongly marked. But to experience this sense, the eye must have been already exercised by the contemplation of the pure monuments of Rome or Athens; any other eye would be fascinated

by the splendour and finish of the ornaments. The only falling is a superabundant richness; the stone is crushed beneath its own weight of luxury. Eight or ten of these chapels still remain almost uninjured, and they seem to have always existed thus open to the square they are built round, where the mysteries of the worship of Baal were doubtless celebrated in the open air. I will not endeavour to describe the thousand astonishing objects which each of these temples, each of these stones, offers to the eye of the beholder. I am neither a sculptor nor an architect; I am ignorant even of the name that stone assumes when in this or that position, in this or that form. I should speak very badly in unknown jargon; but that universal language which the beautiful speaks to the eye, even of the ignorant, which the mysterious and ancient speak to the understanding and soul of the philosopher—that I understand; and I never understood it better than in this wilderness of marbles, chisellings, and mysteries, which block up this wondrous court.

And yet it was nothing to what we were immediately to discover. By multiplying in the mind the remains of the temples of Jupiter-Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and the Parthenon, this architectural scene might be conceived; the marvel mainly consisted in the prodigious heaping together of so many monuments, so many rich structures, and so much workmanship, within one enclosure and under one view, in the middle of the desert, and on the ruins of a city almost unknown. We withdrew slowly from this spectacle, and proceeded towards the south, where the six gigantic columns reared their heads above the horizon of ruins. To arrive there we were obliged again to clear the outer walls, and the steps, pedestals, and foundations of altars, which everywhere obstructed the space between these columns and us. We reached their bases at last. Silence is the only language of man, when what he feels surpasses the ordinary measure of his impressions. We thus remained mute when contemplating these columns, and surveying with the eye their diameter and height, and the admirable sculpture of their architraves and cornices. They are seven feet in diameter, and more than seventy feet high; they are composed of only two or three blocks, so perfectly joined together that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the lines of junction; their material is a stone of a slightly gilded yellow, of a colour between marble and sandstone. The sun was then beating on one of their sides, and we seated ourselves for a moment beneath their shade; huge birds, like eagles, disturbed by our noise, flew above their capitals whereon they had built their nests, and returning to perch themselves on the cornices, pecked them with their beaks and shook their wings, as if they were the animated ornaments of these wonderful structures. These columns, which some travellers have taken for the remains of an avenue, 104 feet long and 56 wide, formerly leading to a temple, appeared very evidently to me to have been the exterior decoration of that temple. On examining with an attentive eye the small temple, which remains entire close to them, it is clear that it has been erected on the same model. It seems to me probable, that after the ruin of the first temple by an earthquake, the second has been constructed on a similar design, that part of the materials preserved from the first were used in the second construction, that the proportions only were diminished as too gigantic for a decaying epoch, and that the columns broken by the fall were changed, but that those which time had spared were allowed to subsist as a sacred memento of the ancient temple. If it were otherwise, the remains of other large columns would remain round the six which are still standing. Everything indicates, on the contrary, that the area which encompasses them has been empty and cleared of rubbish from the most remote antiquity, and that a splendid court was used for the ceremonies of some worship around them.

We had opposite to us, on the south, another temple, on the edge of the platform, about forty paces distant. It is the most entire and magnificent monument at Balbek, and, I venture to say, in the whole world. If

you rear again one or two columns of the peristyle, which have fallen aslant, with their tops still leaning on the unbroken walls of the temple; if you return to their places some of the enormous blocks which have fallen from the roof into the vestibule; if you lift up one or two sculptured portions of the inner door, and recompose the altar with the relief which covers the ground, giving to it again its form and place, you will recall the gods, and lead back the pilgrims and peoples, they would recognise their temple as complete, untouched, and brilliant, as on the day when it issued from the hands of the architect. This temple is of inferior proportions to that which the six colossal columns recall. It is surrounded by a portico sustained by columns of the Corinthian order, each of them being five feet in diameter, and forty-five feet in shaft, and composed of three cemented blocks. They are at nine feet distance from each other, and the same space from the interior wall of the temple. A rich architrave and a beautifully sculptured cornice runs round their capitals. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large blocks of stone cut by the chisel into concave hollows, in each of which is represented the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero. We recognised a Ganymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks had fallen to the ground at the bases of the columns, which we measured; they were sixteen feet wide, and nearly five feet thick!—they are the tiles of these monuments.

The inner gate of the temple, formed of equally enormous blocks, is twenty-two feet wide; we could not measure its height, because other blocks have fallen at that spot and half choke it up. The appearance of the sculptured stones which compose the front of this gate, and its disproportion with the other parts of the edifice, lead me to presume that it is the gate of the great overthrown temple, which has been fixed in this later one; the mysterious sculptures with which it is decorated, are, in my opinion, of a very different epoch from that of the Antonines, and of an infinitely less chaste workmanship. An eagle, holding a *caduceus* (wand) in its claws, stretches its wings over the gateway, and hangs from its beak festoons of ribbons or chains. The interior of the monument is adorned with pillars and niches of the richest and most profuse sculpture. We bore away some of the fragments which covered the ground. Some of the niches are perfectly uninjured, and appear to have been just finished by the artist. Not far from the entrance of the temple, we found large openings and subterranean stairs which led us into lower constructions, the use of which cannot be assigned with certainty, but every thing is there equally vast and magnificent. They were doubtless the abodes of the pontiffs, the colleges of the priests, the halls of initiation, perhaps also royal dwellings. They receive light from above, or from the flanks of the platform on which they abut. Fearing we might lose ourselves in these labyrinths, we visited only a small portion of them; they seem to extend over the whole space of the hill.

The temple which I have just described, is placed at the south-west extremity of the monumental hill of Balbek, and forms the angle of the platform. On issuing from the peristyle, we found ourselves on the edge of the fall. We were able to measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of this group of monuments, and found them to be about thirty feet above the level of the plain of Balbek. This pedestal is constructed of stones whose dimensions are so prodigious, that if they were not attested by travellers worthy of belief, the minds of men in our days would reject them for their improbability. The imagination of the Arabs even, daily witnesses of these wonders, does not attribute them to human power, but to that of genii or supernatural beings. When we consider that these blocks of hewn granite are in some instances fifty-six feet long, fifteen or sixteen feet broad, and of an unknown thickness, and that these prodigious masses are raised one upon the other, twenty or thirty feet above the ground; that they have been cut out of far-distant quarries, conveyed here, and hoisted to such a height to form the pavement for temples, we recoil before

such a proof of human capacity. The science of our days has nothing which explains it, and we need not be surprised that people take refuge in the supernatural.

These masses are evidently of a different date from the temples. They were mysteries to the ancients as well as to us. They belong to an unknown era, possibly antediluvian, and have, in all likelihood, borne a variety of temples, sacred to a successive variety of deities. To the simple eye, five or six generations of monuments are apparent upon the hill of ruins at Balbek, all of different epochs. Some travellers and some Arab writers attribute these primitive substructions to Solomon, 3000 years before the present time. They say he built Tadmor and Balbek in the desert. The history of Solomon fills the imagination of the orientals; but this supposition, at least, concerning the gigantic substructions of Balbek, is utterly improbable. How could a king of Israel, who possessed no port on the sea, lying ten leagues from his mountains, who was reduced to borrow the ships of Hiram, king of Tyre, to bring him cedars from Lebanon, have extended his dominion beyond Damascus, and as far as Balbek? How could a prince, who, intending to build the temple of temples, the house of the only God, in his capital city, employed in its erection fragile materials, incapable of resisting time, or leaving any durable record, have raised, a hundred leagues from his kingdom, in the midst of deserts, monuments built of such imperishable materials? Would he not have rather employed his power and wealth at Jerusalem? And what remains at Jerusalem indicative of such monuments as those at Balbek? Nothing: Solomon can therefore have had nothing to do with them. I am disposed rather to believe that these colossal stones have been raised, either by the first race of men, whom all primitive histories call giants, or by the men before the flood. It is asserted that, at no great distance, in a valley of Anti-Lebanon, human bones of enormous size are discovered, and this report prevails so generally among the neighbouring Arabs, that the English consul-general in Syria, Mr Farren, a man of superior information, proposes to make an immediate visit to these mysterious sepulchres. The traditions of the East, and the monument, elevated upon the so-called tomb of Noah, a short distance from Balbek, assign this locality as the residence of the patriarch. The first men sprung from him may have long preserved the stature and force which mankind possessed before the total or partial submersion of the globe, and these monuments may be their work. Supposing even that the human race never exceeded its present proportions, the degrees of intelligence may have altered. Who can certify to us that this more youthful intellectual capacity had not invented mechanical processes, so perfect as to move, like a grain of sand, such masses as an army of 100,000 men could not now overturn? Whatever may be the fact, some of these Balbek stones, which are sixty-two feet long, twenty broad, and fifteen thick, are the most prodigious masses that humanity has ever lifted. The largest stones in the pyramids of Egypt do not exceed eighteen feet, and these are peculiar blocks, placed in certain positions, to give a finishing of special solidity. Turning the northern angle of the platform, we found the walls which support it in as good a state of preservation, but the materials composing them less astonishing. The stones, however, are in general twenty to thirty feet long, and eight or ten wide. They are much older than the higher temples, are covered with a grey tinge, and pierced here and there by holes at their angles of junction. These crevices are lined with swallows' nests, and tufts of flowering shrubs hang from them. The solemn and gloomy colour of the stones of the base forms a strong contrast with the rich and golden hue of the temple walls and rows of columns on the summit. At sunset, when the rays glance between the pillars, and fall in fiery streams between the friezes and architraves of the capitals, the temples glitter like pure gold on a basement of bronze.

We descended by a breach formed at the southern angle of the platform. There some columns of the

small temple have rolled with their architraves into the torrent, which flows past the Cyclopean walls. These enormous shafts, thrown at hazard in the bed of the stream, and on the steep bank of the ditch, have remained, and will doubtless for ever remain, where time has deposited them. A few walnut and other trees have taken root between the blocks, and cover them with their branches. The largest of these is the work of a day's growth, beside those columns, twenty feet in circumference; and capitals, one of which is sufficient to cover half the bed of the torrent.

On the northern side, an immense tunnel in the side of the platform yawned before us. We descended into it. The light which penetrated it by the two extremities enabled us to see sufficiently. We followed it in all its length of 500 feet, reaching under the whole extent of the temples. It is thirty feet high, and the walls and arch are formed of blocks, which astonished us by their size, even after those which we had just contemplated. They are of unequal proportions, but the greatest number were from ten to twenty feet long. The stones of the arch are joined without cement; we were unable to divine its purpose. At the western extremity this tunnel has a branch higher and wider, which is prolonged under the platform of the small temples which we had first visited. Here we emerged into daylight, upon the torrent, split into streams among the innumerable heaps of architecture rolled from the platform, and among beautiful walnut-trees, growing in the dust of the marbles. The other ancient edifices of Balbek, scattered before us in the plain, attracted our attention, but nothing had power to interest us after what we had just inspected. We threw a superficial glance, as we passed, upon four temples, which would be considered wonders at Rome, but which are here like the works of dwarfs. These temples, some of an octagon form, and very elegant ornaments, the others square, with peristyles of columns formed of Egyptian granite, and even of porphyry, appeared to me of the Roman epoch. One of them had served as a church in the first ages of Christianity, and the Christian symbols still remain. It is now uncovered, and in ruins. The Arabs despoil it, as they have occasion for a stone to support their roofs, or of a trough to water their camels.

A messenger from the emir of the Balbek Arabs met us on the plain. He came on the part of the prince to greet us on our happy arrival, and to beg us to assist at a course of the djerid, a species of tournament, which he intended to give in our honour, to-morrow morning on the plain near the temples. We testified our acknowledgments to him, and accepted the invitation; and I dispatched my dragoman, escorted by some of the janissaries, to make a visit to the emir in my name. We returned to the bishop's to rest after the day's labour; but scarcely had we eaten a piece of cake and riced-mutton, prepared by our grooms, than we were all wandering, without guides and at large, round the hill of ruins, or in the temples, the route to which we had learnt in the morning. Each of us fixed himself on the ruin or at the point of view which he chanced to fall upon, and called aloud upon his companions to come and enjoy the contemplation with him; but as we could not go to one object without losing another, we at last abandoned ourselves each to his own course of discovery. The shades of evening, which were slowly falling from the mountains, and covering, one by one, the columns and ruins with their gloom, added an additional mystery, and an effect even more picturesque, to the magical and mysterious works of man and time. We felt what we were in comparison with the mass and eternity of these monuments—like the swallows, which nestle a season in the interstices of these blocks of stone, ignorant for or by whom they have been there collected. The ideas which have reared these masses, and accumulated these heaps, are unknown to us; the dust of the marble that we tread upon knows more than we, but can tell us nothing; and in a few ages, the generations who shall come to visit, in their turn, the remains of our monuments of

the present era, will likewise ask, without being able to answer, why we have built and sculptured. The works of man endure longer than his thoughts; monuments to the law of the human understanding, standing in the dream of pride and ignorance: God, who is ever creating in proportion as man is ever destroying, is always advancing, but never retrograding. He is ever making man more and more perfect, more and more happy, to fix definitely in his mind, in its temples, expansive and broad, beyond all narrow conceptions, and limited temples, and all deserted fane and altar to crumble, without man to seek and behold it, where it annihilates itself more and more energetically, in thought, mind, virtue, nature, and the infinite universe!

Happy he who has wings to hover over past ages, to stand without giddiness upon the wonderful monuments of men, to fathom the abysses of thought and human destiny—to trace with the eye the course of the human mind progressing through this dim light of successive systems of philosophy, religion, and government—to soar aloft, and, like the mariner in the midst of the ocean looking out for land, foretell to what period of time he himself may live, and to what manifestation of truth and holiness God may call the generation of which he forms a unit!

Balbek, March 29, midnight.—I went yesterday to the hull of temples, by the light of the moon, to think, to weep, and to pray. God knows that I weep, and will weep as long as memory and a tear remain to me. After praying for myself, and for those who are part of myself, I prayed for all mankind. This stupendous overthrown monument of humanity, on the wrecks of which I was seated, inspired me with such strong and ardent sentiments, that they almost of themselves escaped in verse, the natural language of my thoughts when they master me. I wrote out in the morning, at the very spot and on the very stone where I conceived them, the following verses:—

VERSES WRITTEN AT BALBEK.

Mysterious deserts 'neath whose mounds are strewn
The bones of cities, now by name unknown;
Huge blocks, by ruin's torrent tumbled o'er;
Vast bed of life, whose stream now flows no more,
Ye temples, for whose marble bases, hills
Were rent like trees beneath the woodmen's bills;
Ye gulfs, through which whole river-floods might stray;
Columns, 'mong which the eye can find no way;
Pillar and arch, a long, dark, alleys host,
Where, as in clouds, the wandering moon is lost;
Capitals, whose sites the eye would vainly tell,
Great characters, imprinted on earth's shell—
To touch you, and your mysteries to test,

A pilgrim comes from the far West!

The path, by which his bark the billows ranged,
A hundred times had its horizon changed,
He cast his life on the abyssal deeps,
His feet are worn upon the mountain steeps;
His tent hath felt the fiery eastern sun,
His friends grew faint before the goal was won;
And ev'n his dog, if ere he reach his land,
Will recognise no more his voice or hand;
And from him, on his travel, has been riven
His eye's sole star, the child who gave his heaven
Its all of light and immortality:
Childless, without memorial, he must die!
And now, upon these mighty wrecks he sits,
And heareth but the mocking wind by fits:
A load upon his brow and bosom rests—

Thought, heart, no longer there are guests!

I had passed the summits of Sannin, covered with eternal snows, and had descended on the other side of Lebanon, crowned with its diadem of cedars, into the bare and sterile desert of Heliopolis, at the termination of a long and toilsome day. In the distant horizon before us, on the last descents of the black mountains of Anti-Lebanon, an immense group of yellow ruins, gilded by the setting sun, stood out from the gloom of the mountains, and reflected back the rays of evening.

Our guides pointed to them with their fingers, and exclaimed, "*Balbek! Balbek!*" It was, in fact, the marvel of the desert, the fabulous Balbek, which sprang thus brilliant from its tomb to tell us of ages of which history has lost count. We proceeded slowly with our wearied horses, our eyes fixed on the gigantic walls, on the dazzling and colossal columns, which seemed to increase in compass and in height as we drew nigh. A profound silence reigned throughout our caravan—each feared to lose an impression of that hour by whispering his sensations to another. The Arabs even were silent, and seemed awed by the powerful and solemn feeling arising from a spectacle which levels all minds. We reached at last the nearest shafts and blocks of marble, which earthquakes have thrown more than a mile from the site of the monuments, like leaves torn and hurled from the tree by a whirlwind. The deep and wide quarries which rip up, like gorges in a valley, the black sides of Anti-Lebanon, yawned with their abysses before us. These vast hollows of stone, the walls of which still show the deep traces of the chisel, exhibit various gigantic blocks half detached from their bases, and others completely hewed on the four sides, which seem to be waiting for the waggons and arms of a giant race to move them. One of these masses was sixty-two feet long, with a breadth of twenty-four, and a thickness of sixteen feet. One of our Arabs, descending from his horse, glided into the quarry, and, creeping up this stone, by clinging to the jaggings of the chisel, and the moss which has taken root in them, scaled the pedestal, and ran to and fro upon its platform uttering savage yells; but such a mass would crush the man of our times—man would sink before his own work—sixty thousand men would need their united powers to simply raise this stone, and the platforms of Balbek contain some still more colossal, reared twenty-five and thirty feet above the ground, to support colonnades proportioned to their bases.

We pursued our route between the desert on the left, and the undulations of Anti-Lebanon on the right, skirting a few small fields, cultivated by the pastoral Arabs, and the bed of a large torrent winding amidst the ruins, with fine walnut-trees rising on its margins. The Acropolis, or artificial hill, which bears all the great monuments of Heliopolis, appeared to us by glimpses through the branches, and above the heads of the large trees. At length we beheld it in its full extent, and the whole caravan stopped as by an electrical instinct. No pen, no pencil, can depict the impression which this first view produced in the mind. Under our feet, in the bed of the stream, amidst the fields, and around the trunks of the trees, were blocks of red or grey granite, of blood-streaked porphyry, of white marble, and of yellow stone, transcendent as the marble of Paros; shafts of columns, sculptured capitals, architraves, cornices, entablatures, pedestals; the scattered members of statues, fallen with their faces to the ground; all these, mingled in confusion, grouped in heaps, scattered and streaming on all sides like the lava of a volcano vomiting forth the wrecks of an empire. Scarcely was there a path to creep through these sweepings of the arts, so covered they the earth. The iron-shod hoofs of our horses struck fire at every step, from the polished acanthus of the cornices, or from the snowy neck of a female statue. The waters of the Balbek river alone made way amongst the fragments, and washed, with their murmuring foam, the broken marbles, which stood as obstacles to their course.

Beyond this surf of marble relics arose the hill of Balbek, a platform 1000 paces long, and 700 feet broad, built entirely by the hands of men, of hewn stones, some of which are fifty to sixty feet long, and fifteen to sixteen high, but the greatest part from fifteen to thirty in elevation. This hill of granite was seen by us at its eastern extremity, with its immeasurable foundations and walls, in which three pieces of stone give a horizontal line of 180 feet, and near 4000 feet of superficies; and with the wide jaws of its subterranean tunnels, in which the torrent boils and sinks, and whence the winds and water cast a murmuring noise similar to the distant

clang of our large cathedral bells. On this prodigious platform, the outlines of the great temples stood out in relief from the rose-tinted blue of the horizon. Some of these monuments seemed entire, as if fresh from the artists' hands; others offered nothing but portions still standing, isolated columns, slanting walls, and dismantled pediments. The eye was lost in the bewildering maze of colonnades belonging to the different temples, and could not observe, above these elevations, where this multitude of stones ended. The six gigantic columns of the great temple, still bearing majestically their rich and colossal entablature, soared above the whole scene, dim in the blue sky of the desert, like an aerial altar for the rites of giants.

We stopped but for a few minutes, to take slight cognisance of what we had come to behold through so many perils and dreary distances; and, assured of possessing on the morrow the spectacle which dreams could not picture to us, we proceeded onwards. The day was falling, and we needed an asylum, either under the tent, or under some portion of the ruins, to pass the night, and rest ourselves after a fourteen hours' tedious journey. Leaving the mountain of ruins and platform of whitened relics on our left, and passing over some grass enclosures, cropped by goats and camels, we directed our steps towards a smoke, rising a few hundreds of paces from us, out of a group of ruins interspersed with Arab huts. The ground was uneven and hilly, and echoed under the feet of our horses, as if the substructions we were treading over would open in chasms beneath us. We came to the door of a low building, half concealed by slabs of fallen marble, with narrow windows, without glass or shutters, formed of marble and porphyry badly jointed with a little cement. A small stone projection rose one or two feet above the flat roof of the cottage, and a tiny bell was hung in it, waving in the wind. It was the episcopal palace of the Arab bishop of Balbek, who guards in the desert a little flock of twelve or fifteen Christian families, of the Greek communion, enveloped by wildernesses and ferocious tribes of wandering Arabs. So far, we had not beheld a single living being but the jackals, who were lurking among the columns of the great temple, and the little swallows, with red necks, clinging to the cornices of the platform, and seeming the ornaments of an oriental architecture. The bishop, aroused by the noise of our caravan, soon came forth, and, bowing on the threshold, offered us hospitality. He was a handsome old man, with silvery locks and beard, a grave and placid countenance, and a pleasing musical voice, perfectly in accordance with the idea of a priest, as painted in a poem or romance, and in all things worthy of showing his calm, resigned, and benignant face, on this scene of solemn ruins and meditation. He made us enter a small inner court, strewn with beautiful statues, and pieces of mosaic and antique vases, and giving up to us his house—that is to say, two small, low rooms, without furniture or doors—he retired, and left us, according to Eastern custom, masters of his dwelling. Whilst our Arabs were busied fixing in the earth around the house the iron pegs to attach by riggs the horses' legs, and others were lighting a fire in the court to prepare a pilau for us, and to bake barley cakes, we went out to cast a second glance upon the monuments which surrounded us. The high temples stood before us like statues on their pedestals, the sun striking them with a last faint ray, dropping slowly from one column to another, like the light of a lamp borne by the priest far into the depths of the sanctuary. The thousand shadows of the porticoes, pillars, colonnades, and altars, were moving beneath the soaring elevations, and obscured by degrees the brilliant glare of the marble and sandstone upon the Acropolis. Farther in the plain was an expanse of ruins ending only with the horizon; one might have called them waves of stone, broken against a ledge, and carrying their white foam over a wide-stretching strand. Nothing arose above this sea of wrecks; and the night, which was descending from the already darkened heights of the mountain-chain, closed round and successively enveloped them in its

gloom. We remained a few minutes pondering in silence upon this spectacle, and then returned, with slow steps, to the bishop's little court, now lighted up by the Arabs' fire.

Seated on fragments of cornices and capitals, serving for seats in the court, we hastily ate the sober meal of a traveller in the desert, and remained for some time, before retiring to sleep, conversing on what filled our thoughts. The fire was extinguished, but the moon rose, round and brilliant, in the clear sky, and falling through the battlements of a high wall of white stone, and the indentations of a window of Arabian architecture, which bounded the court towards the desert, lighted up the enclosure with a lustre which made all the ruins radiant. We fell into a silent reverie; what were our sensations, at that hour, in that spot so far from the actual world, in the midst of an extinct world, in the presence of so many mute evidences of a past which was unknown, but which overturned all our petty theories of history and human philosophy—what arose in our minds or hearts, concerning our systems and creeds, and perhaps also our individual recollections and feelings—God only knows, for our tongues did not venture to express them; they feared to profane the solemnity of that hour, of that luminary, of the very thoughts themselves: we were silent. Suddenly, a murmuring sound, with impassioned accents, like a sweet and amorous wailing, issued from the ruins behind the high wall pierced with openings, the top of which seemed to us as if tottering for a fall; this vague and confused murmur swelled, grew stronger and higher, and we distinguished a song, sustained by several voices in chorus—a monotonous, melancholy, and affecting song, which alternately rose and fell, died away, and was renewed, answering to itself: it was the evening prayer which the Arab bishop was putting up, with his little flock, within the ruined walls of what had been his church, recently overthrown by a tribe of idolatrous Arabs. Nothing had previously prepared us for this music of the soul, whose every note is a sentiment or an aspiration of the human heart, in this solitude in the depths of the wilderness, springing thus from silent blocks, heaped up by earthquakes, barbarians, and time. We were struck with awe, and accompanied the accents of that holy poetry with rapturous thought, prayer, and all our inward poetic workings, until the litanies, with their monotonous burden, were finished, and the last sighs of the pious voices had sunk into the usual silence of these ancient relics.

Same date.—The temples made us forget the djerid which the prince of Balbek wished to exhibit for us; we passed the whole morning in going over them again. At four o'clock, some Arabs came to inform us that the horsemen were in the plain beyond the monuments, but that, out of patience with our tardiness, they were on the point of withdrawing; that the prince concluded this spectacle had few charms for us, since we were so long in going to it, and therefore he invited us to proceed to his residence when our curiosity was satisfied, where he was arranging another species of amusement. Such toleration on the part of a chief of a fierce tribe of Arabs, the most feared in the desert, astonished us. In general, the Arabs, and even the Turks, do not allow strangers to visit alone the ruins of ancient edifices, as they believe these remains contain prodigious treasures, guarded by genii or demons, and that Europeans know the magic terms which throw them open. As they are solicitous that these hoards of wealth should not be carried off, they observe the Franks in these regions with great vigilance; but here, on the contrary, we were left entirely to ourselves; we had not even an Arab guide with us, and the children of the tribe had retired to a distance from respect. I am ignorant of the cause of this deference on the part of the emir of Balbek; perhaps he took us for emissaries of Ibrahim Pacha. The fact is, we were too few to excite fear in a tribe of 800 or 600 men, used to arms and living by plunder, and yet they dared not interrogate us, or interfere with any of our projects; we could have remained a month in the temples, made excavations, and carried

away the most precious fragments of these sculptures, without encountering opposition from any one. I regretted exceedingly, as at the Dead Sea, that I had not been previously aware of the feeling of these tribes respecting us; I would have taken with me workmen and camels of burden, and enriched science and museums.

On leaving the temples, we went to the palace of the emir. An interval of deserted ruins, of less importance, separates the hill of the great monuments, or the Acropolis of Balbek, from New Balbek, inhabited by the Arabs. It is but a heap of huts, a hundred times overthrown in incessant wars. The population have burrowed as they could in the cavities formed by so many remains; branches of trees or roofs of straw cover their dwellings, the doors and windows of which are frequently composed of pieces of most admirable sculpture.

The space occupied by the ruins of the modern town is very considerable. It stretches out of sight, and whitens two low hills which undulate above the great plain; the effect is sad and harsh. These modern relics recall to the mind those of Athens, which I had seen a year before. The dull and raw whiteness of the walls thrown to the earth, and of the scattered blocks, has none of the majesty or the gilded tint of ruins of veritable antiquity; it resembles more an immense strand covered with sea-foam. The palace of the emir consists of a pretty large court, surrounded with low buildings of different forms, the whole being quite similar to a miserable farmyard in our most impoverished provinces. The gate was guarded by a certain number of armed Arabs; a crowd was pressing at the entrance, but the guards made room for us, and introduced us to the interior. It was already filled by the chiefs of the tribe, and a great concourse of people. The emir and his family, with the principal schahs, dressed in magnificent caftans (robes) and pelisses, which were, however, very ragged, were seated on a balcony, above the crowd, affixed to the largest building. Behind them were some attendants, armed men, and black slaves. The emir and his suite rose up on our approach, and we were assisted to mount some high steps, formed of irregular blocks, which served as a staircase to the balcony. After the usual compliments, the emir made us sit on the divan beside him, pipes were brought, and the spectacle began.

A music resulting from drums, timbrels, shrill flutes, and iron triangles, struck with an iron rod, gave the signal. Four or five performers, dressed in the most grotesque fashion, some as men, others as women, advanced into the middle of the court, and executed the most extravagant and lascivious dances that the eyes of the barbarians could support. These senseless dances lasted more than an hour, interspersed occasionally with a few words and gestures, and alterations of costume, which seemed to denote a dramatic intention; but one thing only was intelligible, namely, the horrible and disgusting depravity of the public manners, as indicated by the movements of the dancers. I turned away my eyes; the emir himself appeared to blush at the scandalous pleasures of his people, and made, like me, gestures of indignation; but the shouts and applause of the rest of the spectators always rose loudest when the most filthy obscenities were given in the figures of the dance, thus encouraging the actors.

They danced on, until, overcome with fatigue, and streaming with perspiration, they could no longer maintain the continually increasing quickness of the measure, but rolled on the earth, whence the attendants removed them. The women did not assist at this spectacle; but those of the emir, whose harem looked on the court, enjoyed it from their rooms, and we saw them through the wooden bars crowding to the windows to get a view of the dancers. The slaves of the emir brought us sherbet and sweetmeats of all sorts, as well as an exquisite drink composed from the juice of the pomegranate and orange flowers, well iced, and in crystal cups. Other slaves presented us with muslin napkins, embroidered with gold, to dry our lips. Coffee

was likewise repeatedly served, and pipes incessantly renewed. I conversed for half an hour with the emir. He appeared to me a man of good sense and intellect, much beyond what the gross pleasures of his people would lead one to imagine. He was about fifty years old, of a handsome countenance, and possessed of the most dignified and noble deportment, and of a most grave politeness, all which things the lowest of the Arabs preserve, either as a gift of the climate, or as a heritage of ancient civilisation. His costume and his arms were very sumptuous. His beautiful horses were standing in the courtyards and on the road, one of the finest of which he offered to present to me. He interrogated me, with the most delicate discretion, touching Europe, Ibrahim Pacha, and the object of my journey to the midst of these deserts. I answered with a feigned reserve, so as to lead him to the belief that I had in reality a totally different object from that of visiting columns and ruins. He offered me all his tribe as an escort to Damascus, over the chain of Anti-Lebanon, which I wished to traverse. I only accepted a few horsemen to serve as guides and protectors, and I withdrew, followed by all the sheiks, on horseback, to the door of the bishop's house. I gave orders for departure in the morning, and we passed the evening in conversation with our venerable host, whom we were so soon to leave. A few hundreds of piastres, which I presented to him as alms for his flock, repaid the hospitality which we had received from him. He took upon himself the task of sending off a camel loaded with some fragments of sculpture, which I wished to transport to Europe. He faithfully acquitted himself of this commission, and on my return into Syria, I found these precious relics already arrived at Beirut.

March 31.—We left Balbek at four in the morning. The caravan is composed of our usual number of moukres, Arabs, servants, and escort, and of eight Balbek horsemen, who march two or three hundred paces in advance of the caravan. The day commenced to break just as we cleared the first hill, mounting to the chain of Anti-Lebanon. The entire hill is excavated by enormous deep quarries, from which the prodigious monuments we had been contemplating were drawn forth. The sun began to gild their summits, and they glittered beneath us in the plain like blocks of gold. We could not draw our eyes away; twenty times we stopped before the view of them was lost. Finally, they disappeared for ever under the hill, and we saw nothing over the desert but the black or snowy peaks of the mountains of Tripolis or Latakia, which were lost in the firmament.

The mountains which we are passing over, as yet of moderate elevation, are entirely bare, and almost deserted. The soil in general is poor and sterile, and, where cultivated, is of a red colour. There are pretty vales, with gentle and undulating slopes, where the plough might work without obstacle. We meet neither travellers, nor villages, nor inhabitants, until the middle of the day. We halt beneath our tents at the entrance to a deep gorge, where a torrent, now dry, flows. We find a spring under a rock, with abundant and delicious water. We fill with it the jars suspended to our horses' saddles. After two hours' rest, we resume our march.

By a steep and rugged path, we skirt the flank of a lofty mountain of naked rock for nearly two hours. The valley, which keeps sinking most considerably to our right, is ploughed by the broad bed of a waterless river, and on the other side a mountain of grey rock, completely stripped of vegetation, rises like a perpendicular wall. We begin to descend towards the other outlet of this gorge. Two of our horses, loaded with luggage, roll down the precipice. The mattresses and divan-carpets, which form their burden, deaden the fall, and we succeed in recovering them. We encamp at the end of the gorge near an excellent well. The night was passed in the midst of this labyrinth, in the mountains of Anti-Lebanon. The snow is not more than fifty yards above our heads. Our Arabs have lighted a fire of brambles beneath a grotto, ten yards from the hillock where our tent is pitched. The glare from the fire

penetrates the canvass and lightens the interior of the tent, where we are sheltering ourselves against the cold. The horses, although covered with their felt sheets, neigh from suffering. We hear during the whole night the Balbek horsemen and Egyptian soldiers, shivering under their mantles. We ourselves, though wrapped up in mantles and thick woollen blankets, feel insupportable the bitter keenness of this Alpine atmosphere. At seven in the morning we mount on horseback, with a resplendent sun, which soon makes us throw off our mantles, and afterwards our caftans. At eight we pass by a large Arab village on an elevated level, the houses in which are commodious, and the yards filled with cattle, as in Europe. We take care not to tarry. The inhabitants are enemies of the Arabs of Balbek and Syria. They belong to tribes almost independent, which hold an intercourse chiefly with the populations of Damascus and Mesopotamia. They seem rich and industrious; all the plains around are under cultivation, and we perceive men, women, and children, in the fields. They are ploughing with oxen. We encounter several sheiks well mounted and equipped, either going to or coming from Damascus; their countenances are savage and fierce; they look upon us with a sinister expression, and pass on without saluting us. The children shout at us with malicious yells. In a second village, two hours beyond the first, we obtain by purchase, with great difficulty, a few chickens and some rice for our dinner. At six in the evening we pitch our camp on an elevated spot above a mountain gorge, which falls towards a river which we can see glittering in the distance. A small torrent bounding into the ravine, suffices us to slake our horses' thirst. In front of us, at the outlet of the gorge, perpendicular rocks rise in pyramidal groups lost in the sky. The climate is still severe; no vegetation is seen on the acclivities. The grey or black tinge of the rock contrasts with the brilliant transparency of the firmament into which the peaks pierce.

April 1.—We were on horseback by six o'clock. The weather was magnificent. We travelled the whole day without a halt, between steep mountains, separated only by narrow ravines, down which torrents of melted snow were rolling. Not a tree, not a piece of moss, was on the mountain-flanks. Their strangely broken and splintered forms gave an idea of human monuments. One of them rose high and perpendicular on all sides, like a pyramid; its base might be a league round. We could not discover how it was possible it could be scaled. No trace of a pathway or of steps was visible, and yet caverns were hollowed out by human labour in all parts of it, and of all sizes. A number of cells, both great and small, had sculptured entrances of different forms cut with the chisel. Some of them, which opened immediately above our heads, had small terraces, fashioned in the rock itself before the doorways. We saw the remains of chapels or temples, and columns still standing, on the rock; it seemed a human hive forsaken. The Arabs allege that it was the Christians of Damascus who hollowed out these caves. I believe in fact that it is one of those Thebæids, in which the early Christians took refuge in the times of hermitism or of persecution. Saint Paul founded a great church at Damascus, which, after flourishing a long time, underwent the same vicissitudes and persecutions as all the other churches in the East.

We left these mountains to the left hand, and shortly, altogether behind. We made a rapid descent, down almost impracticable precipices, to an open and extensive valley. A charming river flowed through it. Vegetation again appeared on its banks; willows, poplars, and large trees, with their branches bent in a fantastic manner, and bearing black foliage, were growing in the interstices of the rock which lined the river. By an insensible, though unvarying descent, we followed these enchanting margins for a whole hour. The river kept murmuring and foaming below us. The lofty mountains, which sided the gorge through which the river flowed, struck back and rounded into wide and wooded knolls, whereon the rays of the setting sun were falling.

It was the first glimpse of Mesopotamia; more and more clearly we perceived the broad valleys which stretch and open into the great desert plain between Damascus and Bagdad. The valley in which we were, rounded gently off into wider compass. On both sides of the river traces of cultivation were perceptible, and we heard the distant bleatings of flocks. Orchards of apricots as large as walnuts skirted the road. Shortly, to our great surprise, we saw hedges, as in Europe, dividing the orchards, and gardens of pot-herbs, and fruit-bushes in flower. Wooden barriers or gates opened at intervals on these lovely exposures. The road was broad, level, and well maintained, like one in the vicinity of a large French town. None of our party was aware of the existence of this enchanting oasis in the bosom of the inaccessible mountains of Anti-Lebanon. We were evidently drawing close to a town or village, whose name we knew not. An Arab trooper whom we fell in with, told us that we were in the environs of a large village, called Zebdani. We already saw the smoke rising from it amongst the tops of the great trees scattered in the valley. We soon entered the streets of the village, which were wide and straight, having a foot pavement of stone on each side. The houses alongside of them were large, and surrounded by yards full of cattle, and by gardens well irrigated and stocked. The women and children came to the doors to see us pass, and welcomed us with open and smiling countenances. We inquired if there was a caravanserai where we might shelter ourselves for the night, and were answered in the negative, inasmuch as Zebdani not being on any route, no caravans pass through it. After wandering some time in the streets, we came to an open space on the banks of the river. There a house of larger dimensions than the others, with a terrace running along it and encompassed by trees, proclaimed the residence of the scheik. I went to the gate with my dragoman, and asked for a house to pass the night in. The slaves went to inform the scheik, who immediately came out. He was a venerable old man, with a white beard and a frank and obliging countenance. He offered me his whole house, with an earnestness and grace such as I never met with elsewhere. In an instant his numerous slaves, and the chief people of the village, took hold of our horses, led them to an extensive shed, unloaded them, and supplied them with barley and straw. The scheik ordered his women to retire from their apartments; and having first introduced us to his divan, where we were served with coffee and sherbet, abandoned to us all the rooms of his house. He inquired if I wished his slaves to prepare our repast. I begged him to allow my own cook to spare them that trouble, and simply to provide me with a calf and some sheep, to supply the deficiencies in our stock since we left Balbek. In a few minutes the sheep and calf were brought, and killed by the village butcher; and whilst our people prepared supper, the scheik presented to us the principal inhabitants of the district, his relations, and friends. He even asked permission to introduce his women to Madame de Lamartine. They ardently desired, he said, to see a European lady, and to inspect her garments and jewels. In fact, they soon after passed through the divan we were sitting in, covered with their veils, and entered my wife's apartment. There were three of them; one, already advanced in years, seemed the mother of the other two. The young ones were remarkably pretty, and evinced the most perfect respect, reverence, and attachment for the elder one. My wife gave them some small presents, and they did the like on their parts.

During this interview the venerable scheik conducted us to a terrace, which he had erected close to his house, on the margin of the river. Tiles, fixed in the bed of the river, supported a floor, covered with a carpet; a divan went round, and an enormous tree, similar to those I had seen on the edge of the road, overshadowed the whole terrace and river. There the scheik, like all the Turks, passed his leisure hours, in the murmur and coolness of the waters bubbling before his eyes, in the shade of the tree, and amidst the song of a thousand

birds peopling its branches. A bridge of planks connected the house with this suspension-terrace. It was one of the most beautiful situations I have beheld in my travels. The view reached to the rounded and sombre eminences of Anti-Lebanon, surmounted by the black rock pyramids, or the snowy peaks; fell with the river, and its foaming waters, between the undulating branches of the various trees which lined its course; and was lost with it in the sinking plains of Mesopotamia, which advanced, like verdant gulfs, into the windings of the mountains.

When the supper was ready, I invited the scheik to honour us with his company. He accepted with great good will, and appeared much amused at the European manner of eating. He had never seen any of the utensils of our tables. He drank no wine, and we did not urge him. The conscience of a Mahomedan is as much to be respected as our own. To make a Turk sin against the law which his religion imposes, has always appeared to me as wicked and disgraceful as to tempt a Christian from the path of duty. We spoke a long time about Europe and our customs, of which he seemed a great admirer. He entertained us with a dissertation on his mode of governing his village. His family had reigned for ages over this favoured canton of Anti-Lebanon; and the perfect system of property, agriculture, safety, and decency, which we had admired in passing through the lands of Zebdani, was entirely owing to this excellent race of scheiks. Thus it is throughout the East. All is exception and anomaly. Good is perpetuated as well as evil. We could judge, from this enchanting village, what these provinces might be, if restored to their natural fertility.*

The scheik greatly admired my arms, and especially a pair of capped pistols, ill disguising the satisfaction that their possession would cause him. But I was not able to make him the offer. They were my pistols for combat, which I was determined to keep by me until my return to Europe. I presented him with a gold watch for his wife. He received this gift with all the polished reluctance which we should have exhibited in Europe on a like occasion, and affected even to be completely satisfied, although I could not doubt his predilection for the brace of pistols.

A quantity of cushions and carpets was brought for us to sleep on. We stretched ourselves on the divan where the scheik slept himself, and we were lulled to repose by the murmur of the river as it swept beneath us.

On the following day, we departed at sunrise, and passed through the other half of the village of Zebdani, which was still more beautiful than the one we had seen the previous evening. The scheik gave us some horsemen of his tribe as an escort to Damascus. We dismissed the troopers of the Balbek emir, who would not have been very safe on the territory of Damascus. We continued for an hour in roads lined with quick-set hedges, as broad, and kept in as good repair, as in France. A canopy of apricot and pear trees overspread the way; to the right and left orchards stretched without end, and then came cultivated fields full of labourers and cattle. All the orchards were irrigated by rivulets, which fall from the mountains on the left. The mountains were topped with snow. The plain was extensive, and our view was limited only by the groves of flowering trees. After marching for three hours, as

* [Dr Richardson, who visited Damascus in 1819, and in travelling thence to Balbek, passed through Zebdani, and stopped a night there, like M. de Lamartine, informs us that this village belonged then to Ahmed Bey, son of Abdallah, formerly pasha of Damascus, and was administered, in his absence, by a scheik called Dahr Etel. As M. de Lamartine has erred so considerably in placing Zebdani in an unfrequented part of the route, and in describing it as utterly, even by name, unknown to his Arab guides, when, in point of fact, it is precisely the half-way station, the perpetual and notorious resting-place, between Damascus and Balbek; the probability is that M. de Lamartine is also incorrect in ascribing to the inhabitants of Zebdani (who amount to about 5000) an hereditary and independent race of scheiks or governors.]

if in the midst of the most delightful landscapes of England or Lombardy, with nothing to remind us of the desert and barbarism, we entered upon a more sterile and harsh country. Vegetation and cultivation almost entirely disappeared. Hills of rock, scantily covered with a yellow moss, stretched in front of us, bounded by grey mountains more elevated, but equally bare. We came to a halt at the foot of these mountains, far from human habitation. We passed the night there on the edge of a torrent deeply entombed, which resounded like endless thunder in a rocky gorge, and poured down its muddy waters, mixed with flakes of snow.

To horse at six in the morning. This was our last day's journey, and we assumed the complete Turkish costume to escape being recognised as Franks in the environs of Damascus. My wife appeared as an Arab woman, and a long veil of white linen enveloped her from head to foot. Our Arabs also prepared their best attire, and pointed out to us the mountains which we had yet to clear, exclaiming, "*Scham! Scham!*" It is the Arab name of Damascus.

The fanatical population of Damascus, and the surrounding country, render these precautions necessary on the part of Franks venturing to visit that city. The Damascenes alone amongst the orientals, nourish more and more religious hatred and horror of the European name and costume. They alone have refused to admit consuls, or even consular agents, for Christian powers. Damascus is a holy, fanatical, and free city—nothing must pollute it.

In spite of the menaces of the Porte, in spite of the more powerful intervention of Ibrahim Pacha, and a garrison of 12,000 Egyptian or foreign soldiers, the people of Damascus have obstinately refused access within the walls to the English consul-general in Syria. Two terrible seditions have arisen in the city, on the mere rumour of the consul's approach. If he had not turned back, he would have been torn in pieces. Things are still in this state; the arrival of a European in the Frank costume would be the signal of a fresh rising, and we were not without apprehension that the report of our journey might have reached Damascus, and have exposed us to serious danger. We had taken every possible precaution. We were clothed in the strictest Turkish fashion. A solitary European, who has assumed the Arab manners and costume, and who passes for an Armenian merchant, has exposed himself for many years to the risk of residing in such a town, to be of assistance to the commerce of the maritime districts of Syria, and to such travellers as destiny drives into these inhospitable regions. This is M. Baudin, consular agent for France and all Europe, formerly an agent of Lady Stanhope, whom he accompanied in her first journeys to Balbek and Palmyra, and afterwards employed by the French government to buy horses in the desert. M. Baudin speaks Arabic like a native, and has formed friendly and commercial connections with all the wandering tribes of the deserts surrounding Damascus. He has married an Arab woman of European descent. He has lived for ten years in this city; and notwithstanding the numerous relations that he has opened up, his life has been repeatedly threatened by the bigoted fury of the inhabitants. Twice, flight alone saved him from certain death. He has built a house at Zarklé, a small Christian town on the sides of Lebanon, and there he takes refuge in times of popular commotion. M. Baudin, whose life is perpetually in danger at Damascus, and who forms the sole means of communication in this great capital, the only link for the policy and commerce of Europe, receives from the French government, in reward for his exalted services, the trifling revenue of 1500 francs (£62, 10s. sterling), whilst the consuls in the sea-ports of the Levant, enjoying full security, and all the luxuries of life, receive large and enviable allowances. I cannot comprehend the indifference and injustice of the European powers, and the French government in particular, in neglecting and impoverishing a young man so intelligent, honest, courageous, and active, and who renders, and might render yet more,

the greatest services to his country. They will lose him!

I made the acquaintance of M. Baudin in Syria the preceding year, and I had arranged with him my journey to Damascus. As he was informed of my departure and my impending arrival, I dispatched an Arab to him this morning, to inform him of the hour at which I should reach the neighbourhood of the town, and to beg him to send me a guide to direct my steps and proceedings.

By nine in the morning, we were on the side of a mountain strewed with the country-houses and gardens of the Damascenes. A picturesque bridge crosses a torrent at its foot. We perceive several files of camels, bearing stones for fresh constructions: every thing gives token of the approach to a great capital. An hour later, we observe, on the summit of an eminence, a small isolated mosque, the residence of a solitary Mahometan; a fountain flows near the mosque, and brass cups, chained to the masonry of the fountain, afford the traveller a means of satisfying his thirst. We halt for a moment at this spot, under the shade of a sycamore; the roads are already thronged with travellers, peasants, and Arab soldiers. We resume our horses; and after mounting a few hundreds of paces, we enter a deep defile, enclosed on the left by a sandstone mountain, rising perpendicularly above our heads, and on the right by a ledge of rock from thirty to forty feet high; the descent is rapid, and the loose stones slip under the horses' feet. I was proceeding at the head of the caravan, a few yards behind the Arabs of Zebdani; they suddenly stopped, and uttered cries of joy, whilst pointing to an opening in the side of the defile. I came up, and my eyes fell, through the break in the rock, on the most magnificent and surprising landscape that ever stunned the human mind.

It was Damascus and its boundless desert, some hundreds of paces below my feet. My eyes first embraced the city, surrounded by its ramparts of yellow and black marble, flanked by its innumerable square towers, at regular distances, crowned by its chiselled battlements, commanded by its forest of minarets in all forms, and intersected by the seven branches of its river, and numberless rivulets from it, stretching, out of view, into a labyrinth of flower gardens, pushing its vast quarters here and there into the enormous plain, every where shaded and covered by the forest, ten leagues round, of apricots, sycamores, and trees of all shapes and varieties of foliage, seeming, from time to time, to be lost under the canopies of the trees, and then reappearing, farther on, in wide clusters of houses, suburbs, and villages—a labyrinth of gardens, orchards, palaces, streams, in which the vision was bewildered, and could but quit one enchantment to be spell-bound by another. We stood still, all crowded at the narrow opening in the rock, pierced like a window, and surveyed, sometimes with exclamations, sometimes in perfect silence, the magic spectacle, which expanded thus suddenly and uninterruptedly before us, at the termination of a route carried through so many rocks and barren solitudes, and at the margin of another desert, which ~~thus~~ bounds only at Bagdad and Bassorah, and requires forty days to pass over.* At length we moved on; the parapet of rocks, which intercepted the view of the plain and the city, insensibly diminished, and shortly left us

* [From this very spot, which is called Kobat-el-Nassr, or Arch of Victory, a local tradition asserts, that the celebrated Mahomet, the founder of the Moslem creed, surveyed the city and plain of Damascus, and, struck with wonder at the spectacle, exclaimed, "There is but one paradise intended for man, and as I am determined not to have mine in this world, I will not enter this city." There is no doubt that Damascus is one of earth's most ravishing localities, and scarcely needed Mahomet's authority to be ranked as a terrestrial paradise. But that arch-impostor never beheld Damascus, for it was not taken by his warlike disciples until two years after his death, under Abubeker, his successor. The story must therefore be considered as an invention of the fanatics of this city, which, having been for ages venerated as the holiest seat of the creed, required additional sanctification by the presence of the prophet himself.]

in full enjoyment of the whole prospect. We were not more than five hundred yards from the walls of the suburbs.

Studded around these walls are charming kiosks and country-houses, of purely oriental form and architecture, glittering, like a golden girdle, round Damascus. The square towers, which flank the walls and project beyond their outline, are pierced with openings sculptured in arabesque, with thin columns like twisted reeds, and surmounted by battlements rounded in the shape of turbans. The walls are cased with yellow and black stone or marble, alternated in elegant taste. The tops of the cypresses, and of other high trees which rise up from the gardens and the interior of the city, shoot above the walls and towers, and crown them with a sombre verdure. The countless cupolas of the mosques and palaces, in a town of 400,000 souls, multiply by reflection the rays of the setting sun, and the blue and sparkling waters of the seven channels glitter and disappear by turns, as they wind in the streets and gardens. The horizon, behind the town, was boundless as the sea, and was mingled undistinguishably with the fiery sky, which the heated reflection from the sands of the desert was still reddening. On the right, the broad and lofty hills of Anti-Lebanon retired, one behind the other, like prodigious shadowy waves, sometimes projecting like promontories into the plain, sometimes opening like deep gulfs, in which the plain was entombed, with its forests and large villages, some of which contain near 30,000 inhabitants. The branches of the river, and two large lakes, were resplendent in the gloom of the universal verdure, in which Damascus is, as it were, swallowed up. On our left, the plain was much wider; and it was only at a distance of twelve or fifteen leagues that we met again the mountain-peaks, white with snow, which were brilliantly reflected in the blue of the heavens, like clouds upon the ocean. The city is entirely surrounded by orchards of fruit trees, in which the vines spring up, as at Naples, and run in garlands among the fig, apricot, pear, and cherry trees. Beneath the trees the loamy, fertile, and well-irrigated land is carpeted with barley, wheat, maize, and all the vegetable plants indigenous to the soil. Small white houses peep, here and there, through the foliage of the groves, being the residences of gardeners, or places of recreation to the families of the proprietors. Through the orchards are scattered horses, sheep, camels, doves, and all that enlivens nature's fairest scenes. They are generally two or three acres in extent, and are divided from each other by clay walls, dried in the sun, or by pretty quickset hedges. A multitude of umbrageous roads, following streams of running water, meander amongst these gardens, pass from one suburb to the other, or lead to a gate of the city; they run for twenty or thirty leagues around Damascus.

We proceeded for some time in silence, amid this bewildering maze of orchards, uneasy at not seeing the guide come whom we expected. At length we came to a stand still, when he appeared. He was a poor Armenian, ill clad, and wearing a black turban, as the Christians in Damascus are all compelled to do. He came up to the caravan with frankness, spoke a few words, gave a sign, and instead of entering the city by the suburb and gate which were before us, we followed him along the walls, of which we almost made the circuit, through this labyrinth of groves and kiosks, and entered by an almost deserted gate near to the Armenian quarter. M. Baudin's house, in which we had been kindly provided with a lodging, was in this quarter. At the outer gate of the city, not a word was addressed to us; and after passing through it, we kept for some time by the side of high walls with grated windows, the other side of the street being occupied by a canal of running water, which was used for turning several mills. At the end of this street we found our progress arrested, and I heard a dispute between my Arabs and the soldiers who guarded a second interior gate, for all the quarters have a separate and distinct gate. I was anxious to remain unknown, and to let our caravan pass for one of merchants from Syria; but the wrang-

ling being prolonged, and becoming more and more vociferous, and the crowd beginning to close in upon us, I put spurs to my horse, and darted to the head of the caravan. It was the guard of the Egyptian troops, who, having remarked two fowling-pieces which my Arab domestics had only partially concealed under the sheets of my horses, refused to permit us to enter; an order of Scherif-Bey, present governor of Damascus, prohibited the introduction of arms into the city, in which an insurrection, and the massacre of the Egyptians, were subjects of nightly apprehension. Fortunately, I had in my breast a recent letter from Ibrahim Pacha. I drew it forth, and handed it to the officer who commanded the guard. He read it, carried it to his forehead and lips, and allowed us to proceed, with many excuses and compliments. We defiled into a number of dirty and narrow alleys, of confusing irregularity. Little low houses, whose mud walls seemed ready to crumble upon us, lined these streets. We spied at the windows, through the blinds, the ravishing features of young Armenian girls, who, attracted by the clatter of our long file of horses, looked at us passing, and addressed to us words of salutation and amity. We stopped at length at a small low and narrow gate, in a lane where one could scarcely pass, and descended from horseback. We went through a dark elliptical corridor, and found ourselves, as if by enchantment, in a court, paved with marble, overshadowed by sycamores, cooled by two Moorish fountains, and surrounded by marble porticoes and saloons richly adorned; we were in M. Baudin's residence. His house is like the abodes of all the Christians in Damascus, a hovel on the outside, and a delightful place within. The tyranny of the fanatical populace forces these unfortunate people to hide their wealth and comfort under the appearances of misery and want. Our baggage was unloaded at the gate, the court was filled with our clothes, tents, and saddles, and our horses were conducted to the khan in the bazaar.

M. Baudin gave each of us a handsome room, furnished in the oriental manner, and we reposed on his divans, and at his hospitable table, after the fatigues of so long a journey. A man, known and esteemed, met in the midst of an unknown and alien race, is a country of himself, at least so we felt when residing with M. Baudin. The charming hours that glided away in conversation about Europe and Asia at evening-tide, to the glimmering of his lamp, and the bubbling of the water in his court, remain in my memory and my heart as one of the sweetest solaces in my travels.

M. Baudin is one of those rare individuals whose nature has made fit for all things; a clear and rapid intellect, a sound and firm heart, and indefatigable activity, are his endowments. Europe or Asia, Paris or Damascus, earth or sea, he can accommodate himself to every change, and find happiness and contentment every where, because his mind is resigned, like that of an Arab, to the great law, which forms the groundwork of Christianity and Islamism—submission to the will of God; and also because he has within him that ingenuity and activity of mind, which is the second soul of a European. His language, countenance, and manners, assume all the phases that chance requires. When with us, talking about France and our restless politics, one would take him for a man arrived the day before from Paris, and returning to it on the morrow; when in the evening, seated on his divan, between a merchant of Bassorah and a Turkish pilgrim from Bagdad, smoking a pipe or hookah, idly passing through his fingers the amber beads of an oriental chaplet, a turban on his forehead, Turkish shoes on his feet, uttering a word in the half hour on the value of coffee or fur, one would assuredly take him for a slave-merchant, or for a pilgrim returning from Mecca. There is no man complete but he who has travelled much, and who has varied many, many times the order of his cogitations and existence. The confined and changeless ideas which a man contracts in a regular life, and in the monotony of his own country, are moulds for diminutive casts; mind, philosophy, religion, character, all

qualities are more exalted, more just, more distinct, with him who has surveyed nature and society under several aspects. There is an optical focus for the material and intellectual world. To travel in search of wisdom was a great saying of the ancients, which we never comprehended. They travelled not in a mere search after unknown dogmas and philosophic lessons, but to see and compare all things. For myself, I am constantly astonished at the narrow and contracted medium in which we regard things, institutions, and races; and if my mind has been enlarged, my grasp of observation expanded, and I have learnt to exercise toleration in all things, I owe it entirely to my having so frequently changed my scenes and points of view. To study the past in history, mankind in personal travel, and God in nature, is the great school. We study every thing in our miserable books, and compare all things with our own petty local ideas. And who has produced our ideas and our books?—Men as petty as ourselves. Let us open the book of books; let us live, behold, travel! The world is a book, a leaf of which we turn at every step, and he who has perused but one of them, what can he know?

DAMASCUS.

April 2.—Attired in the most complete Arab costume, I have traversed this morning the principal quarters of Damascus, accompanied only by M. Baudin, for fear that a more numerous party of strange faces might draw attention to us. We, first of all, went through the gloomy, dirty, and tortuous streets of the Armenian quarter. One might imagine it one of the most wretched villages of our provinces. The houses are built of mud, pierced towards the street by a very few small grated windows, with red painted shutters. They are low dwellings, and the flat-arched doors resemble those of stables. A filthy dunghill and a pool of stinking water are almost invariably before the doors. We entered, nevertheless, into some of these habitations belonging to the principal Armenian merchants, and I was astonished at their internal richness and elegance. After passing the door-way, and along a dark corridor, we come to a court, adorned with superb spouting fountains of marble, and canopied by sycamores or Persian willows. The pavement of the court is of large flags of polished stone or marble, and the walls are festooned with vines. These walls are cased with white and black marble, and five or six doors, sculptured in arabesque, and with marble facings, lead to the same number of rooms or saloons, which contain the male and female members of the family. These apartments are large and arched, and are bored by a great number of small windows, high up in the walls, to let the external air have free play. Almost all of them have two levels; the first and lowest for the attendants and slaves, the second, raised a few steps, and divided from the first by a balustrade of marble or cedar-wood beautifully carved. In general, one or two spouting fountains of water murmur in the middle or the corners of the room. The basins of the fountains are set with vases of flowers, and tame swallows or doves come of their own accord to sip and perch on their margins. The walls, to a certain height, are marble, and higher up are stuccoed and painted in a great variety of colours, and frequently with gilded mouldings, profusely decorated. The furniture consists of magnificent Persian or Bagdad carpets, which entirely cover the marble or cedar floor, and of numerous silk cushions and mattresses, spread in the middle of the saloon, for the members of the family to sit or lean against. A divan, covered with costly stuffs and much finer carpetings, goes round the end and sides of the room. The women and children are generally seated cross-legged, or stretched at length upon the divan, occupied in the different labours of the household. The cradles of the smaller children are on the floor amongst the carpets and cushions. The master of the house has always one of these saloons for himself alone, in which he receives strangers. He is usually

found seated on his divan, with an inkstand, having a long handle, placed on the floor at his side, and a sheet of paper laid on his knee or left hand, writing or calculating the whole day, for commerce is the only occupation and passion of the inhabitants of Damascus.

Wherever we went to return the visits that had been made us the previous evening, the master of the house received us with politeness and cordiality, called for pipes, coffee, and sherbet, to be handed to us, and conducted us into the saloon occupied by the women. However high the idea I entertained of the beauty of the Syrian women, or the conception left in my mind by that of the Roman and Athenian females, the sight of the Armenian women and young girls of Damascus outstripped them all. Almost everywhere we met faces that the European pencil has never drawn, eyes to which the serene play of the soul imparts a hue of sombre azure, and casts rays of softened moisture, such as I have never seen glitter in eyes before; features of such delicacy and purity, that the most skilful and persuasive hand could give no imitation; and a skin so transparent, and at the same time so suffused with lively tints, that the softest hues of the rose-bud could not shadow forth its subdued freshness. The teeth, the smile, the natural sweetness of expression and movement, the clear, melodious, and silvery tone of the voice—all is harmonious in these beautiful creatures. They conversed with elegance and a modest reserve, but without embarrassment, and as if accustomed to the admiration they inspire. They appear to preserve their beauty for a long time in this conservative climate, and in an indoor existence of quiet leisure, where the factitious passions of society consume neither mind nor body. In almost all the houses into which I was admitted, I found the mother as handsome as the daughters, although the latter seemed fifteen or sixteen years old; they enter the marriage state at twelve or thirteen. The costume of these ladies is the most elegant and imposing that we have yet admired in the East. The head uncovered, and the luxuriant hair bound in tresses, interwoven with flowers, passing in several folds upon the brow, and falling in long plaits on both sides of the bare neck and shoulders; pieces of gold and strings of pearls scattered in festoons upon the hair, and on the crown a small cup of carved gold; the breast almost naked; a short vest, with wide and open sleeves, of silken stuff, worked in gold or silver; a pair of wide white pantaloons, falling in folds to the ankle; the naked foot fitted in a slipper of yellow morocco; a long silk robe of brilliant colour, descending from the shoulders, open in front, and clasped round the waist by a sash whose ends fell to the ground.

I could not draw my eyes from these fascinating females; our visits and conversations were always considerably prolonged, and I found them as amiable as beautiful. The customs of Europe, the dresses and habits of females in the West, formed the general subject of discourse. They appeared in no wise to envy the existence of our ladies; and when we converse with these charming creatures, when we find in their language and manners that gracefulness, and perfect gentleness, that benevolence, serenity, and peace of mind and heart, which are so faithfully preserved in the family life, we know not what they have to envy in our women of the world, who know every thing except what produces happiness in the domestic circle of a family, and who waste in a few years, amid the tumultuary movement of our societies, their mind, their beauty, and their health. These Eastern females occasionally visit amongst themselves, and they are not entirely debarred from the society of men; but this intercourse is limited to a few young relations or friends of the family, out of whom a bridegroom is at an early age chosen for them, with reference to their own inclinations as well as to family projects. This bridegroom, when affianced, mixes from time to time like a son in the domestic recreations.

I met one of the principal Armenians in Damascus on one of these visits, a very distinguished and well-informed man. Ibrahim had placed him at the head

of his nation in the municipal council, which at that time governed the city. This man, although he had never been out of Damascus, had very just and logical ideas on the political state of Europe, and more especially of France, on the general movement of the human mind at this epoch, on the impending changes in modern governments, and on the probable futurity of civilisation. I never conversed with any one in Europe whose views on these subjects were more precise and intelligent, which is the more extraordinary, as he was acquainted only with Latin and Greek, and had never been able to read those western works or journals, where such questions are brought to the level of those who echo without understanding them. Neither had he enjoyed any opportunity of conversing with the enlightened men of our climes. Damascus is a region without relations with Europe. He had accomplished the whole by means of geographical maps, and some striking historical and political facts, which had penetrated thus far, and which his natural and reflective genius had interpreted with a surprising sagacity. I was delighted with this individual, and remained part of the morning in conversation with him. I engaged him to come in the evening, and every day. He perceives, like myself, what Providence seems intending for the East and for the West, by the inevitable conjunction of these two divisions of the globe, giving to each space, movement, energy, and enlightenment.

This gentleman has a daughter fourteen years old, who is the most divine creature we have ever beheld; her mother, still young, is also quite charming. He presented to me his son, a boy of twelve, whose education gives him considerable occupation. "You should send him into Europe," said I to him, "and let him have an education such as you regret for yourself. I will watch over it." "Alas!" he replied, "I am constantly thinking upon it, and it has long engaged my thoughts; but if the state of the East does not change, what service shall I have rendered my son by raising him, from his knowledge, above his age, and the country where he must live? What will he do at Damascus when he comes back with European science, manners, and taste for liberty? When a man must be a slave, it is better never to have known any state but slavery."

After these different visits, we quitted the Armenian quarter, separated from another quarter by a gate, which is closed every evening. I entered a fine wide street, formed by the palaces of the chief agas of Damascus, who are the nobility of the land. The fronts of these palaces towards the street are like long prison or hospital walls, mere grey mud walls; few or no windows, whilst at intervals is a great gate opening on a court, where numbers of grooms, servants, and black slaves, are lying under the porch. I visited two of these agas, friends of M. Baudin. The interior of the palace is admirable; a vast court, ornamented with superb spouting fountains, and planted with trees, which overshadow it; saloons more beautiful and richly decorated than even those of the Armenians. Several of these saloons had cost 100,000 piastres* in the ornaments; Europe has nothing more magnificent; every thing is in the Arabian style; some of these palaces have eight or ten saloons of this description. The agas of Damascus are in general the descendants or sons of pachas, who have employed, in the decoration of their dwellings, the treasures amassed by their forefathers; it is the nepotism of Rome under another form. There are several of them, and they fill the principal posts in the government under the pachas sent by the Grand Sultan. They have vast territorial possessions in the villages which surround Damascus. Their luxury consists in palaces, gardens, horses, and women; on a signal from the pacha their heads fall, and these fortunes and prized possessions pass to some new favourite of fortune. Such a government naturally conduces to enjoyment and resignation; voluptuousness and fatalism are the two inevitable results of oriental despotism.

The two agas whose houses I visited, received me with most refined politeness. The brutal fanaticism of the lower classes in Damascus does not reach their height. They knew that I was a European traveller, and they believed me an ambassador on a secret mission, to obtain intelligence for the kings of Europe touching the quarrel of the Turks with Ibrahim Pacha. I testified to one of them my desire to see his choicest horses, and to purchase some if he would dispose of any. He immediately ordered his son and equerry to conduct me to his immense stable, where he reared thirty or forty of the most beautiful animals of the Desert of Palmyra. Nothing so admirable had ever appeared to my eyes. They were in general horses of great height, of dark grey or roan colour, with manes like black silk, eyes, stretched apart to the sides of the head, of a deep chestnut colour, and of a vigorous and clean make. Their shoulders were broad and flat, and their chests like the swan's.

As soon as these horses saw me enter, and heard a strange language spoken, they turned their heads towards me, shuddered, neighed, and intimated their surprise and alarm by oblique and furtive glances, and by a folding of their nostrils, which imparted to their fine heads a most intelligent and extraordinary expression. I have already had occasion to remark how much more prompt and developed is the instinct of animals in Syria than in Europe. An assembly of believers, surprised in the mosque by a Christian, could not have more vividly portrayed, in attitude or countenance, their indignation and terror, than did these horses on seeing a strange face, and hearing an unknown language. I caressed some of them, and examined all. I had them taken out into the yard, but I knew not on which to fix my choice, almost all of them being equally perfect. At length I decided on a young white stallion, three years old, which seemed to me the pearl of all the horses of the desert. The price was debated between M. Baudin and the aga, and struck at 6000 piastres (about £70), which I paid to the aga. The horse had only recently been brought from Palmyra, and the Arab who had sold him to the aga had received 5000 piastres, and a magnificent mantle of silk and gold. The animal, like all the Arab horses, bore his genealogy at his neck suspended in a hair purse, and several amulets to preserve him from the evil eye.

We now went over the Damascus bazaars. The great bazaar is about half a league long. The bazaars are long streets covered in with high wood-work, and lined with shops, stalls, magazines, and cafés. The shops are narrow, and go only a short way back; the merchant is seated in front with his legs doubled up below him, and the pipe in his mouth or the hookah at his side. The magazines are stored with merchandise of all sorts, and particularly with Indian manufactures, which are brought in great profusion to Damascus by the caravans from Bagdad. Hair-dressers invite the passengers to enter and have their heads shaved, and their stalls are always filled with customers. A crowd, as great as that in the galleries of the Palais-Royal, but infinitely more picturesque in appearance, moves about the bazaars the whole day. There are agas, clad in long pelisses of crimson silk turned up with marten-fur, with sabres and poignards, enriched with precious stones, stuck in the girdle. They are followed by five or six attendants, servants or slaves, who march in silence behind them, and carry their pipes and hookahs. They go and sit part of the day on the outer divans of the coffee-houses, built on the banks of the streams that flow through the city. There, under the shade of beautiful plane-trees, they smoke and chat with their friends, this being the only place of intercourse, except the mosque, used by the Damascenes. Here are arranged, almost in silence, the frequent seditions which deluge the city with blood. The fermentation goes mutely on for a long time, and then boils over at an unexpected moment. The people fly to arms under the auspices of some particular party headed by one of the agas, and the government passes for a period into the hands of the conqueror. The vanquished are put to death, or flee

* [Upwards of £1000 sterling.]

into the deserts of Balbek or Palmyra, where the independent tribes give them refuge.

The officers and soldiers of the Pacha of Egypt, dressed almost like Europeans, drag their sabres on the pavement of the bazaar. We met several of them, who accosted us and spoke in Italian. They are on their guard at Damascus; the people eye them with horror; each night may witness the rising. Scherif-Bey, one of the most able men in the army of Mahomet Ali, commands them, and at present governs the city. He has formed a camp of 10,000 men outside the walls on the banks of the river, and keeps a garrison in the castle. He himself occupies the seraglio. Intelligence of the least check in Syria to Ibrahim, would be the prelude to a general insurrection and a merciless strife at Damascus. The 30,000 Armenian Christians who live in the city are kept in the greatest alarm, for they would all be massacred if the Turks gained the supremacy. The Mahomedans are exasperated at the equality which Ibrahim Pacha has established between them and the Christians. Some of the latter abuse the toleration they enjoy, and insult their enemies by an open violation of their usages, which embitters their fanaticism. M. Baudin is prepared at the first signal to seek refuge at *Zarkis*.

The Arabs of the Great Desert, and of Palmyra, are in crowds in the city, and throng the bazaars. They have no garment but a large robe of white wool, which they fold round them after the fashion of ancient statues. Their complexion is tawny, their beard black, their eyes ferocious. They stand in groups before the shops of the tobacco-dealers, and before those of saddlers and armourers. Their horses, ready saddled and bridled, are tethered in the streets and open squares. They hold in contempt the Egyptians and Turks, but in case of a rising they would take part against Ibrahim's troops. That commander has been able to drive them but a day's journey from Damascus; he marched in person against them with artillery on his route to this city. They are now his foes. I will speak more at length of these unknown populations of the Great Desert and the Euphrates.

Each species of commerce and industry has its separate quarter in the bazaars. There are the armourers, whose magazines are far from displaying the magnificent and renowned weapons which Damascus formerly supplied to the Levant trade. That manufacture of surpassing sabres, if it ever existed at Damascus, has fallen into complete oblivion; their blades are now of very ordinary temper, and in the armourers' shops are exhibited old weapons almost valueless. I sought in vain for a sword and dagger of the ancient temper. Such sabres now come from Khorassan, a province of Persia, and even there they are manufactured no longer. There remains a certain number, which are transferred from hand to hand as precious relics, and are considered of inestimable value. The blade of that which was presented to me as a gift, cost the pacha 5000 piastres (£60). The Turks and Arabs, who rank these blades as more precious than diamonds, would give all they possess for such a weapon; their eyes sparkle with enthusiasm and veneration when they behold mine, and they carry it to their foreheads as if they adored so finished an instrument of death.

The jewellers display no art or taste in the arrangement of their precious stones or pearls, but they possess immense stocks of them. All wealth in the East is moveable, fit to be buried in the earth, or carried on the person. There is a great number of these jewellers; they make little show, keeping their whole stock in small caskets, which they open when a jewel is asked for.

The saddlers are the most numerous and ingenious workmen of the bazaars. They far surpass the Europeans in the taste, elegance, and richness of the luxurious caparisons which they fashion for the horses of the Arab chiefs, or agas. The saddles are covered with velvet and silk, worked with gold and pearls. The red morocco collars, passing round the neck like a fringe, are likewise ornamented with silver or gold buttons,

and clusters of pearls. The bridles, infinitely more graceful than ours, are also of various-coloured morocco, and studded with clumps of silk and gold. All these things, in comparison with Europe, are at very moderate prices. I bought two of the most superb of these bridles for 120 piastres (about £2).

The provision-stores present the most order, elegance, neatness, and attraction for the eye. The front of the shops is supplied with a multitude of baskets, filled with vegetables, dried fruits, and leguminous berries, whose name I know not, but which have an admirable shape and glossy colour, and glitter like small pebbles above the water. Cakes of bread, of all thicknesses and qualities, are spread on the shop-boards. There is a numberless variety of them, for the different hours and meals of the day, always kept hot, and of exquisite flavour. Nowhere have I witnessed such perfection in the preparing of bread as in Damascus; and it costs scarcely anything. There are eating-houses also for the merchants and promenaders of the bazaar to dine in. There are no tables or covers in them, but small pieces of mutton stuck on skewers as large as a walnut, and roasted in the oven, are sold, which the purchaser places on one of the cakes or muffins I have spoken of, and eats them off his hand. The numerous fountains in the bazaar abundantly supply the liquid which alone the Arabs drink. A man may plentifully sustain himself in Damascus for two piastres, or about fourpence a-day. The inhabitants do not spend the half of that sum. An agreeable house may be had for 200 or 300 piastres a-year (£2 or £3). With an income of 300 or 400 francs (£13 or £17), a person would be perfectly at his ease here, as indeed throughout Syria.

In going round the bazaar, I came to the division of box and trunk makers. Here is the chief industry displayed, for the whole furniture of an Arab family consists in one or two chests to hold the clothes and jewels. The majority of these trunks are of cedar-wood, painted red, with ornaments designed in gilded nails. Some are admirably carved in relief, and covered with very elegant arabesques. I bought three of them, which I forwarded by the caravan of Tarabourlous. The perfume of the cedar-wood scents the whole bazaar; and the atmosphere, charged with a thousand different odours, exhaled from the shops of workers in wood, from the stores of spices and drugs, from the boxes of amber or odoriferous gums, from the confectioners, and from the pipes incessantly smoking in the bazaar, reminded me of the sensation I found the first time I walked through Florence, where the frames of cypress-wood fill the streets with a somewhat similar fragrance.

Scherif-Bey, governor of Syria for Mahomet-Ali, quitted Damascus to-day. News of the victory of Konia, gained by Ibrahim over the Grand Vizier, arrived in the night. Scherif-Bey takes advantage of the impression of terror which paralyses the Damascenes, to go to Aleppo. He leaves the government of the city to an Egyptian general, assisted by a municipal council, formed of the principal merchants of the different nations. A camp of 6000 Egyptians and 3000 Arabs remains at the gates of the city. The appearance which this camp presents is extremely picturesque; tents, of all shapes and colours, are pitched under the shade of the large fruit trees on the banks of the river. The horses, generally of great beauty, are tied, in long rows, to cords stretched from one end of the camp to the other. The undisciplined Arabs are in all the strange varieties of their races, weapons, and costumes; some are like unto kings or patriarchs, others to robbers of the desert. The fires of the bivouac throw up a blue smoke, which the breeze wafts over the river or the gardens of Damascus.

I was present at the departure of Scherif-Bey. All the principal agas of Damascus, and the officers of the regiments which still remain, were collected at the seraglio. The immense courts, which envelope the crumbling walls of the castle and seraglio, were filled with slaves, holding by the hand the finest horses in the city, superbly caparisoned. Scherif-Bey was taking breakfast in the interior apartments. I did not enter, but re-

mained, with some Egyptian and Italian officers, in the paved court. From there, we saw the crowd outside, the agas arriving in groups, and black slaves passing with large pewter dishes on their heads, holding the different pilans of the repast. The horses of Scherif-Bey were in the court—by far the most beautiful animals that I had seen, even at Damascus. They were Turcomans, of a race infinitely larger and stronger than the Arabians; they resemble the great Norman horses, with finer and more sinewy limbs, a smaller head, and the large, eager, proud, and mild eye of the Eastern steed. They were all of a brown bay, and with long, flowing manes; the true Homeric chargers. At mid-day, Scherif went forth, accompanied by a prodigious cavalcade for two leagues from the city.

In the midst of the bazaars stands the finest khan in the East, the khan of Hassad-Pacha. It is an immense cupola, whose bold springing arch recalls that of St Peter at Rome: it is in like manner borne on granite pillars. Behind the pillars are magazines and staircases, leading to the higher flats, on which are the merchants' rooms. Every merchant of consideration hires one of these rooms, and keeps in it his costly merchandise and his books. Guards are placed, day and night, to watch over the safety of the khan; large stables are on one side, for the horses of travellers and caravans; fountains of spouting water keep it always cool: it is, in a word, a sort of exchange for the trade of Damascus. The gate of this khan, opening on the bazaar, is a piece of Moorish architecture, the richest in detail, and most imposing in effect, that can be seen in the world. The Arabian architecture is there found complete; yet the khan has only been erected forty years. A people whose architects are capable of designing, and the workmen of executing, such a monument as the khan of Hassad-Pacha, are not dead to the arts. These buildings are generally erected by rich pachas, who leave them to their family, or the city which they wished to benefit. They produce large revenues.

A little farther, I saw from a gate of the bazaar the great court or churchyard of the principal mosque in Damascus. It was formerly a church consecrated to Saint John of Damascus. This temple appears of the era of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem: heavy, vast, and of that Byzantine style which imitates the Greek whilst degrading it, and seems as if built with remains of other buildings. The great doors of the mosque were closed with ponderous curtains, and I could not see the inside. A Christian incurs the peril of death if he profane a mosque by entering it. We tarried but a moment in the court, pretending to drink at the fountain.

The caravan from Bagdad arrived to-day. It was composed of 3000 camels: it has encamped at the gates of the city. I bought some packages of Mocha coffee, which cannot be procured elsewhere, and some Indian shawls.

The caravan to Mecca has been suspended by the war. The Pacha of Damascus is charged with the duty of conducting it. The Wahabites have several times dispersed it. Mahomet-Ali has driven them back to Medina. The last caravan, attacked with cholera at Mecca, exhausted with fatigue, and in want of water, was almost entirely destroyed. Forty thousand pilgrims perished in the desert. The dust of the desert, which leads to Mecca, is the dust of men. It is hoped that the caravan will start this year under the auspices of Mahomet-Ali, but, before many years, the progress of the Wahabites will put a final extinguisher on the pious pilgrimage. These people are the first great armed reformers of Islamism. A sage in the vicinity of Mecca, named Aboul-Wahab, undertook the project of restoring the Moslem faith to the purity of its primitive dogmas, and of extirpating, first by words, then by the arms of those Arabs whom he had converted, the popular superstitions, which, through credulity or imposture, pervert all religions. His design was to constitute the religion of the East a practical and rational deism. To accomplish this, little was required, for Mahomet never gave himself out as a God, but as a

man full of the Spirit of God, and his doctrine embraced only the unity of God, and charity towards men. Aboul-Wahab himself did not allege he was a prophet, but a man enlightened by reason alone. This time reason fanaticised the Arabs, in the same manner as falsehood and superstition had done. They armed themselves in his name, conquered Mecca and Medina, and despoiled the objects of adoration which had been substituted for the simple veneration due to the prophet. Thus 100,000 armed missionaries threatened to change the face of the East. Mahomet-Ali has opposed a momentary barrier to their invasions; but Wahabism subsists and spreads in all the three Arabias, and, on the first opportunity, these purifiers of Islamism will penetrate to Jerusalem, to Damascus, and even into Egypt. Thus human systems perish by the very arms which propagated them. Nothing is impenetrable to the progressive light of reason, that gradual and incessant revelation to humanity. Mahomet issued from the same deserts as the Wahabites, to overthrow idols and establish the worship without sacrifices of the only and immaterial God. Aboul-Wahab comes in his turn, and, crushing popular credulities, restores Mahometanism to pure reason. Each age lifts a corner of the veil which conceals the grand image of the God of Gods; and perceives him, through all the perishable symbols, alone, eternal, evident in nature, and speaking his oracles in the conscience.

Damascus, April 3.—Passed the day in the city and the bazaars. Recollections of Saint Paul are familiar to the Christians of Damascus. They show the ruins of the house whence he escaped in the night suspended in a basket. Damascus was one of the first regions in which he sowed the word destined to change the world. This word bore rapid fruit. The East is the land of creeds, prodigies, and also superstitions. The great idea which has worked in the imaginations of all eras there, is that of religion. The whole people, their manners and laws, are founded on religion. The West has never been similarly influenced. Why? A less noble race, the offspring of barbarians, who still feel their origin. Things are not in their place in Europe. The chief of human ideas is subordinate to all others. Countries of gold and iron, bustle and uproar. The East, the country of profound meditation, intuition, and adoration! But the West marches with giant strides; and when religion and reason, which the middle ages severed in darkness, shall be united in truth, enlightenment, and love, the religious spirit, the divine inflation, will again become the soul of the world, and will bring forth its prodigies of virtue, civilisation, and genius. May it be so!

Damascus, April 4.—There are 30,000 Christians at Damascus, and 40,000 at Bagdad. The Christians of Damascus are Armenians or Greeks. A few Catholic priests tend those of their communion. The inhabitants of Damascus tolerate Catholic monks. They are used to their dress, and look upon them as orientals. I have often seen two French Lazarist priests, who inhabit a small convent buried in the miserable quarter of the Armenians. One of them, the Father Poussous, comes to pass the evenings with us. He is an excellent, pious, well-informed, and amiable man. He conducted me to his convent, where he instructs the children of poor Christian Arabs. The love of doing good is the sole motive which detains him in this human desert, where he is in perpetual apprehension for his safety. He is nevertheless gay, serene, and content. He receives, from time to time, by the Syrian caravans, intelligence and remittances from his superiors in France, and likewise some Catholic newspapers. He has lent them to me, and nothing seems more strange than to read this saintly or political rubbish, issuing from the quarter of Saint-Sulpice, on the borders of the desert of Bagdad, behind Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, near Balbek, in the centre of an immense hive of other men, filled with totally different ideas, and where the clatter that we make, and the names of our great men for the year, never penetrate. Vanity of vanities, except to serve God, and mankind for God! Never is this truth more

vivid than when travelling, and witnessing how petty is the movement which a sea arrests—the noise that a mountain intercepts—the renown that a strange language cannot even pronounce! Our immortality is elsewhere than in the false and contracted fame of our names here below.

We have dined to-day in the company of a venerable Damascus Christian, upwards of ninety years old, and enjoying all his faculties, physical and moral. An excellent and admirable old man, bearing in his features that serene expression of benevolence and virtue, which the consciousness of a pure and pious life, drawing to its close, always imparts. He loads us with services of all kinds. He is perpetually on the move for us as if he were a young man. The Father Pousous, his companion, two merchants of Bagdad, and a great Persian lord, going to Mecca, composed the agreeable society of the evening, on the divans of M. Baudin, in the midst of tobacco vapours, which obscured and scented the air. With the assistance of M. Baudin and M. Mazoyer, my dragoman, we conversed with sufficient facility. The most perfect cordiality and unaffectedness reigned in this soiree of men from the four extremities of the world. The manners of India and of Persia, the recent events in Bagdad, and the revolt of the pacha against the Porte, were the subjects of our discourse. The inhabitant of Bagdad had been obliged to fly through the forty days' desert, on his dromedaries, with his treasures, and two young Franks. He was impatient for advices from his brother, whose death he painfully apprehended. A letter was brought to him from his brother whilst he was talking with us. He was safe, and coming with the rear-guard of the caravan, which was still expected. He shed tears of joy. We also wept, both on his account and on account of sad reminiscences which arose as to our own misfortunes. These tears, shed in unison by eyes which it was so unlikely should have met on the hearth of a common friend, in the middle of a city where we all were but wayfarers, these tears joined our hearts!—and we loved as friends those men whose very names have found no resting-place in our memories!

April 5.—A terrible storm during the night. The high room, with many paneless windows, in which we slept, rocked like a vessel in a squall. The rain penetrated, in a few seconds, the mud roof which covers the terrace of the room, and flooded the floor. Fortunately our mattresses were on boards, raised upon boxes, and our blankets were thick; but in the morning our clothes were floating in the chamber. Similar storms are frequent at Damascus, and often sweep away the houses, whose foundations are certainly not on a rock. The climate is cold and damp during the winter months. Heavy snow-storms fall from the mountains. This last winter, half of the bazaars fell in from the weight of the snows, and the roads were blocked up for two months. The heat of summer, they say, is insupportable. Hitherto we have had no symptom of its fierceness. We light, almost every evening, pans of fire, called *mangales* in Damascus.

I have bought a second Arab stallion from a Bedouin, whom I encountered at the gate of the city. I caused the Arab to be followed, so as to enter on the negotiation in a suitable and natural manner. The animal, although less in height than the one I bought from the aga, is stronger, and of a rarer colour, the peach-flower. He is of a race whose appellation signifies *chief of the hoof*. I got him for 4000 piastres. I mounted him for a trial. He is not so gentle as the other Arabian horses. His character is vicious and intractable, but he seems indefatigable. I will have *Tadmor* led (it is the Arab name of Palmyra, which I have given to the aga's horse) by one of my sâis on foot. I will ride *Scham* on the journey. *Scham* is the Arab name of Damascus.

A chief of a tribe, on the route to Palmyra, has arrived here on the summons of M. Baudin. He undertakes to conduct me to Palmyra, and bring me safe and sound back, but on the condition that I am alone, and appear as a Bedouin of the desert. He will leave his

son as a hostage at Damascus until my return. We enter into consultation. I had a violent desire to see the ruins of Tadmor; but as they are less astonishing than those of Balbek, as it will require at least ten days to go and return, and as my wife cannot accompany me, and as, moreover, the time for rejoining our vessel, which was to wait for us on the coast, has now come, I renounce with regret this incursion into the desert, and we make our preparations to depart on the morrow.

April 6.—Departed from Damascus at eight in the morning; traversed the town, and the bazaars blocked with people; heard some murmurs and injurious apostrophes; they take us for a reinforcement of Ibrahim's. Issued from the town by another gate than that by which we arrived; skirted the delightful gardens by a road on the margin of a stream, canopied by superb trees; scaled the mountain whence we had enjoyed so divine a prospect of Damascus; halted to contemplate it once again, and to impress the everlasting picture. I understand that the Arab traditions fix the site of the lost paradise at Damascus, and assuredly no place on the earth more perfectly recalls Eden. The vast and fruitful plain, the seven branches of the blue river which irrigate it, the majestic frame of the mountains, the dazzling lakes which reflect the heavens on the earth, the geographical position between two seas, the delicious climate—all indicate, at least, that Damascus has been one of the first towns built by the children of men, one of the natural halts for wandering humanity in primitive times; it is one of those cities described by the finger of God on the earth, predestined for a capital, like Constantinople. They are the only two cities which have not been thrown arbitrarily on the map of an empire, but invincibly pointed out by the configuration of the localities. As long as the earth shall contain empires, Damascus will be a great city, and Stamboul the capital of the world.*

At the edge of the desert, at the mouth of the plains of Cælo-Syria, and the valleys of Galilee, of Idumæa, and of the coasts of the Sea of Syria, Damascus was needed as a charming resting-place for the caravans to India. Commerce has attracted industry; Damascus is like Lyons, a vast manufactory; the population reaches, according to some, 400,000—according to others, only 200,000 souls. I know not which is correct, and it is impossible to know; we can only conjecture, as in the East no exact census is ever taken, and the eye is thus the only judge. From the crowds that inundate the streets and bazaars, from the multitude of armed men who dart from the houses on the signal of a revolution or insurrection, from the extent of ground covered by the city, I am inclined to believe that the number within the walls may rise to from 300,000 to 400,000 souls. But if the city be not arbitrarily limited, if to the number of inhabitants be added all those who people the immense suburbs and villages which are confounded to the vision with the houses and gardens of this prodigious agglomeration of mortals, I believe that the district of Damascus maintains a million of souls. I cast on it a last regard, with inward prayers for M. Baudin, and the excellent men who had guarded and beguiled our sojourn, and a few steps of our horses lost us for ever its trees and minarets.

The Arab who was by the side of my horse pointed out to me, at the horizon, a large lake glittering at the base of the mountains, and related to me a tale, which I partially understood, and which my dragoman fully interpreted.

There was a herd who watched the she-camels of a village on the banks of this lake, in a desert and uninhabited part of this high mountain. One day whilst watering his flock, he perceived that the water of the

* [What M. de Lamartine means by describing Constantinople as the capital of the world, in all time past and coming, cannot be exactly predicated. Since the city attracted the notice of Constantine the Great, it has always been a metropolis, but generally the metropolis of weak and vicious empires. Previous to his reign, it was never a city of importance; its future destiny is of course unknown.]

lake was escaping by a subterranean passage, and he closed it up with a large stone, but at the same time let fall his crook. Some time after, a river grew dry in one of the provinces of Persia. The sultan, seeing his country menaced by famine, in consequence of the deficiency of water for the irrigations, consulted the sages of his empire; and on their counsel he dispatched ambassadors into the neighbouring kingdoms, to ascertain for what reason the source of his river had been diverted or drained. These envoys bore the crook of the herd, which the river had carried with it. The herd was at Damascus when these ambassadors appeared there; he recognised his crook which had fallen into the lake, and immediately comprehended that his lake was the source of the river, and that the prosperity and life of a whole people were in his hands. "What will the sultan do for him who restores him his river?" he asked of the envoys. "He will give him," answered they, "his daughter and half his dominions." "Go then," he rejoined, "and before you get back, the lost river will water Persia, and gladden the heart of the sultan." The herd returned to the mountains, removed the great stone, and the waters, resuming their course through the subterranean channel, refilled the bed of the river. The sultan sent a fresh embassy with his daughter to the fortunate camel-herd, and gave him the half of his kingdom.

These marvellous traditions are preserved with implicit faith by the Arabs; none of them doubt the reality, because the imagination never doubts.

April 7.—Encamped yesterday evening on the brow of a high mountain, after eight hours' march through a hilly, bare, sterile, and chilly country. We were followed by a caravan less numerous than ours, belonging to the cadi of Damascus, who is sent every year from Constantinople, and was now returning to embark at Alexandretta. His wives and children travelled in a double pannier slung upon the back of a camel, one wife and some little children being in each division, the whole carefully veiled. The cadi marched at some distance behind his women, accompanied by slaves, on horseback. This caravan went past us, and proceeded to encamp farther on.

A rough day's work of ten hours, through pinching cold, and completely deserted valleys. Our course for an hour was in the bed of a torrent, where large stones rolled from the mountains, interrupting our horses at every step. I mounted my beautiful horse Tadmor for an hour or two, to rest Scham. Notwithstanding two days' fatigue, this splendid animal bounds like a gazelle over the rocky pathway of the desert. He passes in an instant the swiftest horses of the caravan. He is mild and sagacious as the swan, having also its whiteness and arched chest. I intend to carry him to Europe, together with Scham and Saïde. As soon as I get off him, he breaks loose, and canters off to rejoin the Arab, Mansours, who takes care of and leads him; he puts his head on the man's shoulders like an affectionate dog; there is complete brotherhood between the Arab and the horse, as between us and the dog. Mansours and Daher, my two principal Arab sâis, whom I engaged at Beirut, and who have been in my service nearly a year, are the most faithful and quiet of men; steady, indefatigable, intelligent, attached to their master, and horses, and always ready to combat with us if any peril threatens. What may not an able chief effect with such a race of men? If I had the fourth part of the wealth of certain bankers in Paris or London, I would regenerate the face of Syria in ten years. All the elements of improvement are there; a hand only is wanted to concentrate them, an interval to lay a foundation, a mind to lead opinion.

Slept in a sort of isolated hostelry, standing on an elevated plain, amid severe cold. We found a little wood to light a fire in the low room, where we stretched our carpets. Our Damascus provisions were exhausted; we got a little of the barley meal intended for the horses kneaded, and ate the sour and black cakes produced from it.

We departed at daybreak, marched twelve hours

through a sterile and unpeopled country, and arrived at a small village, where we found a shelter, some fowls, and rice. We have been drenched with rain the whole day. We are not more than eight hours' march from the valley of Bkaa, which we will come upon at its eastern extremity, being much lower than Balbek.

April 7.—At three in the afternoon we came in sight of the desert of Bkaa. The caravan halts and hesitates. The plain, from the point we have reached, as far as the foot of Lebanon, which stands out like a wall on the other side, resembles an immense lake, out of which rise up blackened islets, the branches of trees with their trunks under water, and heaps of ruins on a hill three leagues from us. How shall we venture without guides, trusting to chance, into this inundated plain? It is, however, quite necessary, as there is a risk of not being able to pass it to-morrow, for the rain continues, and torrents of water pour from all sides into the desert. We march for two hours on the highest parts of the plain, which bring us near the hill, whereon the great ruins of a temple appear. We leave on our left hand these unknown remains of a town, a contemporary of Balbek, but at present nameless. Shafts of gigantic columns have rolled down the sides of the hill, and are imbedded in the mud under our feet. The day wanes, the rain increases, and we have no time to mount to the temple. This temple being passed, we proceed with the water up to our horses' knees. Our mules are perpetually sliding down and tumbling into the ditches with our baggage, and the moukres extricate them with great labour. We send forward an Arab twenty yards in front of the caravan, to try the footing; but having reached the middle of the plain, the place where the Balbek stream has hollowed out its bed, the ground fails us, and we are compelled to pass over an interval of thirty or forty feet by swimming. My Arabs, plunging into the water, and holding up the horses' heads, succeed in getting my wife over, and an English lady's-maid who attends her. We ourselves swim over, and all attain the opposite bank. Night is almost at hand; we hasten to traverse the rest of the valley, whilst sufficient twilight remains to guide us. We pass near one or two hamlets, inhabited by a ferocious tribe of Balbek Arabs. If they attack us at this moment, we shall be at their mercy, as all our pieces are unfit for firing. They look at us from the tops of their terraces, and descend not into the swamp. At last, at the moment that the night closes in upon us, the plain begins to rise, and we are hard and dry on the banks which touch Lebanon. We proceed in the direction of a distant light, which glitters three leagues from us, in a mountain-gorge—it must be the town of Zarklé. Overcome with weariness, shivering with cold and wet to the skin, we reach at length the lower slopes of the hill on which the town is placed. There, calling over our muster-roll, we find that one of our friends, M. de Capmas, is missing. We stop, call out, and fire some rounds; no answer is returned. We dispatch two horsemen to go and seek him, and proceed to Zarklé. It takes us an hour to wind up a river which passes through the town, and to find out the only bridge which crosses from one quarter to the other. Our exhausted horses can scarcely sustain themselves on the slippery pavement of the steep bridge, which is without parapets. At last, the house of the Greek bishop receives us. Fires of brambles are lighted in the huts that surround the court. The bishop lends us some mats and carpets. We get ourselves dried. The two Arabs sent in quest of our friend return with him. He is borne almost fainting to the hearth, and revives. We discover at the bottom of our boxes, soaked with rain, a bottle of rum; the bishop procures some sugar, and we restore our dying comrade with a few glasses of punch, whilst the Arabs are getting a pilau prepared for us. The poor bishop has absolutely nothing but shelter to offer us. The curiosity of the women and children of Zarklé is so insatiable, that they crowd into the court every instant, and force open the doors of our rooms, to see the two Frank females. I am obliged to place two armed Arabs at the gate of the court to prevent entrance.

The following day we reposed at Zarklé, in order to get our clothes dried, and to lay in fresh provisions, as our own were spoiled by the wetting of the preceding evening. Zarklé is a town wholly Christian, founded a few years ago in a gorge, on the lowest roots of Lebanon. It owes its rapid and prodigious growth to the persecuted families of the Armenian and Greek Christians of Damascus and Homs. It reckons about 8000 to 10,000 inhabitants, possesses a considerable trade in silk, and augments every day. Protected by the Emir Beschir, the sovereign of Lebanon, it is no longer disturbed by the inroads of the tribes of Balbek and Anti-Lebanon. The inhabitants, industrious, agricultural, and energetic, keep in admirable cultivation the hills which slope down from the town to the plain, and venture even to cultivate the nearest portions of the desert.

The appearance of the town is very extraordinary. It is a confused collection of black houses, built of mud, without symmetry or regularity, on the steep declivities of two hills, separated by a river. The gorge through which the river descends, before flowing through the town and into the plain, is a broad profound hollow of perpendicular rocks, parted to give passage to the torrent, which falls from level to level by three or four cascades, in wide-spreading sheets, embracing the whole width of the platforms, which rise in successive gradations. The foam of the torrent completely covers the rocks, and the roar of its waterfalls fills the streets of Zarklé with a dull and incessant murmur. Some houses, of rather elegant construction, gleam, amongst the verdure of poplars and tall vines, above the cascades. Amongst them is the house of refuge of our friend M. Baudin, and there is also a convent of Maronite monks. The river, after passing the houses of the town, which are grouped and suspended on its high banks, and hang over its bed in the most fantastical manner, goes to water the confined lands and meadows into which the careful industry of the inhabitants distributes its waters by numerous channels. A lining of high Persian poplars extends along its course, far out of sight, and directs the eye, by the verdant avenue, to the desert of Balbek, and the snowy peaks of Anti-Lebanon.

Almost all the inhabitants are Syrian or Damascus Greeks. The houses resemble the miserable huts of Savoy or Brescian peasants; but in every house you see a shop and a work-room, where saddlers, armourers, watchmakers even, are labouring, with rude instruments, at their respective occupations. The people seemed kind and hospitable. The appearance of strangers, far from alarming or exciting them, was by no means disagreeable to them. They offered us all the little services which our situation required, and appeared proud of the increasing prosperity of their town. Zarklé seems the preface to a large commercial town, destined to rival Damascus in the trade between the Christian and Mahomedan races. If the death of the Emir Beschir does not impair the singleness of dominion which renders Lebanon powerful, Zarklé, in twenty years, will be the first town in Syria. All are sinking, it alone increases; all are buried in sleep, it alone is up and working. The genius of the Greeks bears with it everywhere the principle of activity inherent in that European race. But the activity of the Asiatic Greek is advantageous and fruitful; that of the Greeks of the Morea and the isles is a mere unproductive agitation. The air of Asia tempers the Greek blood, and there they become a singularly mild population, but elsewhere they are often barbarous. The same consequence ensues with regard to the physical beauty of the race. The Greek women of Asia are the masterpieces of the creation, the personification of all grace and voluptuousness of expression in the eyes. The Greek women of the Morea have faultless but cold features, and eyes whose harsh and sombre glare is not sufficiently softened by the delicious languor of the soul and sensibility of the heart. The eyes of the one are a fiery coal, those of the Asiatics are a flame, wreathed in moistened vapours.

The poor Greek bishop of Zarklé is of an Aleppo family, in which city he passed his life, amid the elegance

and softness of manners prevailing in Aleppo, the Athens of Asia. He finds himself, as it were, an exile in this town, where he has no society or mental resource. His department has preserved the exquisite refinement of the Aleppians; but, in the extreme beggary of his condition, he can only afford us a squalid lodging. We conversed in Italian with him. On our departure, I made him an alms of 500 piastres (£6), for his flock or for himself—for he seemed in a state bordering on destitution. A few Arab and Greek books, thrown in confusion about the room, and an old box containing his pelisses and episcopal habiliments, were his whole possessions.

I took guides at Zarklé, to pass over Lebanon by unknown routes. The ordinary track was blocked up by the prodigious quantity of snow that had fallen during the winter. We ascended, at first, by rather gentle slopes, over hills planted with vines and mulberries. We soon arrived at the region of rocks and bedless torrents, of which we crossed at least thirty in the course of six hours. They rush down declivities so steep, that they have no time to hollow out a bed; they are sheets of foam, gliding over the naked rock with the rapidity of a bird upon the wing.

The sky was obscured with clouds, which already intercepted the light, although the day was but little advanced. We were completely enveloped in rolling clouds of mist; and we frequently could not distinguish the foremost ranks of the caravan, shrouded in these gloomy canopies. The snow likewise began to fall in large flakes, covering the road, which our guides vainly sought to track. We could scarcely hold up our exhausted horses, whose iron shoes slid down the precipitous ledges we were compelled to wind along. The magnificent prospect of the valley of Balbek, and the peaks of Anti-Lebanon, with the extensive ruins of the temples of Bkaa gleaming in the light, appeared to us only at intervals, between the gusts of snow: it seemed as if we were sailing in the sky, and that the pedestal whence we saw the earth was no longer part of it. But the resounding winds, which had been at rest in the profound and lofty gorges of the mountains, began to give out mournful and cavernous echoes, like the roaring of a high sea after the tempest is spent; they came out like thunder-shocks, sometimes over our heads, sometimes in the lower parts beneath our feet, hurling like withered leaves, large masses of snow and volleys of stones, and even blocks of rock, as if they had been propelled from the mouth of some huge cannon. Two of our horses were struck, and rolled, baggage and all, into the ravine. None of us were hurt; my young Arab stallions, who were led by the hand, were paralysed with terror. They stopped short, raised up their nostrils, and moaned with guttural cries, like the rattling in the human throat. We walked close together, to watch and assist each other in case of accidents. The darkness became every moment greater; and the snow, beating in our eyes, took away the little light that remained to guide us. The blasts of wind filled the whole ravine through which we were toiling, with whirlpools of snow, which arose in pillars to the sky, and fell in vast sheets, like the spray of huge waves breaking on the cliffs. For some moments we could not draw breath; our guides stopped, hesitated, dubious of their way, and fired their guns to give us the direction; but the howling wind permitted no sound, and the report of fire-arms scarcely equalled the crack of a whip.

In proportion as we penetrated into this deep gorge of the highest crests of Lebanon, we heard with terror a harsh, continued, deadening roar, which grew louder every moment, and formed the bass in this horrible concert of the unbridled elements. We knew not whence it came, or its cause; it seemed as if a portion of the mountain was loosened, and precipitated in torrents of rock. The thick clouds, obliterating the sun, hid every thing from us. In the midst of our bewilderment, horses without riders, mules and camels without burdens, came rushing past us, flying to the snowy flanks of the mountain. Shortly, Arabs, shouting at the pitch

of their voices, appeared, pursuing them; they advised us to halt, pointing with their hands to a building standing against a massive rock, forty or fifty yards above us, which the clouds had completely shrouded from our view. A column of smoke, and the glimmer of a fire, came from this cabin, whose roof of large cedar-branches had been half torn away by the hurricane, and was hanging down the wall. It was the khan of Murad-Bey, the only asylum that was open to us on this part of Lebanon; a poor Arab dwells in it during the summer, to provide barley and shelter to the caravans of Damascus, which go by this route into Syria. We descended, with difficulty, by some rocky steps, concealed under snow a foot thick; and we found the stream, which flows a hundred yards below the khan, and which we had to pass, in order to scale the higher region of the mountain, was suddenly become a prodigious torrent, rolling in its waters blocks of stone and fragments shivered by the tempest. Overtaken on its banks by the whirlwind, and half buried under the snow, the Arabs whom we had encountered had thrown the loads off their camels and mules, and left them on the rocks, to save themselves in the khan.

We found it filled with these men and their cattle; there was no room for us or our horses. However, under lee of a mass of rock, much larger than the house, the wind was less boisterous; and the clouds of snow, borne from the peaks of Lebanon, and passing over our heads to beat upon the vale, became less overwhelming, and gave us, at intervals, a glimpse of the sky, in which the stars were already twinkling. The wind suddenly fell; we dismounted from our horses, and sought to prepare a shelter, not only for the night, but for several days perhaps, if the torrent, whose roar we heard, without being able to see it, continued to intercept the passage. Under the walls of the dilapidated khan, and a portion of the cedar-branches which had shortly before composed its roof, was a space of about ten square feet, heaped with snow and soil. We swept away the snow, and got to a soft clay, where it was impossible to lay our carpets. We tore from the roof some branches of trees, which we stretched in hurdles on the saturated earth; and these bundles prevented our mats from being soaked in the water. Our mattresses, carpets, and mantles, formed a second layer; and having lighted a fire in a nook of the rock, we thus passed the long and dreary night of the 7th and 8th of April, 1833.

At intervals, the hushed hurricane was again roused, and then it seemed as if the mountain would fall upon itself: the enormous rock against which the khan was built shook like the trunk of a tree bent by the blast; and the roaring of the torrent filled the air with frightful howlings. But at last we sank to sleep, and late in the morning we awoke to the brilliant rays of a serene sun, glittering on the snow. The Arabs, our companions, had departed; they had successfully attempted the passage of the torrent. We saw them, at a distance, winding up the hills, whither we had to follow them. We likewise started. We marched, for four hours, along an elevated valley, whence we could see nothing but snow below and sky above us, as at the summit of Mont Blanc. The dazzling of the eyes, the mournful silence, the danger of every step, in these deserts of fresh-drifted snow, without the track of a pathway, render the passage over these soaring pillars of the earth, the dorsal spine of a continent, a solemn and religious period. We observe, involuntarily, every point of the horizon and the firmament, every phenomenon of nature. I saw one which struck me as a beautiful image, and which I had never before observed. Immediately at the summit of Lebanon, on the sides of a peak half shaded from the morning beams, I perceived a magnificent rainbow, not springing like an aerial arch, uniting the heavens to the mountain-crest, but couched upon the snow, and winding in concentric circles, like a serpent of resplendent colours; it was, as it were, the nest of the rainbow, caught on the most inaccessible height of Lebanon. In proportion as the sun rose, and grazed the flanks with his rays, the circles of the rainbow, with

a thousand undulating tints, appeared to move and rise up; the ends of the luminous bows did, in fact, start from the earth, mounted towards the sky for a few yards, as if attempting to leap up to the sun, and then dissolved into whitened vapour and liquid pearls, which floated over us.

When beyond the region of snows, we sat down to dry our soaked shoes in the sun. We began to perceive the deep and black valleys of the Maronites. Two hours afterwards, we had descended to the village of Hamana, situated at the top of the magnificent valley of that name, and where we had before slept, in going to Balbek. The sheik procured us three houses in the village. The evening sun was gleaming under the large leaves of the mulberry and fig trees; men were returning with their ploughs from labour; women and children were loitering in the alleys about the houses, greeting us with hospitable smiles; the flocks were strolling from the fields with their tinkling bells; pigeons and fowls were crowded on the roofs of the terraces, and the bells of the two Maronite churches were slowly ringing through the cypress branches, to notify the pious ceremonies of the morrow, which was Sunday. We had the aspect, movement, and calmness of a beautiful village in France or Italy suddenly before us, at the threshold of the precipices of Lebanon, the deserts of Balbek, the inhospitable streets of Damascus. Never was transition, perhaps, so rapid and delightful; we determined to pass the Sunday amongst these excellent people, and to rest ourselves a day after our long fatigues.

The day was thus passed at Hamana; the sheik and the village market furnished us abundantly with provisions. The women came to visit us throughout the day. They are infinitely plainer than the Syrian females of the sea coasts. They are of the pure Maronite race, all possessing vigour and health, but the features too marked, the eyes somewhat dull, the complexion too highly coloured. Their dress is a pair of white pantaloons, with a long robe of blue cloth above, open in front, and leaving the bosom bare. Necklaces of numberless piastres hang round the neck, on the breast, and over the shoulders. The married women complete this costume by a silver horn, a foot, and sometimes a foot and a half long, which they fix on their plaited hair a little obliquely above the forehead. This horn, sculptured and carved, serves to suspend from the extremity of it a muslin veil, with which they often cover the face; they never lay this horn aside, even to sleep. This grotesque custom, the origin of which can be found only in the aberrations of the human understanding, disfigures and renders heavy all the movements of the head and neck.

April 9.—Departed from Hamana in a misty morning, at five o'clock. Marched two hours on the precipitous and naked slopes of the ridges of Lebanon, which descend towards the plains of Syria. The valley which we leave on our left, sinks and widens more and more below us. It is about two leagues wide, and one at least in depth. The transparent vapours of the morning float like billows of the sea on its horizon, and there appear above them nothing but the lofty cones of the hills, the tops of the cypress-trees, and the towers of Maronite villages and monasteries; but in a little time the breeze from the sea, which rises and mounts insensibly with the sun, slowly scatters these vapoury waves, and rolls them in white sheets to settle on the peaks of snow, on which they form light greyish shadows. Then appears the entire valley. Oh that the eye had a language to paint with a single word as it sees at a single glance! I would I could for ever preserve in my memory the incomparable aspect and impressions of the Valley of Hamana! I stand above one of the thousand torrents which plough its sides with their leaping foam, and rush amidst the masses of rock, the hanging meadows, the trunks of cypress-trees, the branches of poplars, the wild vines, and the black carob-trees, into the bottom of the valley, and join the central stream, which flows throughout its length. The valley is so deep, that I do not distinguish the bottom; I can only hear ascend, at intervals, the roaring of its

waters, the rustling of the leaves, the bleating of flocks, and the distant peals of the monastery bells. The shade of morning is still resting on the bed of the gorge from which the principal torrent plunges. Here and there, around some knolls, I perceive the white line of foam it traces in the darkened gloom. On the same side of the valley as that on which we stand, I distinguish, at distances of a quarter of a league from each other, three or four wide plains, as if destined by nature for pedestals; their flanks are perpendicular, and of a grey granite. These plains, half a league in circumference, are entirely covered with groves of cedars, firs, and broad-headed pines; the morning rays wind and gleam between their erect trunks. Their black and motionless foliage is intercepted at times by light columns of blue smoke, rising from the huts of the Maronite husbandmen, and by the small open towers in which the village bells are suspended. Two large monasteries, with walls glittering like bronze, rise on two of these plains. They resemble the fortresses of the middle ages. At the foot of the convents we perceive some Maronite monks, clothed in their black cowls, at work amidst the vineyards and chestnut orchards. Two or three villages, grouped around the rocky eminences, are seated lower down, like bee-hives on the trunks of old trees. At the side of each hamlet are distributed thickets of a paler verdure; they are pomegranates, figs, or olives, which commence at this height in the valley to bear fruit. Beyond, the eye plunges into the impenetrable gloom of the gorge. If it clears this darkness, and settles on the opposite side of the mountain, it perceives perpendicular walls of granitic rock springing to the clouds. Above these walls, which seem battlemented by nature, we discern table-lands of the most brilliant vegetation, the tops of fir-trees hanging upon the edges of the ravines, wide-spreading sycamores, forming shadows on the sky, and behind this undulating verdure the belfries of villages and monasteries, access to which seems altogether impracticable. In other places, the granite flanks of the mountains are broken into slopes, where the vision is lost in the darkness of the forests, and can distinguish only, at distant spots, luminous and immovable streaks, which are the beds of torrents and pools formed from the springs. In other directions the rocks suddenly intermit; large rounded bastions flank them as if with eternal fortifications, and crown their angles with towers and turrets.

Elevated valleys, which the eye penetrates with difficulty, open, and dive amongst the hills of snow and forests; thence descends the principal stream of Hamana, which we see gushing at first like a brook from the mighty roof of snow; then losing itself in the hollows of re-echoing cascades, from which it branches out into seven or eight dazzling channels, again to disappear behind the black rocks and peaks, and then coming forth in a single line of foam, winding and turning, according to the obstructions of the ground, along the gentle or steep declivities of the hills. At length it plunges into the principal valley, falling in a sheet 100 paces wide, and 200 feet in height. The spray, which rises, and which is carried far and wide by the wind, describes floating rainbows on the tops of the broad pines which skirt the fall.

To my left, the valley, sinking towards the shores of the sea, expands, and offers to the gaze the wooded and more cultivated flanks of its hills, and the river meanders among the eminences, crowned with convents and villages. Farther on, the palms of the plain lift up their heads behind low hills of olives, and break the long line of gilded sand which borders the sea. The eye is finally lost in the indefinite and remote space between the sky and the ocean.

The details of this magic landscape are not less bewitching than the sweeping glance comprising the whole. At every turn of the rocks, on every summit to which the path leads you, you discover a new horizon, where the water, the trees, the rocks, the ruins of bridges or aqueducts, the snows, the sea, or the fiery sand of the desert, grouped in startling attitudes, force an exclamation of surprise and amazement.

I have seen Naples and its islands, the valleys of the Apennines and the Alps, those of Savoy and Switzerland, but the valley of Hamana, and some other valleys on Lebanon, efface all these recollections. The enormity of the masses of rock, the multifarious waterfalls, the purity and depth of sky, the expanse of sea which terminates the horizon, the picturesque effect of the villages and convents, suspended like human nests on heights which the eye fears to scan; in a word, the novelty and variety in colour of the vegetation, the majestic canopies of the large trees, whose trunks resemble columns of granite—all this marks, vivifies, solemnises the landscape, and transports the soul with emotions more profound and religious than the Alps even. Every landscape into which the sea does not enter as an element, is incomplete. Here, the sea, the desert, the sky, are the sublime frame-work of the picture, and the ravished eye recurs at frequent moments from the depths of centennial forests, from the margins of shaded springs, from the summits of the aerial peaks, from the peaceable scenes of rural or cenobitic life, to the blue expanse ploughed by vessels, to the cliffs of snow floating in the sky near the stars, or to the yellow and gilded sands of the desert, where the caravans of camels draw out their long serpentine files. It is this incessant contrast which produces the solemn thoughts and impressions that render Lebanon the mountain of prayer, poetry, and ecstasy!

At noon we encamped under our tents half way up Lebanon, to pass the burning heat of mid-day. An Arab courier is brought to me, who was going to Damascus in search of me. He brings me a packet of letters from Europe, which announce my election to the Chamber of Deputies. A new affliction added to so many others! I had unfortunately desired this trust at a former epoch, and had myself solicited a confidence which I cannot now decline without ingratitude. I will go; but how fervently do I wish that this cup might pass from me! I have no longer any individual future in this drama of the political and social world, the principal scene of which lies amongst us. I have none of those passions for glory, power, and fortune, which are the impelling motives of politicians. The only interest which I will carry to those heated deliberations, will be that of my country and of humanity. Country and humanity are abstract beings to men who seek to enjoy the present hour, and to secure the triumph, at all hazards, of a family, an order, or a party. What avails the calm and impartial voice of philosophy in the tumult of facts which are jumbled and opposed to each other? Who looks to the future and its boundless space, beyond the dust of the actual strife? It matters not; man selects neither his path nor his work; God assigns him his task by circumstances, and from his own convictions. It must be accomplished! But I foresee for myself nothing but a moral martyrdom in the sorrowful task which is imposed upon me. I was born for action. Poetry in me has been but delayed action; I have conceived and expressed ideas and sentiments from the incapability of acting. But now action has no longer any charms for me. I have penetrated human affairs too deeply not to understand their purpose! I have lost too many of those beings for whom my active life might have been advantageous, not to be disgusted with all that appertains to action. A life of contemplation, of philosophy, of poetry, and of solitude, would be the only couch on which my heart could find repose before breaking altogether.

RETURN TO-BEIROUT, AND DEPARTURE FOR THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

April 10.—Arrived here yesterday. Passed two hours at the Franciscan convent, near the tomb where I have buried all my future. The brig *Aleste*, which was to carry these dear remains to France, is not yet in view. I have to-day chartered another brig for our

own accommodation. We shall sail in consort; but the mother will be spared the anguish of being in the same room with the corpse of her child! Whilst the necessary arrangements are being prepared for the transport of so many passengers in the brig of Captain Coulonne, we shall proceed to visit Kosrouan, Tripolis in Syria, Latakia, Antioch, and the Cedars of Lebanon, on the last tops of the mountains behind Tripolis.

We received this morning numerous visits from our Beirut friends. The governor, Habib Barbara, a Maronite prince, our neighbour in the country, who has shown us since our arrival, and especially since our bereavement, the affection of a sincere friend; M. Bianco, the Sardinian consul; and M. Borda, a young and amiable Piedmontese, attached to that consulate in the deserts of the East by a strange destiny, whilst his information, his tact, and character, would render him a distinguished diplomatist in the most polished capital of Europe; M. Laurella, Austrian consul; Mr Farren, consul-general, and Mr Abbot, special consul, for England in Syria; a young French merchant, M. Humann, whose society has been equally profitable and agreeable since our arrival here; M. Caillé, a French traveller; M. Jorello, first dragoman to the consulate, a young man educated in France, taken at an early age into the East, and who is as perfect master of the Turkish and Arabian languages as of his mother-tongue—a man of the strictest probity, active, intelligent, and obliging from instinct, who conceives it a favour to ask a service from him; in fine, M. Guys, French consul in Syria, the respectable representative of the national faith in countries where his character is held in veneration, but whose very recent arrival did not permit us to see so much of him as his colleagues.

We bear with us the names of all those who have overwhelmed us with civility and sympathy, during a year's sojourn amongst them, in order that we may for ever preserve for them, in different degrees, remembrance, interest, and gratitude. If I had not received yesterday's letter, if I had not an aged father, whose recollection is incessantly urging my return to France, if I had a place of exile to choose in the world wherein to finish my weary days, in the bosom of solitude and enchanting nature, I should remain where I am.

April 13.—Departed this morning at four o'clock with the same caravan which I had formed for Damascus; skirted the sea-coast as far as Cape Batroun, through localities already described; slept at Dgebail in a khan out of the town, on an eminence commanding the sea. The town is remarkable only for a mosque of Christian architecture, and which was once a church, probably erected by the counts of Tripolis. It is surmised that Dgebail is the ancient land of the Gibletes, who furnished King Hiram with the blocks of stone intended for the building of Solomon's Temple. The father of Adonis had his palace there, and the worship of the son was the prevailing rite in all the neighbouring districts of Syria. On the left of the town is a castle, remarkable for the elegance and construction of its different styles of fortification. We descended into the town, to inspect the little harbour, in which some Arab ships were swinging. The town is almost exclusively inhabited by Maronites. A very handsome Arab lady, loaded with finery, came to visit my wife in the caravan-serai, to whom we made some trifling presents.

On the following day, we continued to skirt the coast, and the foot of the mountains of Castravan, which are washed by the sea. We slept under our tents, on a beautiful site on the borders of the territory of Tripolis. The road quits the coast, and turns abruptly to the right, diving into a narrow valley, watered by a rivulet. About a league from the sea, the valley is drawn completely together, and closed by a rock 100 feet high, and 500 or 600 feet in circumference. This block, either placed by nature, or hewn out of the sides of the mountain which grazes it, is surmounted by a Gothic castle in good preservation, a habitation for jackals and eagles. Steps cut in the rock lead, by a succession of terraces, covered with towers and battlements, to the highest flat, on which a donjon, bored with ogival

windows, is reared. Around the castle, the towers, and the battlements, vegetation has sprung up; large sycamores have taken root in the halls, and throw out their wide branches above the ruinous roof; creeping-plants, matted in huge clusters, ivy clinging to the windows and doors, weeds partially concealing the stones, give to this fine monument of the middle ages the appearance of a castle of moss and ivy. A beautiful fountain spouts at the foot of the rock, overshadowed by three of the most splendid trees that can be seen; they are species of elms, and one of them sufficed to cover, with its shade, our tents, our thirty horses, and the scattered groups of Arabs.

The following day, we ascended by a steep track along a white and slippery hill, where the horses could scarcely keep their feet. From the summit we had a boundless view of all the western sea-board of Syria, as far as the Gulf of Alexandretta and Mount Taurus, and a little to the right, of the plains of Aleppo, and the hills of Antioch, with the course of the Orontes. Three hours' march led us to the gates of Tripolis; we were expected, and, a league from the town, we met a cavalcade of young Frank merchants of different nations, and some officers of Ibrahim's army, who came out to welcome us.* The son of M. Lombart, a French merchant established at Tripolis, offered us hospitality in the name of his father. We were apprehensive of putting him to expense, and therefore went to the convent of the Franciscan friars. A single monk was the solitary tenant of this large abode, and he gave us accommodation. We passed two days at Tripolis; dined with M. Lombart, and found great pleasure in meeting a French family, in which every countryman is received with open arms. We passed an hour in the evening at the house of the Messieurs Katchiflissee, Greek merchants and Russian consuls, of a family established from time immemorial at Tripolis, where it possesses a magnificent palace. Madame and the Misses Katchiflissee are the three most celebrated ladies in Syria for their beauty and accomplished manners, the latter presenting a piquant blending of Asiatic reserve with the graceful freedom of the Greeks, and the finished good-breeding of the most refined ladies of Europe. They received us in an immense saloon, lighted by a dome, and cooled by a basin of gushing water. They were seated on a semicircular divan, which ran round the bottom of the room, and was entirely covered with rich carpets, the latter being strewn with hookahs, pipes, and vases of flowers, and of sherbet. These three females, decked in oriental costume, presented the most agreeable picture, each in her individual style of beauty, that the eye could contemplate. We passed a delightful evening in their company, and promised to visit them again on our return.

The Scheik of Eden, the last inhabited village on Lebanon, was maternal uncle of M. Mazoyer, my interpreter. Apprised by his nephew of our arrival at Tripolis, the venerable scheik came down from the mountains, with his eldest son and a part of his followers. He paid me a visit at the Franciscan convent, and invited me to his house at Eden. It is not more than three hours' march from Eden to the cedars of Solomon; and if the snow, which was still lying upon the mountain, could be passed, we might proceed from there to visit those secular trees, which have always formed the glory of Lebanon, and were contemporary with the great monarch. We accepted his invitation, and our departure was fixed for the morrow.

At five in the morning we were on horseback. The caravan, now more numerous than before, was headed by the Eden scheik, an estimable old man, whose elegant manners, noble and easy politeness, and splendid dress, were far from bespeaking a mere Arab chief; he seemed a patriarch marching in the van of his tribe.

* [Tripoli, or Tripolis, is a sea-port on the coast of Syria, situated on a plain at the foot of the branches of Mount Lebanon, at the distance of seventy-five miles north-west of Damascus. It contains about 16,000 inhabitants. This Tripoli must not be confounded with Tripoli in Barbary, near Tunis and Algiers.]

He was mounted on a mare of the desert, whose dark-bay colour and streaming mane would have rendered her a courser worthy of a hero of "The Jerusalem;" his son and chief followers caracolled on splendid stallions around him. We came next, and the rear was brought up by the long file of our moukres and saïs.

The route out of Tripolis affords a most agreeable prospect. It winds along the banks of a river enclosed by two hills, and shaded by the most beautiful trees and orange groves. A kiosk, or café, built beneath those trees, offers its perfumed terrace to promenaders, who resort there to smoke and take coffee, and enjoy the coolness of the flowing stream. From there, a vista allows a sight of the sea, which is half a league from the town, of the handsome square towers, built by the Arabs on the flanks of the harbour, and of the numerous vessels lying in the roads. We traversed a wide plain, cultivated and planted with olives. On the first acclivity which rises from this plain towards Lebanon, in the midst of a forest of olives and fruit trees of all sorts, we encountered a prodigious concourse of men, women, and children, lining the road. They were the inhabitants of a large village, embosomed in this forest, which belongs to the sheikh of Eden. He passes the winter in this village on the plain, and the summer at Eden. These Arabs saluted their chief with great respect, and offered us refreshments, whilst a certain number of them proceeded in company with us, to drive the sheep and calves, and assist us in clearing the mountain precipices. For the four subsequent hours we marched, sometimes in deep valleys, sometimes on the brows of sterile mountains, and we came to a halt on the edge of a torrent, which falls from the heights of Eden, bringing with it heaps of half-melted snow. The sheikh had ordered a large fire to be kindled under shelter of a rock, and we breakfasted and rested our horses in this place. The ascent afterwards became so rapid over bare rocks, smooth as polished marble, that it is not possible to conceive how the Arab horses succeed in climbing up, and much more in coming down them. Four Arabs on foot surrounded each of our horses, and assisted them with their hands and shoulders. Notwithstanding this aid, several slipped down the rock, but without receiving any serious injury. This frightful road, or rather this almost perpendicular wall, conducted us, after two hours' toil, to a rocky table-land, whence the view fell upon a wide inner valley, and the village of Eden, which is built at its highest extremity, and in the snowy region. Above Eden there is only an immense pyramid of naked rock, the ultimate peak in this district of Lebanon, on which is a small chapel in ruins. The blasts of winter keep continually gnawing this rock, and detaching huge blocks from it, which roll even to the village; all the fields in the vicinity are strowed with them, and the castle of the sheikh himself is encompassed with them on all sides. This castle, to which we were drawing near, is of complete Arab architecture; the windows are double ogived arches, separated by their spiral columns of elegant workmanship; the gateway is arched, and flanked by two elevated settles of carved stone, and the posts even of the gate are covered with arabesques. The sheikh was the first to dismount, to be ready to receive us at the portal of his residence. His youngest son, with a silver perfuming-pan in his hand, burnt spices before our horses, and his brothers sprinkled our hair and clothes with scented essences. A magnificent repast awaited us in the hall, where whole trees were cracking on the hearth. The finest wines of Lebanon and Cyprus, and a prodigious quantity of game, gave zest to the banquet. Our Arabs fared as sumptuously in the court of the castle. In the evening, we strolled through the environs of the village; the snow still covered part of the fields. On all sides we discerned the marks of careful culture; the smallest spot of vegetable earth, between the rocks, had its vine or its walnut. Numberless springs gushed up from the soil, and artificial canals conducted the water into the fields. Some fields on a slope were supported by terraces constructed of immense blocks. We discovered a monastery below the rock on our left, and

several villages, quite close to each other, on all the sides of the valley.

Same date.—The sheikh dispatched three Arabs on the road to the cedars, in order to ascertain if the snow would allow our reaching those trees. They reported, on their return, that access is impracticable, there being fourteen feet of snow in a narrow valley which must be passed to get at the cedars. Wishing to get as near them as possible, I begged the sheikh to give me his son and some horsemen. I left my wife and caravan at Eden, and mounted the most powerful of my horses, Scham, and we set off at sunrise. We proceeded for three hours on the crests of mountains, or in plains swamped with melting snow, and arrived on the margin of the Valley of the Saints, a profound gorge into which the eye plunges from the elevated rock, a valley more closed in, more gloomy and solemn, than even that of Hamana. At the head of this valley, where, by a continued ascent, it reaches the snows, a magnificent sheet of water falls a height of 100 feet, stretching a width of 200 or 300 yards. The whole valley resounds with this fall, and the whirl of the torrent it feeds; the foam streams on all parts of the rock on the mountain sides. Almost out of sight, at the bottom of the ravine, we spied two villages, the houses in which were scarcely distinguishable from the rocks hurled forward by the torrent. The branches of the poplars and mulberries appear in the distance, like tufts of rushes or long grass. We descended to the village of Bescheraï by a path hewn in the rock, and so steep, that it seems inconceivable that men should hazard themselves upon it. Many fatal accidents occur. A stone thrown from the crest we were winding down, would fall on the roofs of these villages, which we did not however reach in less than an hour's continued descent. Above the cascade and the snow, immense fields of ice undulate like vapours of alternate green and blue, and about a mile to the left, in a sort of semicircular vale, formed by the highest cliffs of Lebanon, we perceive a large black spot on the snow. It is the renowned group of cedars; they crown, like a diadem, the brow of the mountain, and look down upon the out-branchings of the numerous large valleys which fall from it; the sea and the sky are their horizon. We urged our horses through the snow, to come as near as possible to the group, but when within 500 or 600 yards of it, our horses sank up to their shoulders, convincing us that the report of the Arabs was true, and that we must renounce the project of touching with our hands those relics of centuries and of nature. We got off horseback, and seated ourselves on a rock to contemplate them.

These trees are the most celebrated natural monuments in the universe. Religion, poetry, and history, have equally consecrated them. The Holy Scriptures celebrate them in several places. They form one of the images which the prophets use with especial preference. Solomon was desirous to devote them to the adorning of the temple he erected to the only God, doubtless on account of the fame for magnificence and sanctity which these prodigies of vegetation possessed at that era. These are certainly they, for Ezekiel speaks of the cedars of Eden as the most beautiful on Lebanon. The Arabs of all creeds have a traditional veneration for these trees. They attribute to them not only a vegetative vigour which gives them an eternal existence, but also a soul, which endows them with marks of sagacity and foresight, similar to those arising from instinct in animals, or from intellect in men. They know beforehand the seasons, they move their vast branches like limbs, they stretch them out, or draw them in, raise them to the heavens, or bend them to the earth, according as the snow is about to fall or to melt. They are divine beings in the form of trees. This is the only spot on the chain of Lebanon where they grow, and here they take root far above the region where all considerable vegetation ceases. All this strikes with astonishment the imagination of people in the East, and I am not quite sure that science itself would not be surprised.

But, alas! Bassan languishes, Carmel and the flowers

of Lebanon are fading. These trees are diminished every age. Travellers formerly counted thirty or forty, afterwards seventeen, and at a later date but twelve. There are not more than seven which from their massiveness can be presumed contemporaries of the biblical era. Around these aged witnesses of times past, who know the history of the earth better than history herself, who would tell us, if they could speak, of so many empires, religions, and human races, swept away, there still remains a small forest of younger cedars, which appear to me to form a group of 400 or 500 trees or bushes. Every year in the month of June, the inhabitants of Bescherai, Eden, Kanobin, and the other villages in the neighbouring valleys, mount to the cedars, and celebrate mass at their feet. How many prayers have resounded under these branches! And what more sublime temple, what altar nearer the heavens! What fane more majestic and holy, than the loftiest level of Lebanon, the trunks of the cedars, and the canopy of those sacred branches which have shaded, and still shade, so many human generations, pronouncing the name of God, in different syllables, but acknowledging him every where in his works, and adoring him in the manifestations of nature! And I also prayed in sight of these trees. The melodious breeze which was sounding through their echoing branches played in my hair, and congealed on my eyelids tears of sorrow and adoration.

We again mounted our horses, marched three hours on the table-lands which command the valleys of Kadiska, and descended to Kanobin, the most celebrated of all the Maronite monasteries, situated in the valley of the Saints. We had a sight of the monastery of Deir-Serkis, now abandoned to one or two monks. Burckhardt, in 1810, found there an old Tuscan hermit, who was come to finish his days there, after having been a missionary in India, Egypt, and Persia.

Our first view of the monastery of Kanobin was from the summit of a cliff which projected into the valley like a promontory. I gave my horse to the Arabs, and I lay down on the ground at the point of a rock, whence the eye plunged perpendicularly into the abyss of the Vale of Saints. The river Kadiska rolled at the foot of this rock; its bed was one continued stream of foam, but I was at such a height that its roar did not reach me. Kanobin was founded, say the Maronite monks, by Theodosius the Great. The entire Valley of the Saints resembles a huge natural nave, whose arch is the heavens, its pillars the crests of Lebanon, and its chapels the innumerable cells of the anchorites hollowed in the flanks of the rock. These hermitages are suspended over precipices which seem unapproachable. They are like swallows' nests, at all elevations in the walls of the valley. Some are mere grottoes scooped out of the stone, others are small huts built amongst the roots of trees growing on the projecting cornices of the mountain. The great convent is below, on the bank of the torrent. It is peopled by forty or fifty Maronite monks, who are occupied in the labours of husbandry, and in printing elementary books for the education of the people. Excellent men, the sons and fathers of the people, not living on the sweat of others, but working night and day for the advantage of their brethren; simple men, who desire no wealth, no fame in this world! To labour, pray, live in peace, die in grace, and unknown of men—therein is comprised the whole ambition of the Maronite monks.

Same date.—Yesterday I was the guest of the Scheik of Eden, a Maronite Arab village, situated under the sharpest pointed cliff of the mountains, on the extreme verge of vegetation, and uninhabitable except in summer. The respectable old man had come to seek me, with his son and some of his servants, even as far as Tripolis, and had received me in his castle of Eden, with the dignity, kindness of heart, and elegance of address, that one might imagine would have been displayed by an old lord of the court of Louis XIV. Whole trees were consumed on the large hearth; sheep, kids, and deer, were heaped in piles in the vast halls, and bottles of the golden wine of Lebanon, a hundred years old, were

drawn for us and our escort. After delaying some time to study these enchanting Homeric manners, poetical as the places where we found them, the scheik gave me his eldest son and some Arab horsemen, to conduct me to the cedars of Solomon, the renowned trees which still render sacred the highest peak of Lebanon, and which have been venerated for ages as the last evidences of the glory of Solomon. I will not describe them here. On our return from this excursion, so memorable for a traveller, we got entangled in the windings of the rocks, and in the numberless high gorges with which this group of Lebanon is splintered in all directions, and we suddenly found ourselves on the margin of an enormous precipitous wall of rock, sinking some thousand feet in depth, and hemming in the Valley of Saints. The sides of this granite rampart were so perpendicular that even mountain-goats could not have scaled them, and our Arabs were obliged to crawl on their hands and knees, and stoop over the abyss to perceive its base. The sun was sinking, and we had toiled many hours, and several more were required to retrace our lost route, and regain Eden. We dismounted from our horses, and giving ourselves up to a guide who knew, at a little distance, a path of the rock cut by the Maronite monks, the immemorial occupants of this valley, we clung for some time along the edges of the cornice, and at last descended over the slippery steps to a platform, detached from the rock, which commanded the whole prospect.

The valley, at its highest extremity, sank from the foot of the snows, and from the cedars, which formed a black cloud upon them, by wide and gentle slopes, rounding into swards of yellow and delicate green, like that on the high croups of Jura or the Alps: a multitude of foaming rivulets, issuing, on all sides, from the dissolving snow, ploughed these grassy banks, and united in a single body of whirling waves at the foot of the lowest declivity. There the valley fell, all at once, 400 or 500 feet deep; and the torrent was precipitated with it, in a wide volume, now covering the rock, as if with a liquid and transparent curtain, now leaping and shooting into arches, and falling at last on large sharp-pointed blocks of granite, hurled from the summit, where it was broken into floating shreds, and roared like everlasting thunder; the blast of the fall reached even us, carrying with it the spray of a thousand tints, like a vapoury mist, throwing it over the whole valley, or hanging it like dew upon the leaves of the shrubs, and the rough points of the rock. Advancing towards the north, the Valley of Saints dived more and more, and expanded into greater width, when, about two miles from where we were standing, two bare and frowning mountains gradually approached towards each other, scarcely leaving an opening of a few yards between their two extremities, where the valley was terminated and lost amid its green banks, hanging vines, poplars, cypresses, and milky torrent. Above these two mountains that thus strangled it, we could perceive, at the horizon, what seemed a lake of deeper blue than the sky—it was a portion of the Syrian Sea, enclosed in a curiously-formed gulf by other mountains of Lebanon. This gulf was twenty leagues from us, but the transparency of the atmosphere brought it, as it were, to our feet; and we distinguished even two ships under sail, which, hanging between the blue of heaven and that of ocean, and lessened by the distance, seemed two swans gliding on the horizon. This spectacle seized us so irresistibly at first, that we did not dwell upon the details of the valley; but when the first dazzling shock was over, and our eyes could pierce the floating vapours of evening, and the waters, a scene of another description opened by degrees before us.

At each winding of the torrent, where the gurgling stream left a point of land, a Maronite convent stood out, with its walls of red-tinted brown, from the ashy gray of the rock, and sent its spiral smoke amongst the branches of poplars and cypresses. Around the convents, small enclosures, won from the rock or the torrent, were cultivated like the well-tilled gardens of our country-houses, and, straggling here and there, we per-

ceived the Maronites themselves, with their black cows, returning from the labours of the field—some with the spade on their shoulder, some leading Arab colts, and others, again, holding the handle of the plough, and directing their oxen amongst the mulberry-trees. Several of these habitations of prayer and labour were suspended, with their chapels and grottoes, upon the projecting cliffs of the two mountains; some were hollowed out, like the caves of wild beasts, in the rock itself; we could only discern the door-way, surmounted by an open ogive, where a bell was hung, and some narrow terraces, hewn under the canopy of the rock, where the aged and infirm monks came to breathe the air, and enjoy a little sunshine. To some of the precipitous ledges the eye could discover no access, but on even those were a convent, an oratory, or a hermitage, and some anchorites winding amid the rocks and shrubs, working, reading, or praying. One of these convents contained an Arab printing-press, for the instruction of the Maronite people; and we saw, on the terrace, a crowd of monks, moving to and fro, and spreading out, upon bunches of reeds, the white sheets of damp paper. Nothing can describe, unless it be the pencil, the concourse and picturesque effect of these retreats; each stone seemed to have become a cell, and every grotto to have its hermit; every spring was full of movement and life; every tree had its anchorite under its branches; wherever the eye fell, it saw the valley, the mountain, and the precipices, grow, as it were, into animation under its gaze, and a spectacle of existence, prayer, and contemplation, stand out from the eternal masses, or mingle with them, giving sacredness to all around.

But in a little while the sun drooped, the labours of the day ceased, and all the black figures, scattered in the valley, retreated into the grottoes or the monasteries. The bells sounded, on all sides, the hour for congregating to the evening service; some ringing with the force and vibrating tone of a high wind upon the seas, and others tinkling, like the chirpings of birds in a field of corn, plaintive and indistinct as sighs in the desert. The bells answered each other from the two opposite sides of the valley; and the thousand echoes of the grottoes and precipices multiplied them in confused and reverberating murmurs, mingled with the roar of the torrent, and the numberless resounding falls of the springs and cascades with which the mountain-sides were furrowed. Then came a moment of silence, and a fresh echo, more soft, melancholy, and solemn, filled the valley: it was the chant of psalms, which, rising all at once from every monastery and church, from every oratory and rocky grotto, mounted to us in a confused and vast murmur, resembling one single melodious lament uttered by the whole valley, as if it had just found a soul and a voice. A perfume spread through the air, which angels might have breathed; we stood mute and overjoyed like those celestial spirits, when, hovering over the globe they believed a desert, they heard ascend from these same regions the first prayer of mankind. We felt how the voice of man can give life to nature in her dearest aspect, and what song will be at the end of time, when all the emotions of the human heart, concentrated in the single sentiment of poetry, shall be here below but one hymn of adoration!

April 12.—Returned to Tripolis with the scheik and his tribe. I gave his son a piece of silk to make a divan. Passed a day in going over the delightful environs of Tripolis, and then started for Beirout by the sea coast. Consumed a few days in embarking our luggage on board the brig I had chartered, "The Sophia." We made preparations for a visit to Egypt, and uttered our adieus to our Frank and Arab friends. I gave away several of my horses, and sent off six of the most beautiful under the conduct of an Arab equerry, and three of my best sals, by the route of Syria and Carmania, to meet me on the 1st of July on the shore of the Gulf of Marci, opposite the Isle of Rhodes, in Asia Minor.

At sunrise, on the 15th April, we left the house where Julia embraced us for the last time, and quitted

us for heaven. We kissed the pavement of her chamber a thousand times, and steeped it with our tears! This house was for me like a consecrated relic. I looked at it again on all sides; on the birds, the doves, her horse, the garden, the two young Syrian girls who came to play with her, and who lived under our windows in the garden. They had arisen before daylight, and, dressed in their richest apparel, were weeping. They stretched out their hands towards us, and plucked the flowers from their hair. I gave each of them, as a memento of foreign friends whom they would never again behold but in their thoughts, a necklace of pieces of gold, to be worn on their marriage. One of them, called Anastasia, was the most beautiful female I had seen in the East.

The sea was like a mirror. The boats which contained our friends who accompanied us on board, followed ours. We weighed anchor with a light breeze from the east. The coasts of Syria, lined with their fringe of sand, disappeared with the heads of the palm-trees. The white peaks of Lebanon were in view for a long time. During the night we doubled Cape Carmel, and at sunrise we were off the heights of Saint Jean d'Acre, with the Gulf of Caypha before us. The sea was beautiful, and its waves were ploughed by a host of dolphins sporting round the vessel. Every thing in nature wore an appearance of gladness and joy, as well as on the waves around that bark which bore hearts dead to all joy and serenity. I passed the night on deck—with what thoughts! My heart knows!

We skirted the low coasts of Galilee; Jaffa glittered like a rock of chalk in the horizon, on its beach of white sand. We made towards it, intending to remain there some days, as my wife, and those of my friends who could not accompany me in my journey to Jerusalem, were unwilling to pass so near the sacred tomb, without bearing to it some additional groans. In the evening the wind freshened, and we cast anchor at seven o'clock in the stormy roadstead of Jaffa. The sea was too high to hoist a boat out, and it was not till the next day that we all disembarked. A caravan was prepared by the care of my old friends, the Messieurs Damiani, the French agents at Jaffa. It started at eleven to proceed as far as Ramla, and there pass the night. I was left alone in the house of M. Damiani.

I passed five days in wandering alone through the environs. The Arab friends with whom I had formed an acquaintance in my two first visits, took me to the gardens they had around the town. I have already described these gardens. They are groves of oranges, citrons, pomegranates, and figs, trees as large as walnuts in France, surrounded on all sides by the Desert of Gaza. A family of Arab peasants resides in an adjoining cabin, and there are cisterns or wells, a few camels, goats, sheep, pigeons, and chickens. The ground is strewn with oranges and lemons fallen from the trees; a tent is fixed on the margin of one of the irrigating canals, and carpets are laid out. The tent is open towards the sea to receive the breeze, which prevails from ten in the morning until the evening, which contracts a perfume as it passes under the orange branches, and scatters showers of orange flowers. The tops of the minarets of Jaffa are seen from there, as well as the vessels sailing between Asia Minor and Egypt. I should have wished to remain here; Jaffa, shut out from the whole world, on the edge of the great Egyptian desert, whose sand forms white banks around these orange groves, beneath a sky always pure and warm, would be an admirable abode for a man sick of life, and who desires but one spot under the sun.

The caravan returned. I asked of Madame de Lamartine some account of Bethlehem and the surrounding localities, which the plague had prevented me from visiting in my first journey. The relation she gave me I shall insert here.

NARRATIVE OF MADAME DE LAMARTINE.

"On leaving the gardens of Jaffa, we spurred our horses to a gallop over an immense plain, then covered

with yellow and blue thistles. Large flocks, tended by an Arab trooper armed with a long lance, as in the Pontine Marshes, were cropping at intervals the scarce provender amongst the grass that the sun had not entirely scorched. Farther onwards to our right, and the same as at the entrance to the desert of El-Ariach, some lumps of mud, covered with dried grass, were stuck in the ground, like hay-cocks drenched in the storm before the husbandman could secure them: it was a village.

As we drew near, we saw naked children issue from the cones, which served as habitations, and some women, their hair streaming, partially clad in a deep blue chemise, quitted the fire they were kindling on two stones to prepare their food, and mounted to the top of their huts to see us defile past.

After a four hours' march we arrived at Ramla, where we were expected by the agent of the Sardinian consulate, who had the kindness to lend us his house, females not being received in the Latin convent. In the evening we visited an ancient tower, a quarter of a mile from the town, called the Tower of the Forty Martyrs, now inhabited by turning dervishes. It was a Friday, the day of ceremony for their rites. We remained to witness them. About twenty dervishes, dressed in long robes and peaked caps of white felt, were squatted in a circle, within an enclosure, surrounded by a low balustrade; he who appeared to be the chief, a venerable person, with a long white beard, was placed, as a mark of distinction, on a cushion higher than the others. An orchestra, composed of a *nâhi*, or bassoon, a *shoubabe*, a species of clarinet, and two small conjoined drums, called *nacariate*, played airs utterly discordant to our European ears. The dervishes got up, one by one, with great gravity, passed before the superior, saluted him, and commenced to swing themselves round, with their arms extended, and their eyes raised to heaven. Their motion was slow at first, but grew quicker by degrees, assumed an extreme rapidity, and finished by forming, as it were, a whirlpool, by which the eye was confused and dazzled. As long as we could observe them, their countenances seemed to express great exaltation, but at last we could distinguish nothing. How long this strange waltz continued, I cannot precisely tell, but it was for a time that seemed to me incredible. By degrees, however, the number of turners diminished; exhausted with fatigue, they leaned against each other, and sank back into their original attitudes. Those who continued last seemed striving to turn as long as possible; and I experienced a painful sensation at witnessing the efforts made by an old dervish, panting and staggering at the end of the trial, to keep it up longer than the rest. During this exhibition, our Arabs talked to us of their superstitions. They asserted that a Christian, by continually reciting the Belief, could force a Mussulman to turn, by an irresistible impulse, until he died; that there were many examples of it, and that upon one occasion the dervishes having discovered the person who was employing this spell, compelled him to recite the Belief backwards, and thus destroyed the charm at the moment the turner was about to expire. We fell into a train of sad reflections upon the imbecility of human reason, which gropes in blindness for the route to heaven, and so often misses the way. These grotesque extravagances, which degrade, in some degree, the human understanding, had nevertheless a design worthy of respect, and a noble motive. It was man wishing to honour God; it was the imagination striving to exalt itself by physical movement, and to reach, as is effected by opium, that divine reverie, that complete annihilation of feeling and of self, which allows it to believe that it is lost in the infinite unity, and that it is in communion with God! It was originally perhaps a pious imitation of the motion of the stars turning before God; it was perhaps the produce of that same enthusiastic and impassioned exaltation, which, at a former period, made David dance before the ark of the Lord. Some of us imitated the wife of the royal poet, and were tempted to deride the dervishes. They seemed to

them out of their senses, as to men who were ignorant of the fundamental part of our creed might appear some of the monkish observances, the mendacity of our friars, and the flagellations of certain of the ascetic orders. But however absurd a religious practice may be to the cold eye of reason, a more profound and exalted reflection always finds in it something to respect—the motive which inspires it. Nothing which concerns the idea of God is ridiculous. It is sometimes atrocious, often insensate, but always serious. The conscience of the dervish is at peace when he has accomplished his pious waltz, and he believes that his twirlings have done honour to the divinity. But if we do not look upon him as ridiculous, we are sometimes disposed to regard him with pity, and I am not sure that we are not equally wrong in both cases. Where would we ourselves be without the lessons of Christianity, which have illumined our reason; would we be more rational than this man? History can supply the answer. We find one Plato for tens of thousands of idolaters.

On coming out of the tower, we entered into the galleries of a ruined cloister, which led to a subterranean church. We descended by several steps under an elliptic arch, supported by a handsome colonnade. The appearance of an underground church has always struck me with an effect at once imposing and affecting. The mysterious darkness, and the solitude of these silent vaults, carry back the imagination to the first era of the creed, when the Christians retreated into deep caverns, to conceal their mysteries from profane eyes, and to shelter themselves from persecution. In the East the majority of these churches appear built to embellish these primitive asylums, and to adorn, with all the richness of architecture, the humble retreats in which the faith was so long entombed, as if to revenge, by a brilliant reparation, the humiliations and sufferings imposed by pagan domination. But the period of persecution must have revived for the unfortunate Christians, since the name of this monument, the Forty Martyrs, would lead to the conclusion that it had been used as a refuge by the faithful, without being successful in protecting them; and now all is in ruins. The naves and colonnades, built by emperors, have not commanded more respect from the conquerors than the humble grottoes of the first disciples of the cross; the arches are used for stables, and the cloisters for barracks.

There were still some tombs of the time of the Crusades, but the night prevented us from tarrying any longer; we were obliged to return to our lodging, and prepare our caravan for the morrow. The Aga of Ramla gave us an escort, and ordered the *cavass* in chief not to leave my side for an instant in the defiles of the mountains we were about to enter, and to follow my directions in all particulars. The respect of the Mahometans for European females forms a singular contrast to the dependent state in which they keep their own. We had every reason to be gratified at the extreme attention and solicitous politeness of this janissary. Keeping his eye constantly on the Arab mare I was riding, he seemed alarmed when I ventured to urge it forward, and was lost in surprise that I could preserve my equilibrium in the precipitous roads we had to scale. He was of great utility to us afterwards, when we met in the midst of these gorges a host of pilgrims returning from Jerusalem, who blocked up the passage. He compelled them to yield us the least difficult part of the road, among the blocks of granite and the roots of shrubs which lined the ravine and prevented us from rolling over the precipice. Without his authority, the long file of the procession might have tumbled us headlong down, if the rear had given impetus to the head of the column.

Quitting Ramla, the route continues through the plain for two leagues. We stopped at Jacob's well; but not having a pitcher to draw up the water, which was far down, we continued our way. This whole region preserves such vivid traces of the biblical times, that we are not at all surprised at, or find the least difficulty in admitting, the traditions which give the name of Jacob

to a well which still exists, and we expect to see the patriarch watering the flocks of Rachel, rather than entertain any doubt of his identity. It is only after reflection that we are seized with astonishment or doubt, when the lapse of 4000 years, and the various phases which humanity has undergone, present themselves to the imagination, and cause one's faith to stagger; but on the other hand, in a plain where water is found at long intervals of three or four hours, a well of a spring must have been as important an object in past ages as at present, and thus its name may have been as religiously preserved as that of the towers of David, or the cisterns of Solomon. We shortly entered upon the mountains of Judea; the road became difficult, sometimes along the edge of a precipice, leaving to the horses just room enough for their feet; sometimes fragments of rock, rolled and heaped across the path, formed a rough staircase, which Arabian horses alone are capable of clearing; but however toilsome the track, it presented no danger comparable to that incurred on the route to Hamana.

At the summit of the first peak, we turned round for an instant to enjoy a magnificent view over all the country that we had just traversed, as far as the shore beyond Jaffa. Although all was still around us, the horizon on the sea, red and lowering, announced to an experienced eye the coming tempest; already portentous waves were heaving the ships in the roadstead; we attempted to distinguish ours, and thought of those who had remained on board. Misdread forebodings were far from chimerical. On the following day several vessels were thrown on this dangerous coast, and ours, after having for a long time dragged its anchor, snapped its cable in the midst of a frightful squall. After this momentary halt, we descended the other side of the mountain to have others again to scale, sometimes over avalanches of stones, which slide from under our horses' feet, and at other times along the margin of a narrow cornicing. The hills on both sides were often well wooded; the bright green of the beautiful clusters of strawberry bushes and wild laurels, formed a strong contrast to the meagre foliage of the mastics and olives. Water is frequently the only ingredient wanting to render the landscape complete.

But a spectacle of a different complexion was in wait for us. A procession of numberless pilgrims of all nations, returning from Jerusalem, was defiling immediately in front of us, from the top of a dry and naked mountain, and winding down to the gorge which we were traversing. No words can describe the picturesque effect of this scene, the variety of colours, of costumes, of attitudes; from the rich Armenian to the poorest mendicant monk, every thing contributed to embellish it. After admiring the general effect, we had full leisure to examine the details, during the two hours that elapsed in our mutually passing each other. Now was a Greek patriarch in his handsome dress, majestically seated on a red and golden saddle, the bridle of his horse held by two saïs, and followed by a crowd on foot, a cavalcade resembling the triumphal march of a papal legate in the middle ages; then came a poor family, the father of which, with his pilgrim's staff in his hand, led a mule loaded with little children; the eldest, perched on the neck of the animal, held a cord by way of bridle, and a taper as a standard. The other children, crowded in panniers slung on each side, were gnawing the remains of consecrated bread; the mother, pale and attenuated, kept up with difficulty, suckling an infant fastened to her breasts by a broad girdle. A long file of neophytes followed, each holding an enormous paschal taper, according to the Greek form, and chanting psalms in a nasal and monotonous tone. Farther on were Jews with red turbans, long black beards, and penetrating and sinister-looking eyes, seeming internally to curse a creed which had disinherited them. How came they amongst this crowd of Christians! Some of them had taken advantage of the caravan to visit the tomb of David or the valley of Tiberias, and others were speculating on making money by furnishing the multitude with provisions. The crowd on foot

was interspersed at intervals by camels loaded with enormous bales, and accompanied by their *moukres* in the Arab costume, a vest and wide pantaloons of brown cloth streaked with blue, and a yellow kerchief on the head. Next appeared the Armenian families; the women, concealed under the large white veil, were travelling in a *tactrewan*, a sort of cage borne upon two mules; the men, in long robes of a deep colour, their heads enveloped with the great square calpac of the inhabitants of Smyrna, were leading their sons by the hand, whose grave, reflective, and calculating aspect, gave no appearance of the sprightliness of childhood. Greek sailors, and the captains of pirate vessels, who had come from the ports of Asia Minor and the Archipelago, with ship-loads of pilgrims, as a slaver with negroes, were swearing in their energetic tongue, and urging on the march to get their human cargoes re-embarked as quickly as possible. A sick child was carried on a litter, with its parents by its side, weeping their disappointed hopes of the miraculous cure, which they had anticipated from their pious pilgrimage. Alas! I also wept; I had hoped and prayed like them; but more unfortunate than they, I had not even uncertainty as to the extent of my misfortune.

At the end came a crowd of wretched ragged Copts, men, women, and children, dragging themselves along as if just discharged from an hospital. The whole troop, scorched by the sun, and panting with thirst, were struggling to keep up with the caravan, and to avoid being left behind in the defiles of the mountains. I blushed at seeing myself on horseback, escorted by janissaries, encompassed by devoted friends, who secured me from every danger, every difficulty, whilst a faith so lively had led such a multitude of individuals to brave fatigues, maladies, and privations of all sorts. They were indeed true pilgrims. I was but a traveller.

Between this first chain of mountains and the last heights which command Jerusalem, are the pretty vale and village of Jeremiah. We had just passed before the old Greek church, which, like many others, is now a stable, when we saw about fifty Arabs, disposed semicircularly on the side of the hill, and squatted under beautiful olive-trees. In the middle of the circle, and on a small elevation above the rest, sat the chief, the famous Abougosh. Standing by his side, we saw his brother and his son, loaded with their arms, and holding pipes; their horses, tied to the trees behind them, completed the picture. On the appearance of our caravan, he sent his son to speak with our dragoman, who marched in front. Having learnt that the escort was conducting to Jerusalem the wife of the Frank omir, whom he had seen six months before, he sent to beg us to stop and take coffee. We were in no mood to refuse the invitation, and having distributed provisions for the halt to our cavass and *moukres*, we suffered ourselves to be conducted to a short distance from the group of Arabs. There our dignity required that we should stop, until they, in their turn, moved towards us. Abougosh rose, and came to accost M. de Parseval. After honouring us with many marks of politeness, and offering us coffee, he requested a private conversation with me. I caused my companions to retire a few paces, and by the medium of the interpreter, he communicated to me, that one of his brothers was a prisoner of the Egyptians, and that, as he understood M. de Lamartine had great weight in the councils of Ibrahim Pacha, he begged me to solicit his intervention on his behalf, so that he might recover his liberty. We were certainly very far from enjoying the credit that he imagined; but chance so willed it, that I had it in my power to render him service by getting his cause pleaded before the commander of the Egyptian army.

On drawing near to Jerusalem, the sight of the walls was intercepted by a large encampment of troops belonging to Ibrahim Pacha. The sentinels came forward, examined us, spoke to our dragoman, and then opened the passage for us through the camp. We soon found ourselves in front of the general's tent. The curtains being drawn back, we discovered him stretched on a divan of cashemire, surrounded by his officers, some

standing, and others seated on Persian carpets. Their garments of glaring colours, lined with beautiful furs, and embroidered with gold, their glittering arms, the black slaves who were presenting them coffee in silver cups, formed for us a brilliant and novel spectacle. Around the tents, saïs were walking some splendid Arab stallions about, to allow the foam to dry on their shining skins. Others fastened with shackles were neighing impatiently, pawing the ground, and darting fiery glances on a squadron of cavalry about to depart. The Egyptian troops, composed of young conscripts, miserably clad in a scanty red uniform, half European, half Asiatic, formed a striking contrast to the Arabs, enveloped in their ample draperies. Yet it was these short, ugly, ill-made Egyptians, who were marching from conquest to conquest, and making the sultan tremble at the gate of Constantinople!

We entered the holy city by the Bethlehem gate, turning immediately to the left to reach the quarter of the Latin convent. Females not being received in that establishment, we took possession of a house generally uninhabited, but which serves for strangers when the convent of the Holy Land is full. We stretched our mattresses upon benches arranged for that purpose, hoping to repose ourselves after the emotions of the journey, and to recover strength to support the now and more exciting ones in store. But, assailed by thousands of insects, mosquitoes, fleas, and bugs, which had doubtless been long out of pasture in these deserted chambers, or, what was far worse to suppose, had been left there by some of those ragged pilgrims whom we had met on the road, all hope of sleep was banished. and the night passed over in vain attempts to shield ourselves from attack, by continual change of place. One of our travelling companions, disregarding our exhortations to patience, fled for refuge to the convent. The principal came to see us, and told us, that if he had been apprised of our situation, he would have made arrangements for a more comfortable lodging, and promised to have every thing in order for the following night. I apologised to him, assuring him that we needed nothing, and I had reason to blush for our susceptibility before this humble apostle of poverty and self-denial.

The principal was a Spaniard of a superior mind, endowed with a profound knowledge of men and things. During our residence at Jerusalem, I had particular occasion to appreciate his indulgent kindness, his merit, and the great utility of his influence in the convent of the Holy Land. But his career of trial here below was soon to finish by martyrdom, at the moment perhaps when he flattered himself that he should enjoy some repose in his native country. Having embarked shortly after our departure, to return into Spain, he was massacred, with fifteen other monks, by some Greek sailors, not far from the coasts of Cyprus. A Mahometan boy, who alone escaped from the carnage, followed and denounced the assassins, who were arrested in Carmania. The principal was scarcely fifty years of age.

On the following day, as soon as the sun rose, we commenced our visit to the sacred places. But I must here stop, and be silent on the deep emotions that these spots caused in me, because they are all personal to myself. Nor will I speak of the appearance of the streets of Jerusalem, which are already described by my companions. I shut up within my own bosom all the sensations of my mind; I needed not to write them down, for they are too profound ever to be effaced from my recollection. If there be any localities in the world which have the mournful power of arousing all that is sad and sorrowful in the human heart, and of responding to internal anguish by, so to express myself, a material lamentation, they are those where I pondered. Every step that is taken echoes in the depths of the soul like the voice of woe, and every look falls on a memento of holy grief, which absorbs our individual sorrows in those ineffable agonies of humanity, which were here suffered, expiated, and consecrated.

We departed from Jerusalem at five in the morning, in order to arrive at Bethlehem at the hour at which they repeat mass in the grotto of the Nativity; an old

Spanish monk, with a long beard, wrapped up in a *mashlah*,* with wide black and white stripes, his feet trailing on the ground, being mounted on a very diminutive donkey, led the way, and served as a guide. Although it was the month of April, an icy wind blew with violence, and threatened to overturn both me and my horse. It was a squall from the tempest on the Sea of Jaffa, which reached even here. The dust which was whirled about almost blinded me; I abandoned the reins of my mare to the Arab saïs, and drawing my *mashlah* around me, I buried myself in the reflections to which the route I was traversing, and the objects consecrated by tradition, naturally gave rise. But these objects are all too well known for me to linger on their description; the olive of the prophet Elias, the fountain where the star appeared to the magi, the site of Rama, whence issued the voice of woe that was echoed in my own bosom, all excited in me sensations too profound for transmission to paper.

The Latin convent of Bethlehem had been closed for eleven months by the plague, but for some time there had been no fresh victims; and when we presented ourselves at the small low gate which serves as an entrance to the monastery, it was opened for us.† After having passed, one by one, stooping under the narrow doorway, our first emotion was that of surprise, at finding ourselves in a majestic church; forty-eight marble columns, each of a single block, ranged in two rows on each side, formed five naves, surmounted by a massive frame of cedar-wood: but we looked in vain for the altar or the pulpit; all was broken, ruined, despoiled; and a wall, rudely cemented, divided this beautiful monument of the birth of the cross, and thus concealed the part reserved for worship, the possession of which the different Christian sects still dispute amongst themselves. The nave belongs to the Latins, but it serves merely as a vestibule to the convent; they have walled up the large gate, and the low postern by which we had entered was constructed to protect these venerated relics from the profanation of the hordes of Arab brigands, who used to penetrate on horseback even to the foot of the altar, to levy exactions on the monks. The superior received us with cordiality; his mild, calm, and contented countenance was equally distant from the austerity of the anchorite, and the jovial indifference of which the monks are accused. He asked several questions respecting the country that we had passed on our way, and the Egyptian troops that were encamped so near them. Eleven months' seclusion had rendered him eager for news; and he was extremely rejoiced to learn that Ibrahim Pacha extended protection to the Christian population of Syria.

After a few moments' rest, we got ready to hear mass in the Chapel of the Manger. They lighted a feeble lantern, and we descended, preceded by the brethren, to a long labyrinth of subterranean corridors, which we had to traverse in order to reach the sacred grotto. These vaults are full of tombs and memorials;—here

* The large mantle of the Bedouin Arab is so called.

† [Bethlehem is a small village, situated a few miles south from Jerusalem, on the face of a rising ground, "at the southern side of a deep valley, extending east and west. Standing upon an acclivity, the lower part of the rock is excavated, and usually serves as a stable for cattle. So much for the place of Nativity being under ground."—*Robinson*. Over the cavern, pointed out by tradition as the scene of the birth of the infant Jesus, a convent and church have been erected, and the cavern itself forms a subterranean chapel, into which strangers are conducted by the monks attached to the establishment; it is called the Chapel of the Manger. "The walls of the convent contain all that is most interesting in Bethlehem, but outside the walls also are places consecrated in Bible history. Standing on the high table of ground in front of the convent, one of the monks pointed out the fountain where, when David was thirsting, his young men procured him water; and in the rear of the convent is a beautiful valley, having in the midst of it a ruined village, marking the place where the shepherds were watching their flocks at night, when the angel came down and announced to them the birth of the Saviour. The scene was pastoral as it had been eighteen hundred years before."—*Stephen's Incidents of Travel*.]

the tomb of Saint Jerome, there that of Santa Paula,* of Saint Eustachius, and the pit of the Innocents. But nothing could arrest our attention at this moment; the dazzling light from thirty to forty lamps, under a small arch at the end of the passage, showed us the altar raised on the place of the Nativity, and two steps lower, on the right, that of the Manger. These natural grottoes are partially covered with marble, to protect them from the indiscreet piety of the pilgrims, who were wont to batter down the walls to carry away the fragments; but we could still touch the naked rock behind the slabs of marble with which it is lined; and the vault in general yet presents the irregularity of its primitive form. Ornaments have not here, as in some other sacred places, altered nature in such a manner as to induce doubts touching their identity, but serve merely to preserve the natural formation. On considering these arches and hollows in the rock, we immediately recognise that they must have served for stables to the flocks which the shepherds guarded in the plain, which is yet covered with green pastures, extending to a great distance beneath the rocky table-land, which the church and convent crown like a citadel. The outer opening of the vaults which communicated with the pasture-land has been closed up; but a few paces beyond, another cavern of the same kind can be visited, which undoubtedly was used for a similar purpose.

We assisted at the mass. The tone in which my mind unfortunately found itself, renders me unable to express what these localities and ceremonies were so well calculated to inspire; every thing within me was resolved into a deep and mournful emotion. An Arab woman, who came to have her newly-born baptised on the altar of the Manger, increased my affliction. After mass we returned to the convent, not by the subterranean corridor, but by a wide and commodious staircase, which ended at the cross of the church, behind the wall of separation of which I have spoken. This staircase formerly belonged equally to the two Greek and Latin communions: at present, the Greeks alone enjoy it, and the fathers of Bethlehem were vehement in their complaints to us of this usurpation. They wished to impose on us the task of giving effect to their remonstrances in Europe; and we could with difficulty convince them, that, although French, we possessed no authority to compel a restitution of their rights.

The two lateral naves, which gave the form of a cross to the ancient church, are now turned into chapels, the one belonging to the Armenians, and the other to the Latins. In the centre is the chief altar, placed immediately above the grotto; the choir is separated from it by a grating and a wall of gilded wainscoting, which conceals the sanctuary of the Greeks.

The Greek church, in the East, is much richer than the Roman; with the latter, all is lowly and meek—with the former, pomp and show. The rivalry which arises from their respective positions, produces an extremely painful impression: it is grievous to behold wrangling and discord, in places which should inspire only charity and love.

The foundation of the church is attributed to Saint Helena, as well as of most of the other Christian edifices in Palestine. But it is objected, that having visited Syria at an advanced time of life, she could not have got so many structures completed; yet it is not a question of time or space, as it is quite evident that her creative will and pious zeal may have ruled the commencement of monuments which were terminated after her death.

On our return to the convent, an excellent repast was offered us in the refectory by the superior, whom we quitted with regret, wishing to avail ourselves of

the hours that remained to visit the surrounding localities. On descending towards the plain, we were shown a grotto, where tradition alleges that the Holy Virgin was concealed before her departure for Egypt. On some heights which command Bethlehem, we perceived the remains of towers which mark different encampments of the crusaders, and which still bear the names of those heroes. We passed them on the left, and descended by rugged and disagreeable roads.

After an hour's march, we came to a small narrow and enclosed valley, watered by a limpid rivulet. It is the garden of Solomon, sung in the Song of Songs. In truth, it is the only spot amidst the rocky summits which encompass it where any culture could flourish, and this valley must in all times have been a delightful garden, tilled with the greatest care, and presenting, with its lovely and humid verdure, the most striking contrast to the stony dryness of all around it. It is perhaps half a league long. We pursued the course of the meandering stream, shaded by willows, at times skirting its grassy banks, at others bathing the feet of our horses in its transparent waters upon the polished pebbles of its bed, and occasionally crossing from one bank to the other by a plank of cedar. We at length reached the foot of the rocks, which form the natural barrier of the valley. A peasant offered to serve as guide in conducting us up the ascent, but insisted upon the necessity of our dismounting, and giving our horses to his assistants, who, by taking a long round, would bring them to us at the top.

We turned to the right, and continued a painful ascent for near an hour. When arrived at the summit, we found the most beautiful remains of antiquity that we had yet seen; three immense cisterns, hollowed in the live rock, and following the slope of the mountain, one above the other, as on terraces. The walls are as clean, and the edges as sharp, as if they had been just finished. Their banks, covered with flags like a quay, echoed under the horses' feet. These beautiful basins, filled with transparent water on the top of an arid mountain, astonish the mind, and give a high idea of the power which conceived and executed so vast a project; they are likewise attributed to Solomon. Whilst I was engaged in contemplating them, my companions measured them, and found each about 400 feet long and 165 wide; the first is the longest, the last the widest, having at least 200 feet at the mouth, and enlarging to the top. Above the highest of these gigantic cisterns, a small spring, concealed under some tufts of grass, is the signal fountain of the Bible, and is the sole feeder of the reservoirs which anciently poured into aqueducts, conveying the water to the temple at Jerusalem; the remains of these aqueducts occurred frequently on our route. At a short distance, old battlemented walls, probably of the crusading era, surrounded an enclosure, where tradition supposes that Solomon had a palace for his women. There scarcely remain any vestiges of it, and the place, covered with dung and filth, is now used as a yard to which the shepherds and the cattle retire in the night when staying on the mountains, in the pasturage season, as on the Alps in Switzerland. We returned to Jerusalem by an ancient road, wide and paved, called the Way of Solomon, which is shorter and more direct than the one we had taken in the morning; it does not pass by Bethlehem. The night was well advanced when we entered beneath the arched gate of the pilgrims.

On the 25th April, after having visited for the last time the holy tomb, we requested the ecclesiastic who accompanied us to lead us round the exterior of the church, to give us a right conception of the inequalities of the ground, which might explain the union of the sepulchre and of Calvary in the same monument. This circuit is difficult, because the church is encompassed with buildings which obstruct the communication; but by going through some courtyards and houses, we succeeded in satisfying ourselves upon the points which interested us. We afterwards mounted on horseback to go round the walls of the town, and visit the tombs

* [This was a noble Roman lady who founded several monasteries about Bethlehem, which are now in ruins. She was the mother of Eustachius. Saint Jerome, as is well known, translated the version of the Bible adopted by the Church of Rome, and called the Vulgate. The study in which he translated it is likewise shown in this passage, as also the spot where Joseph waited until the Virgin Mary was delivered of her son.]

of the kings. To the north of Jerusalem, going out by the Damascus gate, about half a league off, we found an excavation in the rock forming a court nearly twenty feet deep, closed on three sides by walls of rock cut with the chisel, offering the appearance as if caged with their sculptures out of the stone itself, representing doorways, pilasters, and friezes, of beautiful workmanship. We may presume that the gradual accumulation of soil has choked up several feet of this excavation, for the opening which exists on the left to enter into the sanctuary is so low, that we could only get through it by crawling. We succeeded in introducing ourselves with extreme difficulty, and in getting the torches lighted. Clouds of bats, aroused by our invasion, assailed us, and fought, as it were, to defend their territory; and if retreat had been easy, I believe we should have recoiled before them. By degrees the hubbub ceased, and we were enabled to examine these sepulchral chambers. They are excavated, and cut in the live rock. The angles are as acute, and the walls as glossy, as if the workmen had polished them in the quarry. We visited five of them, communicating with each other by openings, in which were fixed, without doubt, blocks of stone, hewn in the form of doors, which were lying on the ground, giving rise to the conclusion that each chamber had been closed and sealed, when the niches, hollowed in the sides to receive the sarcophagi or cinerary urns, were filled. Who were, or who were intended to be, the inhabitants of abodes prepared at such prodigious cost? It is a question still involved in doubt; their origin has been a subject of lively contest. The interior, which is simple, and of great size, may belong to the remotest antiquity; but there is nothing to assign a particular date. The exterior sculpture, of excellent workmanship and of a very pure taste, seems to be of the distant epoch of the kings of Judea; but since I have seen Balbek, my ideas have been much modified as to the perfection to which the arts had arrived before ascertained eras.

We continued our excursion through some olive fields, and descending again to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we ascended to the south by the walls of Sion. The tomb of David, the holy site of the Last Supper, and the Armenian church, in which is the stone rolled to the door of the holy sepulchre, determined us to re-enter by the gate *Bab-el-Daoud*; but when we wished to visit the subterranean vault, in which tradition places the bones of the royal prophet, the Turks objected, and stated that access was absolutely forbidden. They imagine that immense riches were buried in this royal cave, and that strangers are acquainted with the secret, and come to find and carry them off.

The place of the Last Supper is a large arched room, supported by columns, and blackened by time; if the ancient appearance of a building be considered any proof, it has all the marks of remote antiquity. Situated on Mount Sion, beyond the walls of the city at that time, it is quite possible that the disciples may have retired there after the resurrection, and were there assembled at the time of Pentecost, as the popular traditions assert. Yet the sack of Jerusalem by Titus left scarcely any thing standing but the towers and a part of the walls; but, on the other hand, the sites remained sufficiently well known, and the early Christians must have attached great importance to perpetuating their remembrance, by successive constructions on the identical spots, and often with the fragments of the old monuments. But details upon Jerusalem could be nothing but repetitions, and I quit with regret a subject to which my memory will unceasingly revert. I will say but one word, quite apart from religious impressions, on the aspect of the village of tombs (Siloa), which, like a beautiful picture, is still present to my mind. The population of savage Arabs, dwelling in the sepulchral caves and grottoes, would offer to a painter a scene of the most original nature. Let him figure to himself the deep valley of Siloa, with caverns presenting their openings like the mouths of ovens, scattered one above the other on the side of the rock, and living beings, men, women, and children, issuing out of these sepulchral caves like phantoms from

the house of the dead. I ask myself, were whether this subject has been treated, but it appears to me to offer to the pencil all the charms of contrast and harmony.

On the 26th April we cast our last look upon Jerusalem, and resumed in sadness the route to Jaffa. On entering the valley of Jeremiah, the sounds of a savage music attracted our attention, and we perceived, in the distance, a whole tribe of Arabs defiling on the side of the hill. I sent the dragoman forward, and he returned to tell us that the crowd was assembled for the interment of a chief, and that we might advance without fear. He informed us afterwards that this chief had suddenly died the day before whilst hunting, from having inhaled a venomous plant; but the character of the Arabs of Naplous, whose costume these people wore, induced us to believe that he had fallen a victim to the hatred of some rival chief. Notwithstanding their warlike habits and imposing manners, the credulity of this simple race resembles that of children; the recital of any thing marvellous delights them, and never raises the least doubt in their minds. One of our Arab friends, a man of good information and judgment, has frequently assured us, with every mark of internal conviction, that a scheik on Lebanon possessed the secret of the magic words which had been employed in primitive times to move the gigantic blocks of Balbek, but that he was too good a Christian ever to make use of them, or to divulge them. We pressed our horses forward, and joined the funeral procession. In the middle was the bier, borne on a litter, hid under rich draperies, and surmounted with the turban of the Osmanlis; Arab women, naked to the waist, their long black hair streaming over their shoulders, their breasts bruised, and their arms extended in the air, went before the body, uttering cries, singing doleful ditties, wringing their hands, and tearing their hair; musicians, striking a sort of large drum and tambourins, accompanied the voices with a continued and monotonous roll. At the head of the procession marched the brother of the defunct; his horse, covered with beautiful angora skins, and adorned with red and gold buttons, swinging on the head and chest, was capering to the sounds of the discordant music. Priests, in rich habiliments, were waiting for the cavalcade before the door of a tomb, surmounted with a dome, supported by an open colonnade; immediately opposite them was a ruined church, whose terraced roof was covered with women in long white veils, resembling the priestesses at ancient sacrifices, or the lamenters at the monuments of Memphis. When the brother of the chief approached the tomb, he got off horseback and threw himself into the arms of the principal priest, with the most lively demonstrations of grief; the latter exhorted him to submit himself to the will of God, and to show himself worthy of succeeding his brother in the command of the tribe. In the meantime the cavalcade arrived, deposited the body, arranged itself round the little temple, and the songs were shouted with more vehemence than ever. These mournful performances, this funeral pomp, these hymns of despair uttered in a strange tongue, with strange rites, seemed to us a living memento of those lamentations with which Jeremiah had filled this identical valley, and which still echo through the biblical world."

DEPARTURE FROM JAFFA.

We embark in a high sea, whose enormous waves come like hills of foam against the reef of rocks; we wait a moment under lee of these rocks until the wave has passed, and then pull with all our force into the open sea; but the waves return, and lift us like a cork upon their crests; we fall again as into an abyss, and see neither the ship nor the shore; we are again tossed up, and again tumble downwards, the spray pouring on us like a downfall of rain. We at length arrive at the ship's side, but its heavings were so great that we dare not approach for fear of being struck by the yards dipping in the waves; we wait for an interval of hollow, a rope is fastened, and we reach the deck. The wind is

contrary; we remain, drifting on our anchors, exposed every instant to shipwreck, if the prodigious motion of the billows succeeds in breaking them. We pass the hours in physical and mental anguish amid this frightful rolling. During the evening and the night the wind whistles, like the shrill pipings of an organ, amongst the masts and rigging; the vessel bounds like a bull striking the earth with his horns; the bowsprit plunges into the sea, and seems about to be altogether engulfed each time that the waves lift up the stern; we hear the cries of Arab sailors from some other vessels, which have brought poor pilgrims to Jerusalem. These small craft, some of them loaded with 200 or 300 souls, are striving to beat up against the wind to avoid the coast; they pass close by us; the women utter shrieks, and stretch out their hands to us; huge billows intervene, and carry them to a distance. Many of these vessels succeed in getting off the coast, two are cast on the rocks in the roadstead on the Gaza side; our anchors snap, and we are driven towards the reef in the inner harbour, but the captain throws out another anchor. The wind moderates, and becomes more favourable for us; we sail towards the Gulf of Damietta in a grey hazy atmosphere; all sight of land is lost. During the day we make good way; the sea continues calm, but the portents of a storm attract the attention of the captain and mate. It bursts at sunset; the wind increases with every hour, the waves become more and more mountainous; the ship creaks and labours, the ropes whistle, and vibrate in the gusts like fibres of metal; their shrill and plaintive echoes resemble the lamentations of the Greek women at the funerals of their dead. The sails are reefed, the vessel rolls from one abyss to another, and, as it heaves on its side, the masts seem to fall into the sea like uprooted trees, and the cleaved wave spouts up and washes the deck. Every one, excepting the crew and myself, has gone below; we hear the moanings of the sufferers from sickness, and the rolling of the trunks and furniture clashing against the sides of the cabin. The brig itself, in spite of its strong joists, and the enormous beams which cross from one side of the hull to the other, cracks as if about to part. The blows of the sea upon the stern resound like the reports of cannon; at two in the morning the tempest increases in fury; I tie myself with a rope to the mainmast, to prevent myself being lifted from my feet and washed overboard, when the deck lurches over almost perpendicularly. Wrapped up in my mantle, I survey the sublime spectacle; I descend, from time to time, down the gangway to reassure my wife, stretched in her hammock. The mate, in the midst of this frightful hurricane, quits the deck occasionally to visit the different cabins, and carry succour to the inmates as their occasions require—a man of iron nerve for danger, and of womanish heart for pity. The whole night is passed in this turmoil.

The rising of the sun, which casts a mere pale glimmering through the mingled waves and clouds, far from lessening the force of the wind, gives it additional impetus. As far as the eye can carry, we see mountains of foaming water advancing one behind the other. Whilst they are passing, the brig is knocked about in every direction; beaten down by one, lifted up by another; hurled this way by one wave, stopped by another which throws it in a contrary direction, it is tossed first on one side, then on the other; the prow dips in front, as if diving head-foremost into a gulf, whilst the wave, which strikes upon the poop, sweeps it from one end to the other. From time to time it is lifted up; the sea, knocked down by the blast, seems to have waves no longer, and to be but a field of whirling foam, or plains between enormous hills, which give the masts a momentary rest; but in a few moments we return to the region of billows, and are rolled afresh from precipice to precipice.

Amid these horrible alternations the day passes away. The captain calls me to a consultation: the coasts of Egypt are low, and we may be cast upon them without seeing them; the coasts of Syria are without safe an-

chorage or harbours; we must submit either to put the sails aback, and heave-to in the midst of this sea, or go before the wind, which blows towards Cyprus. There we should have a roadstead and an asylum, but we are more than eighty leagues from it. However, I give my voice for Cyprus, and the helm is instantly turned; the wind drives us nine knots an hour, but the sea does not fall. A few spoonfuls of cold broth refresh my wife and my companions, who are still extended in their hammocks. I myself eat a morsel of biscuit, and smoke a pipe with the captain and mate, always keeping my original position on deck, near the binnacle, and my hands passed through the ropes to sustain myself against the strokes of the sea. Then comes night, still more terrible; the clouds weigh upon the sea, the whole horizon is torn with lightning, and all is on fire around us. The thunderbolt seems to stream from the crests of the waves confounded with the clouds. Thrice it falls close upon us; once, at a moment when the brig is thrown upon her side by a colossal wave, the yards dip, the masts striking the water, and the spray, which spouts from the concussion, springing like a mantle of fire torn in shreds, which the wind disperses in coils of flame. The whole crew utters an involuntary shout; we seem in the crater of a volcano; the tempestuous effect is the most admirable that I witnessed during this long night. For nine hours the thunder roared without intermission around us; every minute we think the masts are on fire, about to fall upon us, and wrap the vessel in a conflagration.

In the morning the sky is less loaded, but the sea resembles boiling lava; the wind, which is somewhat abated, and no longer sustains the vessel, renders the pitching more tremendous. We must be thirty leagues from the isle of Cyprus. At eleven o'clock, we get a glimpse of land, which grows every hour more distinct; it is Limasol, one of the ports of the island. We put on a press of canvass, to get, as soon as possible, under lee of the shore; as we approach, the sea becomes less boisterous; we sail along the coast at two leagues' offing, and make for the roads of Larnaca, where we already perceive the masts of a great number of ships which have sought shelter like ourselves; the wind again gets up, and drives us there in a few minutes, with such force, that we are afraid of snapping the cable in casting anchor. At last the anchor falls, trails a few fathoms, and holds. The swell is still heavy, but its waves rock us without peril. I see once more the flag-posts of the European consuls in Cyprus, and the terrace of the French consulate, whence our friend M. Bottu gives us signals of recognition. The whole party remains on board; my wife could not encounter, without agonising recollections, that amiable and happy family, in which she had, herself then so happy, received hospitality fifteen months before.

I go ashore with the captain. I receive from M. and Madame Bottu, and Messieurs Perthier and Guillois, two young Frenchmen attached to the consulate, the touching exhibition of good-will and friendship which I expected from them. I visit M. Mathei, a Greek banker, to whom I am recommended; we send provisions of all sorts to the brig; M. Mathei adds a present of Cyprian wine and Syrian sheep. Whilst I take a walk round the environs of the town with M. Bottu, the lulled hurricane recomences; all communication with the ships in the roadstead is cut off; the waves dash over the quays, and throw their froth to the very windows of the houses. I pass a mournful evening and night on the terrace, or at the window of my room in the French consulate, observing the brig which contains my wife tossing in the billows, fearful every instant that she may part from her anchors, and be cast on the reefs, with all that remains to me of happiness in the world.

At length, by the following evening, the sea is calm; we reach the brig, and pass three hours in the roads, waiting for a fair wind, and in conversation with M. Mathei and M. Bottu. This young and amiable consul was, of all the French agents in the East, he who welcomed his countrymen with the greatest cordiality, and

did greatest honour to his nation. I bear a weight of gratitude and a true friendly regard in the remembrance of his two receptions. He was happy, surrounded by a wife dear to his heart, and by children who constituted his whole happiness. I learnt that death had struck him a few days after our interview; his employment was the only fortune of his family, and this fortune he devoted to his consular duties. His poor widow and lovely children are now at the mercy of France, to which he did so much credit in all his appointments. May France think of them when she remembers him!

April 30.—Set sail; variable breezes; three days taken up in doubling the western point of the island, tacking in with the land. Mount Olympus, and Paphos, and Amathonte, in sight; the appearance of the coasts and mountains of Cyprus, is perfectly ravishing from this side. This island would form the finest colony of Asia Minor; it has only 30,000 inhabitants, whilst it might support and enrich millions. Every where cultivated and fruitful, well wooded and watered, with roadsteads and natural harbours on all its coasts: situated between Syria, Caramania, the Archipelago, Egypt, and the coasts of Europe, it might be the garden of the world.

May 3.—In the morning perceived the first peaks of Caramania; Mount Taurus in the distance, its crests indented and covered with snow, like the Alps seen from Lyons; the wind soft and changeable; the nights refulgent with stars. Entered during the night into the Gulf of Satalie; the appearance of this gulf resembles an inward sea; the wind is hushed; the vessel sleeps as on a lake. On whatever side the look is turned, it falls on the mountainous enclosure of the gulf; ranges of mountains, of all forms and heights, stretch one behind the other, occasionally leaving between their unequal peaks high valleys, where the silvery light of the moon floats; white vapours cling upon their flanks, and their crests are wreathed in a pale purple mist. Behind, the angular summits of Taurus rise with his fangs of snow; low and wooded capes project at intervals into the sea; and little islets, like vessels at anchor, lie detached, here and there, from the shores. A profound silence reigns, both on sea and land; we hear only the noise of the dolphins as they leap, from time to time, from the bosom of the water, and frisk like lambskins on the green sward. The unbroken waves, veined with gold and silver tints, appear grooved like Ionian columns stretched on the ground; the brig experiences not the gentlest oscillation. At midnight a land-breeze springs up, which drives us slowly from the gulf, and bears us along the coasts of Asia Minor, as far as the height of Castelrozzo; we enter all the gulfs, and almost touch the land. The ruins of this region, which formed several kingdoms—Pontus, Cappadocia, and Bithynia—now empty and deserted, stand out upon the promontories; the valleys and the plains are covered with forests, where the Turcomans come and pitch their tents during winter; in summer, all is solitary, except some points of the coast, such as Tarsous, Satalie, Castelrozzo, and Marmorizza, in the Gulf of Maeri.

May.—The current, which sets in along the coast of Caramania, drives us towards the extremity of that country and the mouth of the Gulf of Maeri. During the night we tack out to sea, to get near the Isle of Rhodes; the captain, fearing the proximity of the Asian coast, in the west wind which is getting up, pushes out to the open sea: we awaken almost in sight of Rhodes. We meet not far from us our consort, the *Aleoste*; the calm prevents us nearing her, during the whole day; in the evening, the wind freshens, and carries us to the Gulf of Marmorizza; at midnight, the land-breeze returns, and at daylight we enter the harbour of Rhodes.

We pass three days in rambling over the environs of Rhodes; there are delightful spots on the flanks of the mountain, looking towards the Archipelago. After walking two hours along the beach, I enter into a valley shaded with beautiful trees, and watered by a small rivulet. Following the banks of the stream, fringed with

laurel-roses, I arrive at a small table-land, which forms the last gradation of the valley. There is here a cottage inhabited by an impoverished Greek family, and almost entirely covered with the branches of figs and oranges. In the garden are the ruins of a small temple, dedicated to the nymphs, a grotto, and some scattered columns and capitals, half concealed by ivy and shrubs, upon a green bank 200 or 300 feet wide, with a spring, and two or three sycamores. One of these trees alone over-shadows the whole bank: it is the sacred tree of the island; the Turks respect it; and the unfortunate Greek peasant, having one day cut off a branch, underwent the bastinado, by orders of the pacha. It is false that the Turks injure nature or works of art; they let every thing alone; and their only mode of ruining is by never improving. Above the bank and the sycamores, the hills, which rise perpendicularly, are covered with clumps of firs, and riddled with small torrents, which work ravines in their sides; and finally the high mountains of the island command and over-shadow the hills, the green bank, and the spring.

From the margin of the fountain where I am lying, I can see, through the branches of the firs and sycamores, the sea of the Archipelago of Asia, which resembles a lake studded with islands, and also the deep gulfs which lie embedded between the lofty and sombre mountains of Maeri, all crowned with snowy battlements. I hear nothing but the bubbling of the spring, the rustling of the leaves, the flight of a nightingale, alarmed by my presence, and the plaintive singing of the Greek peasant's wife, who is rocking her child on the roof of the cottage. How delightful I should have found this spot six months ago!

In a path on the high mountains of Rhodes, I encounter a Cyprian chief, dressed in the European fashion, but wearing the Greek bonnet, and a long white beard. I recognise him; his name is Theseus; he is nephew of the patriarch of Cyprus, and had distinguished himself in the war of independence. Having returned to Cyprus after the pacification of the Morea, his reputation, spirit, and activity, attached the Greek population of Cyprus to him. At the time of the rising, which had just taken place in the island, the peasants in the mountains ranged themselves under his orders; he employed his influence to pacify them; and after having, in concert with M. Bottu, the French consul, obtained the redress of some grievances, he dispersed his troop, and took refuge in the French consulate, to escape the vengeance of the Turks. A Greek vessel has cast him on the coast of Rhodes, where he is not safe; I offer him a berth in one of my brigs, which he accepts with alacrity: I will transport him to Constantinople, Greece, or Europe, according to his desire. He is a man who has continually sported his life and fortune with fate; a man of wonderful spirit and audacity, speaking all languages, knowing all countries, possessing an inexhaustible fund of interesting topics, and equally prompt in action as in thought; one of those men whose impulse is from nature, and who soar, like birds in a tempest, with the tumult of revolutions, and subside with them. Nature casts few minds in this mould. Men of such a stamp are generally unfortunate; they are feared and persecuted; they would be admirable instruments if properly employed.

I send a boat to Marmorizza, with a young Greek, who will wait there for my horses, and give orders to my sails to join me at Constantinople. We determine upon going there by sea, visiting the islands on the Asiatic coast, and the shores of the continent.

Set sail at midnight with a light breeze. Doubled Cape Krio on the evening of the first day; a delightful and calm navigation among the islands of Piscopia, Nisyra, and the enchanting Cos, the country of *Æsculapius*. After Rhodes, Cos appears to me the most smiling and graceful island in the Archipelago. Charming villages, shaded with beautiful plane-trees, line its shores, and the town is picturesque, and contains elegant structures. We got bewildered with our two brigs in a labyrinth of small uninhabited islands, covered to the water's edge with meadows of high grass, and beautiful rivulets

running through them ; in almost all of them are small bays, in which ships may anchor in safety. What charming abodes for men who complain of wanting room in Europe ! They possess the climate and fertility of Rhodes and Cos ; an immense continent is at a few leagues' distance. We make endless tacks between the mainland and these islands ; we see the sun glittering on the great ruins of the Greek and Roman towns of Asia Minor. The following day we awake in the Straits of Samos, between that island and Icaria ; the high mountain, which almost forms of itself the island of Samos, is above our heads, covered with rocks and fir-woods ; we perceive women and children in the midst of these rocks. The population of Samos, at this moment in arms against the Turks, has sent the women for refuge upon the mountain, whilst the men are in the town and on the coasts, ready for action. Samos is like a mountain of Lake Lucerne, illumined by the sky of Asia ; it almost touches the mainland at its base ; a narrow channel is all we can see separating them. The wind carries us into the Gulf of Scala Nova, not far from the ruins of Ephesus ; in the morning we enter the channel of Scio, and anchor in the road of Tchesmé, celebrated for the destruction of the Ottoman fleet by Orlof. The delightful island of Scio stretches like a verdant hill on the other side of a large stream ; its whitened houses, towns, and villages, grouped on the umbrageous slopes of its heights, gleam amid oranges and vine-leaves, all bespeaking recent prosperity, and a numerous population. The Turkish sway, even with its servitude, had not been able to extinguish the active, industrious, commercial, and cultivating genius of the Greek inhabitants of these beautiful islands. I know nothing in Europe which presents an appearance of greater abundance than Scio—it is a garden sixty leagues in circuit.

We pass a day strolling amidst the ruins and mineral waters of Tchesmé.

The sea is still, and we set sail for Smyrna ; a day is occupied in gliding gently along the coast of Scio with a variable breeze ; the woods come down even to the sea ; the gulfs have all their fortified towns, and their harbours filled with small craft ; the least bay has its village ; an innumerable crowd of tiny sails flutter along the shores, bearing Greek mothers and daughters to the churches. On all the acclivities, in all the hill gorges, we see a church or village glittering ; we double the point of the island, and fall in with a wind which assists us into the Gulf of Smyrna. Up to the fall of night, we enjoy the prospect of the beautiful forests and large villages which line the western shore of the gulf. In the night we are becalmed not far from the isles of Vourla, where we see the fires of the French fleet glimmering, which has been lying at anchor there for the last six months. In the morning we descry Smyrna at the bottom of the gulf, resting against an immense hill of cypresses ; high embattled walls crown the upper part of the town, and finely-wooded fields stretch on the left as far as the mountains. There flows the river Melius ; recollections of Homer hover on all the shores of Smyrna ; I search with my eyes for that tree on the banks of the then unknown river, where the poor slave deposited her offspring between the reeds—that infant destined to cover, with his own eternal renown, the name of the river, the continent, and the islands. That poet, whom Heaven gave to earth, serves as an image to us of both sacred and profane antiquity ; he was abandoned at his birth on the edge of a river, as the Moses of poetry ; he lived in misery and blindness like those incarnate deities of India, who traversed the world in the habits of mendicants, and were not recognised for gods until their pilgrimage was over. Modern erudition affects to discover a type, and not a man, in Homer ; it is one of those thousand learned paradoxes with which men strive to combat the evidence of internal instinct. To me, Homer is one single individual, a man who has throughout an identical tone of thought, the same emotions of the heart, and similar figures of speech ; the admission of a race of Homers is more difficult to me than the admission of a race of giants. Nature does not create her prodigies in a series ; she

made Homer, and defies all ages to produce so perfect a concentration of reason, philosophy, sensibility, and genius.

I landed at Smyrna, and went round the town and surrounding country, with M. Salzani, a banker and merchant at Smyrna, a man equally charitable, amiable, and well informed. I intruded upon his goodness for three days, returning every night to sleep on board the brig. Smyrna is not what we expect to see an oriental city ; it is Marseilles on the coast of Asia Minor. The European consuls and merchants lead in their large and elegant counting-houses a Parisian or London life. The view of the gulf and city, from the height clothed with cypresses, is quite charming ; and on descending from the mountain, we discover on the banks of the river, which I love to take for the Melius, a delightful spot not far from one of the gates of the town, where there is a bridge for the caravans. The river is a limpid stream gliding under the calm canopy of sycamores and cypresses ; we seat ourselves on its banks, and Turks bring us pipes and coffee. If these waters heard the first screams of Homer, I delight in hearing them softly murmur amongst the roots of the trees ; I lift them to my lips, and I bathe with them my heated brow. May there a man arise in the western world, capable of composing the epopee of his history, his aspirations, his divine genius ! Such a poem will be as the sepulchre of past ages, where the future may come to venerate extinct traditions, and eternise by its adoration the great acts and thoughts of humanity ; he who performs it engraves his name on the pedestal of the statue which he erects to human nature, and he lives in all the images, with the ideas of which he has filled the world.

This evening I paid a visit to an old man, who lives alone, with two Greek servants, in a small house on the quay of Smyrna ; the staircase, vestibule, and rooms, are full of fragments of sculpture, of plans in relief of Athens, and pieces of marble and porphyry. It is M. Fauvel, our old consul in Greece. Driven from Athens, which had become his country, and whose dust he had all his life been collecting, with filial love, to rear its statue for the world, he now lives in poverty and obscurity at Smyrna ; he has carried his gods with him, and renders them his homage at all hours. M. de Chateaubriand saw him in his youth, happy amid the admirable ruins of the Parthenon ; I saw him in old age and exile, crushed by the ingratitude of men, but firm and gay in his misfortunes, and full of that natural philosophy which enables men to sustain adversity who have their resources in the heart. I passed an hour in delightful forgetfulness, listening to his agreeable chit-chat.

I met at Smyrna a young man of talent whom I had known in Italy, M. Deschamps, editor of the Smyrna Journal. The lingering remains of Saint-Simonism had been flung by the tempest to Smyrna, reduced to the last extremity, but supporting their reverses with the resignation and firmness of strong conviction. I received on board two remarkable letters from them. We ought not to judge of new ideas by the contempt they inspire at the time ; all great conceptions are received as aliens in the world ; Saint-Simonism has something true, great, and fruitful in it—the application of Christianity to political society, the code of human fraternity. In this point of view I am a Saint-Simonian ; it is not the doctrine that was wrong in this eclipsed but not extinguished sect ; nor was there a want of disciples, but what was needed, in my opinion, was a chief, a master, a regulator. I have no doubt if a man of genius and virtue, a man combining religion and policy with just and extended views, had been placed at the head of this new-born idea, he would have turned it into a potent reality. Times of confusion in ideas are favourable seasons for the growth of vigorous and novel thoughts ; society, in the eyes of the philosopher, is in the disorder of a retreat, without direction, aim, or leader ; it is reduced to the instinct of self-preservation. A religious, moral, social, and political sect, possessing a symbol, a rallying word, a defined purpose, a leader, and a spirit, and marching

in compact array straight onwards through these disordered ranks, would inevitably prevail. But it must conduce to the safety and not the ruin of society; attack in it only what is injurious and not what is beneficial; bring back religion to reason and love, and harmonise the science of government, Christian brotherhood, and the system of property, with universal charity and utility, its only titles and foundations. A legislator was wanting to these men, ardent in zeal, and hungering for an object of faith, but to whom the absurdest doctrines were thrown. The organisers of Saint-Simonism took for their first motto, "War to the knife between us and the systems of family, property, and religion!" They deserved to perish. The world is not to be conquered by the strength of a phrase; it may be converted, moved, worked, and changed; as long as an idea is not practical, it is unfit to be presented to the social community; mankind proceed from the known to the unknown, but never from the known to the ridiculous. It will be taken as the underwork for great revolutions; we see signs on earth and in the heavens; the Saint-Simonians have been one of those signs; they will be dissolved as a body, and will become, at a later date, the generals and soldiers of the new army.*

May 15.—Leave the Gulf of Smyrna with crowded sails; reach the height of Vourla; in making a tack at the mouth of the gulf, the brig strikes a sand-bank, through the bad seamanship of the Greek pilot; the vessel receives a jerk, which tumbles down the mast, and we remain aground three leagues from land; the rising waves break upon the ship's sides, and we all come upon deck. It is a moment of calm and solemn anxiety, that in which so many beings await the uncertain result of the manœuvres which are put in force; a perfect silence reigns; there is no mark of terror; man is great in great crises! After some minutes spent in useless efforts, the wind seconds our exertions, and backs the keel; the brig is disengaged, and no leak is discovered; we launch into the open sea, the isle of Mitylene on our right.

A beautiful day; we draw near the channel which divides the island from the continent; but the wind slackens, the clouds collect on the sea, and at the fall of day the wind bursts from these clouds with lightning. Then comes a furious tempest, with total darkness; the two brigs hang out signals of recognition, and make for the road of Foglieri, the ancient Phocæa, between the rocks which form the northern point of the Gulf of Smyrna. In two hours the force of the wind propels us ten leagues along the coast; every moment the thunder falls and growls on the waves; the sky, the sea, and the echoing rocks of the coast, are illuminated by flashes of lightning, which supply the want of day, and show us our course from time to time. The two brigs almost touch, and we tremble lest they strike together. At last a manœuvre, a bold one at

night-time, sets us in the narrow mouth of the road of Phocæa; we hear on both sides of us the roar of the waves breaking on the rocks; a wrong turn of the rudder would cast us on them in tatters; we are all on the deck mute, and breathlessly expecting our fate to be determined; we cannot see our own masts, the night is so dark. In a moment we feel the brig gliding in smooth water; a few lights are glittering around us on the edges of the basin where we had most fortunately entered, and we cast out our anchor, without knowing in what soundings. The wind roared all night in our masts and yards as if it would carry them away; but the sea was motionless.

We are in the delightful basin of the ancient Phocæa, half a league in circuit, hollowed out like a circular esplanade among the graceful hills covered with small houses painted red, cottages under olive-trees, gardens, creeping vines, and, above all, groves of magnificent cypresses, at the foot of which were sparkling the white tombs of the Turkish cemeteries. We go ashore, and visit the ruins of the city which gave birth to Marseilles. We are received with welcome and politeness in two Turkish houses, and pass the day in their orange gardens. The sea grows calm on the third day, and we leave at midnight the natural harbour of Phocæa.

May 17.—We have followed the channel of Mitylene, on which stood Lesbos, the whole day. A poetical reminiscence of the only woman of antiquity whose voice has had power to penetrate ages. A few verses of Sappho remain, but they are sufficient to establish her as a genius of the first order, as a fragment of the arm, or the trunk of a figure by Phidias, reveals to us the entire statue. The heart which has inspired the stanzas of Sappho must have been a very abyss of passion and imagery. The Isle of Lesbos is still more beautiful in my eyes than that of Scio. The groups of high and verdant mountains, strewn with firs, are more elevated and more picturesquely clustered. The sea creeps more profoundly into its wide internal gulf; the crests of its hills, which hang over the sea, and look upon Asia so nearly, are more deserted and inaccessible. Instead of those numerous villages, scattered in the gardens of Scio, we see but rarely the smoke from a Greek cottage, curling among the tops of the chestnuts and cypresses, and an occasional shepherd, on the point of a rock, guarding flocks of white goats. In the evening we double the northern extremity of Mitylene with a continually fair wind, and we perceive on the horizon before us, in the roseate mist of the sea, two dark spots, Lemnos and Tenedos.

It is midnight; the sea is unruffled as a mirror; the brig glides like a motionless shadow on its resplendent surface. Tenedos rises from the waves on our left, and intercepts the expanse of the waters; on our right, and quite near to us, the low and undulating shore of the plain of Troy stretches like a black reef. The full moon, which rises on the summit of Mount Ida, spotted with snow, sheds a serene and dubious light on the peaks of the mountain, on the hills, and on the plain; and then falls upon the sea, making it glitter to the hull of our vessel, like a refugent way, where shadows may not cast themselves. We distinguish the *tumuli*, or small conical hills, which tradition assigns as the tombs of Patroclus and Hector. The large red moon, grazing the undulations of the mountains, resembles the bloody buckler of Achilles. There are no lights visible on the whole coast, except a distant fire, kindled by the shepherds, on a hill-side of Ida; no noise but the flapping of the sail in the absence of wind, which the shaking of the masts causes to resound, from time to time, against the mainyard; all seems dead as the past in this sad and silent scene. Leaning on the shrouds of the vessel, I see these mountains, ruins, and tombs, spring, like shades evoked from an extinguished world, from out the bosom of the sea, with its vaporous wreaths and indecisive outlines, amid the reposing and tranquil rays of the star of night, and vanish as it sinks behind the tops of other mountains. It is another beautiful page of the Homeric poem—it is the ending of every history and every poem—unrecognised tombs,

* [Saint-Simonism originated in the fanatical reveries of the late Claude Henri Count de Saint Simon (born 1760), a poor French nobleman, who seems to have entertained views of the social condition of mankind akin to those which have occasionally been propagated in England. He attempted to set on foot what he called the New Christianity, or the principle of a perfect and holy peace throughout the social organisation. Doctrinally, the principle was simply that of practical Christianity, and so far unobjectionable; but it was unfortunately associated with peculiar political dogmas, and also the project of a new and general distribution of property. Society was to be formed only of priests, savans or learned men, and labourers, and the government was to be composed of the chiefs of these classes. Intellectual capacity was to be the only ground of claim for a share of the common property, and all property, at the death of the owner, was to revert to the common stock. Children were to be educated to a certain point, and then each was to become a priest, a savan, or a labourer, according to the talents he seemed to possess, and to receive a share of property accordingly. Such were some of the visionary tenets of the Saint-Simonians, who for years afflicted France with their wild schemes of regeneration. They latterly quarrelled among themselves, and, as might have been expected, have dwindled into insignificance and contempt.]

ruins of no certain appellation, a naked and gloomy land, lighted confusedly by the immortal stars—and new spectators pass in indifference before these shores, and repeat, for the millionth time, the epitaph of all things earthly: Here lies an empire, a town, a people, or a hero! God alone is great!—and the thought which seeks and adores him, is alone imperishable.

I feel no desire to visit more nearly, and by daylight, the doubtful relics of the ruins of Troy. I like better this nocturnal aspect, which permits the thought to repeople these deserts, illumined only by the pale torch of the moon and the poetry of Homer. Besides, what signify to me Troy, and its gods and heroes? This book of the heroic world is closed for ever.

The land-breeze begins to rise; we take advantage of it to draw nearer to the Dardanelles. Already several large ships, seeking, like ourselves, this difficult strait, approach us; their wide greyish sails float gently and in silence between our brig and Tenedos. I go below, and compose myself to sleep.

May 18.—I awake at break. I hear the quick tracking of the vessel, and the rippling of the waves, sounding like the songs of birds, around the sides of the brig; I open the shutter and see the castles of the Dardanelles, with their white walls, their towers, and their wide openings for cannon, on a chain of low and rounded hills. The channel is scarcely a league broad in this place, and it winds like a beautiful river between the coasts of Asia and Europe, which are perfectly similar in appearance. The castles shut up this sea like the two folds of a door, but in the present state of Europe and Turkey it is easy to force a passage by sea, or to make a debarkation, and take the forts in the rear; the passage of the Dardanelles is impregnable only when guarded by the Russians.

The rapidity of the current drives us like an arrow past Gallipoli, and the villages which line the channel; we see the isles of the Sea of Marmora frowning in front of us. We skirt the European coast for two days and nights, retarded by northerly winds. In the morning we perceive the Isles of the Princes at the bottom of the Sea of Marmora, in the Gulf of Nicæum, and on our left the Castle of the Seven Towers, and the aerial peaks of the innumerable minarets of Constantinople, which stretch over the seven hills of the city. Every tack nearer we discover some new object. At this first appearance of Constantinople, I experienced a painful emotion of surprise and disappointment. "What!" said I to myself, "are those the seas, the shores, the marvellous town, for which the masters of the world abandoned Rome and the coasts of Naples? Is that the capital of the world, seated on Europe and on Asia, for which all conquering nations have fought by turns, as the symbol of supremacy in the earth? Is that the town which painters and poets imagine as the queen of cities, hovering upon its hills and double sea, girt by its gulfs, its towers, its mountains, and enclosing all the treasures of nature and of Eastern luxury? Is this what they compare to the Gulf of Naples, hollowed into a vast amphitheatre, and bearing in its bosom a city glittering with whiteness?—with Vesuvius losing its gilded crest in clouds of smoke and purple—the forests of Castellamare, dipping their sable foliage into the blue sea, and the Isles of Procida and Ischia, with their volcanic summits and their flanks, yellowed with leafy vines, and whitened with villas, closing the immense bay, like gigantic moles thrown out by God himself at the mouth of that harbour?"

I see nothing to compare with that spectacle, which will ever be impressed on my vision. I sail, it is true, on a lovely and delightful sea, but the shores are flat, or rise in monotonous and rounded hills; the snows of the Thracian Olympus, which blanch the horizon, are but a white cloud in the sky, and are not near enough to impart solemnity to the landscape. At the bottom of the gulf, I see only the same hills rounded at the same level, without rocks, bays, or slopes, and Constantinople, which the pilot points to with his finger, is but a white and circumscribed town, on an extensive eminence on the European coast. Was it worth the trouble to come

so far to be thus disenchanted? I would look no longer. But the endless tacks of the vessel brought us sensibly nearer; we grazed the castle of Seven Towers, an immense block of the harsh style of the middle ages, which flanks towards the sea the angle of the Greek walls of the ancient Byzantium, and we let go our anchor under the houses of Stamboul, in the Sea of Marmora, in the midst of a fleet of ships and boats, kept, like ourselves, out of the harbour by the violence of the north wind.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, the sky was serene, and the sun brilliant; I began to lose my contempt for Constantinople. The outer walls of this part of the city, picturesquely built from the remains of ancient walls, and surmounted by gardens, kiosks, and small houses of red-painted wood, formed the first feature in the picture; above, house-terraces without number rose in pyramids like landings on a staircase, interspersed with the branches of orange-trees and with the sharp and sable points of cypresses; yet higher, seven or eight great mosques crowned the hill, and, flanked by their open-sculptured minarets and Moorish colonnades, reared into the air their gilded domes, reddened by the refraction of the sun; the walls of these mosques, painted a delicate blue, and the leaden coverings of the cupolas, which rose around their circuit, gave to them the appearance and transparent gloss of monuments of porcelain. Cypresses, centuries old, accompanied these domes with their motionless and gloomy tops, and the variously-tinted paintings of the houses of the city, made the vast hill glitter with all the colours of a garden of flowers. No noise issued from the streets, no grating of the innumerable windows was opened, no movement bespoke the dwelling-place of so great a multitude of people; all appeared sunk in sleep under the burning heat of the sun; the gulf alone, ploughed on all sides by sails of all forms and proportions, gave signs of life. We saw every instant, turning out of the golden horn (the opening of the Bosphorus), from the real harbour of Constantinople, vessels in full sail, which passed alongside of us, sailing towards the Dardanelles; but we could not perceive the mouth of the Bosphorus, nor even recognise its position. We dined on deck, in front of this magic spectacle. Turkish caïques (little boats) came to ask us questions, and sell us provisions; the boatmen told us that there were scarcely any remains of the plague. I sent my letters to the city, and at seven o'clock, M. Truqui, Sardinian consul-general, accompanied by the officers of his legation, came to pay us a visit, and offer us hospitality in his house at Pera. There was no possibility of procuring a lodging in the town, which had suffered from a recent conflagration. The obliging cordiality of M. Truqui, and the favourable impression which he made upon us at first sight, induced us to accept his invitation. The wind still continuing foul, the brigs could not weigh anchor this evening, and we slept on board.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

May 20.—At five in the morning I am on deck; the captain has a boat lowered, I get into it with him, and we proceed towards the entrance of the Bosphorus, skirting the walls of Constantinople, which are washed by the sea. After half an hour's sail through a multitude of ships at anchor, we reach the walls of the Seraglio, which form a continuation with those of the city, and compose, at the extremity of the hill on which Constantinople stands, the angle separating the Sea of Marmora from the channel of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, or great inner port of Constantinople. It is here that God and man, nature and art, have placed or created in concert the most wonderful view which the human eye can contemplate on earth; I uttered an exclamation of involuntary admiration, and forgot for ever the Gulf of Naples and all its enchantments: comparing any thing to this magnificent and superb prospect, taken, as a whole, is to outrage the creation!

The walls which sustain the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the grand Seraglio, were a few

paces from us on the left, separated from the sea by a narrow pavement of stone slabs which the waves unceasingly lash, and on which the perpetual current of the Bosphorus forms murmuring ripples, blue as the waters of the Rhone at Geneva; these terraces, which rise by insensible slopes to the palace of the Sultan, the gilded domes of which we see through the gigantic stems of the planes and cypresses, are themselves planted with cypresses and enormous planes, whose trunks soar above the walls, and their branches overleaping the gardens, hang over the sea in leafy canopies, and shade the caïques beneath them, as the rowers linger at intervals below the umbrageous shelter. These groups of trees are divided at certain distances by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, sculptured and gilded gates, opening on the sea, or batteries of brass and bronzed cannon, of fantastic and antique shapes. The grated windows of these marine palaces, which form part of the Seraglio, look upon the waves, and we can distinguish through the blinds the chandeliers and decorations of the ceilings. At every step, elegant Moorish fountains encrusted in the walls of the Seraglio, fall from the garden terraces, and murmur in marble basins for passengers to drink from; a few Turkish soldiers are lying near the fountains, and dogs without owners are wandering along the quay, whilst some are crouched in the cañons of enormous calibre.

The farther the boat crept along the walls, the prospect before us expanded, the Asiatic coast drew nearer; and the mouth of the Bosphorus began to be traced by the eye, between hills of darkened verdure on the one side, and on the other seeming painted with all the hues of the rainbow. Here we stopped again to admire. The smiling coast of Asia, distant from us about a mile, stood out on our right all broken by broad and lofty hills, whose summits were sable forests with tapering tops, their flanks, fields encircled by rows of trees and sprinkled with houses painted red, and the sides between them, perpendicular ravines carpeted with verdant plants and sycamores with branches dipping into the water. At a greater distance, these hills rose still higher, then sank again into green slopes, and formed a wide projecting tongue, on which was placed a seemingly large town; it was Scutari, with its huge white barracks, like a royal palace, its mosques surrounded with their glittering minarets, its quays and bays, lined with houses, bazaars, and caïques, lying under the shade of vine-arbours or plane-trees, and the sombre and deep forest of cypresses which crowns the town, through whose branches shone, as if with a mournful lustre, the countless white monuments of the Turkish burial-grounds. Beyond the point of Scutari, which is terminated by a small islet bearing a Turkish chapel, which is called *The Tomb of the young Maiden*, the Bosphorus, like a river between high banks, opened and seemed to shrink between the sombre mountains, whose projecting and retiring angles, ravines, and forests, answered each other on the two margins; and at the foot of which we descried, as far as the eye could reach, an uninterrupted succession of villages, flotillas at anchor or under sail, little harbours, overshadowed by trees, isolated houses, and large palaces with their gardens of roses down to the sea.

A few strokes of the oars brought us in front and to the point of the Golden Horn, whence we enjoyed, at the same time, the view of the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and finally of the harbour, or rather the internal sea, of Constantinople. There we forgot Marmora, the Asiatic coast, and the Bosphorus, to contemplate with concentrated gaze the basin of the Golden Horn, and the seven cities suspended on the seven hills of Constantinople, all converging towards the arm of the sea, round which stands the unique and incomparable city, at once town, country, sea, harbour, gardens, wooded mountains, deep valleys, a throng of houses, a swarm of vessels and streets, tranquil lakes, and enchanting solitudes—a view such as no pencil could pourtray but by details, a prospect, where every stroke of the oar brought to the eye and the mind a new appearance, an imposing and diversified impression.

We pulled towards the heights of Galata and Pera; the seraglio was left behind, and grew larger as we removed, when the eye could embrace more completely the vast outlines of its walls, and the aggregation of its banks, its trees, its kiosks, and its palaces. It would of itself form a large town. The banks of the harbour grew higher as we advanced; the water winded like a canal between the flanks of bending mountains, and expanded when we got farther within it. This harbour bears no resemblance to a port; it is rather a wide river, like the Thames, girded on the two sides by hills crowded with houses, and covered, on both its shores, with an interminable tier of vessels, grouped at anchor along the houses. We passed through this countless multitude of vessels, some at anchor, others, already under sail, turning towards the Bosphorus, the Black Sea, or the Sea of Marmora. These vessels were of all builds, of all sizes, and of all flags, from the Arab bark, whose prow springs and rises like the beak of ancient galleys, up to the three-decker, with its sparkling coppered hull. Flocks of Turkish caïques, managed by one or two rowers with silk sleeves—small boats, which serve as carriages in the marine streets of this amphibious town—were winding amongst these huge masses, crossing and knocking against each other, without upsetting, and elbowing each other, like a crowd in public places; and swarms of albatrosses, similar to beautiful white pigeons, arose from the sea at their approach to settle themselves farther off, and cradle in the wave. I will not attempt to give any computation of the ships, barques, brigs, schooners, and boats, which lie or sail in the waters of Constantinople, from the mouth of the Bosphorus and the angle of the Seraglio, to the suburb of Eyoub and the delightful valleys of its Sweet Waters. The Thames at London is not to be compared with it. Let it suffice to say, that independently of the Turkish fleet, and the European ships of war, at anchor in the middle of the channel, the two shores of the Golden Horn are covered with vessels, two or three deep, for about a league. We could only get occasional glimpses through these lengthened files of bowsprits turned towards the sea, and all vision was lost at the bottom of the gulf, which grew narrower as it struck into the land, in the thick forest of masts.

We landed at the foot of the quarter of Pera, not far from a handsome barrack for engineers, the covered terraces of which were loaded with cannons and their frames. A beautiful Moorish fountain, constructed in the form of an Indian pagoda, with its marble chiselled and painted in glaring colours, cut like bone-lace on a silk bottom, poured its waters in the middle of a small open square. This square was encumbered with bales, merchandise, horses, dogs without owners, and Turks squatted and smoking in the shade. The boatmen of the caïques were seated in great numbers on the brim of the quay, waiting for their masters, or soliciting passengers; they are a fine race of men, and their costume adds to their appearance. They wear white drawers, with folds as wide as those of a petticoat; a sash of crimson silk binds them round the waist; they have on their heads a small Greek bonnet of red wool, topped with a long silken string, hanging behind the head; the neck and breast naked; a large shirt of raw silk, with wide hanging sleeves, covers the shoulders and the arms. Their caïques are narrow canoes, from twenty to thirty feet long, and two or three broad, made of walnut-wood, varnished and glossy as mahogany. The prow of these boats is as sharp as the iron of a lance, and cuts the sea like a knife. The narrow form of these caïques renders them dangerous and uncomfortable for Franks who are not accustomed to them: they upset at the least way that an unskilful foot imparts to them. It is better to sit down at the bottom of the boat, like the Turks, and take care that the weight of the body is equally distributed between the two sides. They are of different sizes, capable of containing from one to four or eight passengers, but all are of the same build. They may be counted by thousands in the harbours of Constantinople; and independently of those which are, like hackney-coaches, for

the use of the public at all hours, each individual of good circumstances in the town has one of his own, the rowers of which are his domestics. Every man who has to go about the town on business is obliged to cross the sea several times in the day.

On leaving the square, we entered the dirty and populous streets of the Pera bazaar. In almost every respect, except costume, they present the same aspect as the neighbourhood of our town-markets;—wooden stalls, where pies or meat are cooked for the populace; shops for barbers, tobaccoists, vegetable and fruit sellers; a thick and eager crowd in the streets; all the costumes, and all the tongues, of the East assailing the eye and ear; and, beyond all, the barking of numberless dogs, which fill the squares and the bazaars, and fight amongst themselves for the refuse that is thrown to the doors. From there we entered a long, deserted, and narrow street, which mounts, by a steep acclivity, to the hill of Pera; the grated windows allow not a single peep into the interior of the Turkish houses, which have an appearance of poverty and desertion; at intervals, the green top of a cypress shoots from an enclosure of grey and ruinous walls, and rises immovably into the transparent atmosphere. White and blue pigeons are scattered on the windows and roofs of the houses, and fill the silent streets with their melancholy cooing. At the top of these streets extends the beautiful quarter of Pera, inhabited by the Europeans, ambassadors, and consuls. It is a quarter perfectly resembling a poor small town in the French provinces. There were some handsome palaces of the ambassadors, built on the sloping terraces of Galata; but we can see nothing now but columns stretched on the ground, sides of blackened walls and destroyed gardens; the flames of the fire have devoured all. Pera has neither character, originality, nor beauty; we cannot perceive from its streets, the sea, or the hills, or the gardens of Constantinople; we must mount to the top of the roofs to enjoy the magnificent prospect with which nature and art have environed it.

M. Truqui received us as his children. His house is large, elegant, and delightfully situated; he placed it entirely at our disposal. The richest furniture, the exquisite fare of Europe, the most affectionate solitudes of friendship, the most soothing and amiable society, are substituted for the carpet or mat of the desert, the pilau of the Arab, the roughness and uproar of a maritime life. I was scarcely installed in his house when I received a letter from Admiral Roussin, French ambassador at Constantinople, who had the kindness to offer us hospitality at Therapia. These touching marks of interest and good-will, received from countrymen with whom we are unacquainted, a thousand miles from home, and amidst isolation and misfortune, leave a profound impression on the memory of travellers.

May 21, 22, and 23.—Passed in the unloading of the two brigs, in repose, and in receiving visits from the principal merchants of Pera; in the enjoyment of M. Truqui's intimate friendship, and in the society of himself and his friends; in excursions through Constantinople, and taking a general view of the city; and, finally, in paying a visit to the ambassador at Therapia.

May 23.—When we suddenly quit the ever-varying and stormy scene of the sea, the dark and restless cabin of a brig, the fatiguing roll of the waves; when we feel our footing sure on a friendly soil, surrounded by men, books, and all the comforts of life; when we have before us fields and woods to ramble through, and the whole existence of a land life to resume after a long disuse, we experience an instinctive and physical sense of enjoyment, which never cloy; any land whatsoever, even the most wild and far away, is like a native country that we have found again. I have experienced this twenty times on disembarking, even for a few hours, on an unknown and desert coast; a rock that shelters from the blast; a tree that gives shade with its stem or its branches; a ray of the sun, which heats the sand on which we are seated; the lizards which crawl between the stones; the insects which buzz around; the bird approaching in distrust, and uttering a shriek

of alarm;—all this, so indifferent to a man dwelling on the land, is an entire world to the wearied navigator who has just been lowered down the side of a ship. But the ship is there swinging in the gulf on the rough swell, to which we must shortly again resort. The sailors are on the yards, engaged in drying or stitching the rented mainsail; the boat which goes, without ceasing, to and fro, between the ship and the shore, scales the waves, and disappears in their foaming hollows; it brings provisions to land, or carries fresh water from the watering place to the vessel; the cabin-boys wash their coloured shirts, and hang them on the mastic-trees on the beach; the captain observes the sky, and awaits the turn of the breeze to recall the passengers by a cannon-shot to their life of misery, darkness, and motion. Although in a hurry to arrive at our destination, we put up secret vows that the opposite wind may not come too quickly, so that another day may be granted us through necessity to enjoy that inward delight which attaches man to the land. We make friends with the coast, and the small ridge of grass or shrubs which stretches between the sea and the rocks; with the sprig hidden under the roots of some old holly-oak; with the weeds and small wild flowers, which the wind is incessantly shaking into the clefts of the ledge, and which we shall never again behold. When the shot of summons issues from the vessel; when the signal flag is hoisted on the mast, and the jolly-boat is dispatched to bring us on board, we could almost weep on leaving this nameless corner of the world, where we have but stretched our cramped limbs for a few hours. I have often felt this innate love of man for any relief whatsoever, even on a solitary, unknown, and savage shore.

But here I experience two opposing sensations, the one sweet, the other painful. First, this pleasure which I have just described, of having a firm hold of the land, a bed which no longer gives way and falls to the ground, a floor which no longer throws one unceasingly from wall to wall, room to walk freely about, large windows to open or shut at pleasure without fear of being broken in upon by the lashing waves; the rapture of hearing the wind rustling in the curtains without making the house lurch, the sails bellow, the masts creak, or the sailors run on the deck with a deafening clatter. Furthermore, agreeable intercourse with Europe, travellers, merchants, journals, books, all that puts man in communion of idea and life with man—that participation in the general movement of things and thought, from which we have been so long severed; and beyond all, the warm, attentive, and comfortable hospitality, I will say more, the friendship, of our excellent host, M. Truqui, who seems as happy to bestow on us his attentions, anticipating civilities, and all the comforts that he can procure for us, as we ourselves are happy to accept them. Excellent man! A man rarely to be found, whose like I have not a second time encountered in my long travelling career! His memory will be ever sweet to me, so often as I shall recall to my mind these times of pilgrimage, and my thoughts will pursue him to the coasts of Asia, or of Africa, where fortune condemns him to conclude his days.

But when we have enjoyed, almost unconsciously, these first ecstasies of a return to land, we are tempted to regret the uncertainty and perpetual agitation of the seafaring life. At least, the thought has not leisure there to fold back upon itself, and to fathom the abysses of woe which death has hollowed in our hearts! Sorrow certainly is inseparably there, but it is every instant interrupted by some reflection which prevents its weight being so overwhelming; the noise and briskness which are around us; the ever-changing appearance of the deck of the vessel and of the sea; the waves which swell or subside; the wind which changes, freshens, or dies away; the sails which require to be trimmed twenty times a-day; the sight of the manoeuvres, in which we ourselves are often called upon in rough weather to lend a hand; the thousand accidents of a tempestuous day or night; the pitching, sails carried away, broken furniture rolling in the cabins; the dull irregular strokes

of the sea against the vibrating planks of the berths, where we are striving to sleep; the hurried steps of the men on watch running from one side to another above our heads; the fluttered chirping of the chickens, which the waves are drowning in their coops bound to the foot of the mast; the crowing of the cocks, as they descry the dawn at the end of a night of gloom and storm; the hissing of the cord, when the log is heaved to try the rate of going; the unexpected, unrecognised, fantastic appearance of some savage or graceful coast which was not thought of the evening before, and which we sail along at the rising of the sun, surveying the height of its mountains, or pointing out with our fingers its towns and villages, gleaming like heaps of snow amid plantations of firs;—all this interests more or less the mind, gives a little relief to the heart, dissipates grief and blunts agony, whilst the voyage continues; but the whole falls again upon the mind with all its weight, as soon as we have touched the shore, and sleep in a tranquil bed has restored a man to the intensity of his impressions. The heart, which is no longer beguiled by outward objects, finds itself once more face to face with its bruised sentiments, its despairing thoughts, its annihilated future! We know not how we shall support the former life, the monotonous, empty life, of towns and society. It is this which I find so acutely now, as to desire an eternal sailing, a voyage without end, with all its chances and distractions, even the most difficult to be endured. Alas! it is what I read in the eyes of my wife, even more than in my own heart. The suffering of a man is nothing to that of a woman, of a mother; a woman lives and dies upon a single thought, a single sentiment; to a woman life consists in possessing a cherished object, death in losing it! Man lives on all, good or bad; God does not kill him at a single stroke.

May 24.—I have surrounded myself with the newspapers and pamphlets recently arrived from Europe, which the civility of the French and Austrian ambassadors sends me in profusion. After having read the whole day, I am confirmed in the ideas which I had borne with me from Europe. I see that affairs altogether progress according to the political foresight, which historical and philosophical analogy enables one to exercise as to the course of events in this our age. The commotion of France is subsiding; Europe, uneasy but timid, looks on with jealousy and hatred, but dares not interfere; it feels by instinct, a prophetic instinct, that it might possibly destroy the existing equilibrium by stirring. I never thought there would be war in consequence of the revolution of July; France must have been abandoned to the counsels of madmen to initiate attack; and France not aggressing, Europe could scarcely have thrown itself with any gaiety of heart into a revolutionary furnace, where it might be scorched whilst attempting to quench. The government of July has merited well of France and Europe from this solitary fact, of having restrained the impatient and blind ardour of the warlike spirit in France, after the three days. Europe and France would have equally suffered. We had no armies, no public spirit, for there is nothing without unanimity; a foreign war would have instantly excited civil war in the south and west of France, persecution and spoliation would have followed on every side. No government could have maintained itself at Paris, under the revolutionary throes of the centre of the kingdom. Whilst the shreds of armies, formed by a spontaneous patriotism without guide or check, were being swept away on the eastern frontiers, the south, as far as Lyons, would have mounted the white cockade, the west, as far as the Loire, would have been organised once more into Vendean guerillas; the manufacturing populations of Lyons, Rouen, and Paris, exasperated by the misery into which an interruption of their labour must have plunged them, would have induced an explosion in the middle, and poured in undisciplined masses on Paris and the frontiers, choosing from themselves their chiefs of a day, and imposing their caprices as the plans of campaign. Property, commerce, industry, credit, all had perished at the same time; it would have needed violence to have made loans, or collected taxes.

Money concealed, and credit extinguished, despair had urged to resistance, and resistance to spoliation, to murder, and sacrifices to the populace; once entered upon the shout for blood, there had no longer been any issue but anarchy, a dictatorship, or dismemberment. But all this again would have been rendered more complicated by the sudden and spontaneous movement in various parts of Europe; Spain, Italy, Poland, the banks of the Rhine, Belgium, all had taken fire together, or one after the other; the whole of Europe would have been dragged into a fluctuation of insurrections and forcible suppressions, which at every instant must have changed the face of affairs. We should have entered, ill prepared, into another thirty years' war. The genius of civilisation has willed it otherwise. All has occurred as it ought to have done. There will be no fighting until after preparation for the combat, until after the nations have reconnoitred, calculated, passed in review, and ranged themselves in order of battle; the conflict will be regular, and will have a certain and foreseen result; it will not be a skirmish in the dark.

One judges these things better at a distance, because minor details do not impede the observation, and objects present themselves in important masses. It was on this account that the prophets and utterers of oracles lived in solitude, and far removed from the world; they were sages, investigating affairs in their general relations, without having their minds disturbed by the petty passions of the moment. A politician must often withdraw himself from the scene on which the drama of his era is played, if he would judge correctly and anticipate the result. To prophesy is impossible, for knowledge of futurity belongs only to God; but to foresee is possible, for sagacity is one of man's possessions.

I often ask myself where this great movement in minds and affairs, which, taking its rise in France, stirs up the world, and drags all things by force or inclination into its vortex, will end. I am not one of those who see in this excitement the mere excitement itself, that is to say, the tumult and disorder of ideas, or who believe the moral and political world to be in those final convulsions which precede death and decomposition. It is evidently a duplex movement, embracing both decomposition and organisation; the creative spirit is at work as fast as the destructive spirit overthrows; one opinion replaces another, one form is substituted for another; wherever past institutions crumble, future ones, all prepared, rise up behind the ruins; the transition is difficult and rude, as is every change where the passions and interests of men are in strife during the progress, where the social orders and different nations advance with unequal steps, where some will obstinately retrograde whilst the mass push onwards. Confusion, tumult, ruin, obscurity, prevail at intervals, but the winds scatter the cloud of dust which conceals the route and the termination, and those who are on the heights distinguish the march of the columns, descry the land of the future, and perceive the sun, scarcely risen, lighting up vast horizons. I hear unceasingly repeated around me, and even here—"Men have no longer any creeds,* all is abandoned to individual reason; there is no longer a common faith in any thing, whether in religion, government, or the social state. Creeds, a common faith—they are a mere broken spring, the whole machine is disarranged; there is only one mode of saving the nations, that of restoring them their creeds." To restore systems, to resuscitate popular dogmas extinct in the consciences of populations, to re-establish what time has overthrown, is pure nonsense; it is to strive against nature and the tendency of things; it is to march in a path opposed to Providence, and the events which are the marks of his steps: we can only arrive at a conclusion by following in the way where God leads events and ideas; the course of time never goes back; we may guide ourselves and guide the world in its powerful current, but we can neither stem it nor make it recede.

* [The word "creeds" is here to be understood as embracing social and political, as well as religious, systems.]

But is it then true that there is no longer either light in the human intellect, or common creed in the minds of nations, or inward and significant faith in the conscience of the human race? It is a belief repeated without being duly weighed; it has no meaning. If the world had no common idea, faith, or creed, it would not be so much in agitation; from nothing comes nothing, mind rears the monument. There is on the contrary a powerful conviction, a fanatical faith, a confused but undefined hope, an ardent love, a common symbol, although not yet digested, which urges, presses, moves, attracts, condenses, and draws to one focus, all the intellectual powers, all the consciences, and all the moral vigour, of this epoch; these revolutions, concussions, falls of empires, repeated and gigantic movements in all the estates of old Europe; these echoings in America and Asia; this irreflective and resistless impulse, which imparts, in spite of individual inclinations, so much agitation and concentration to collective energies—all this is not an effect without a cause; it has a meaning, a profound and concealed meaning, but one palpable to the eye of the philosopher. It is precisely what you complain of having lost, what you deny in the existing world; it is a common idea, a conviction, a social law; it is a truth which, having involuntarily penetrated into all minds, and, even unknown to themselves, into the minds of the masses, labours to work itself out in events with the force of a divine truth, that is to say, an invincible force. On this occasion it is general ratiocination; words are its organ, the press is its apostle; it spreads itself over the world with the infallibility and intenseness of a new religion; it strives to reproduce in its own image religion, civilisation, society, and legislation, left imperfect or altered in the errors and ignorance of the dark ages they have passed through; it wishes to repose in religion—an only and perfect God for its dogma, eternal morality for its symbol, worship and charity for its rite; in political affairs—humanity above nationality; in legislation—the equality of man, the brotherhood of man, society as a fraternal exchange of reciprocal services and duties, regulated and guaranteed by law—legislation based on Christianity!

It labours for this, and it effects it. Say no more that there are no systems, that there is no common faith in the men of these days! Since the era of Christianity, never was so great a work accomplished in the world with means so weak! A cross and a press—such are the two instruments of the greatest civilising movements in the world.

May 25.—This evening I seated myself alone under the cypresses of the bank of the Dead, in a splendid moonlight, which was beating on the Sea of Marmora, and even on the violet outlines of Mount Olympus' eternal snows. These cypresses, which overshadow the numberless tombs of the Mussulmans, descending from the heights of Pera to the edge of the sea, are interspersed with pathways more or less steep, which mount from the harbour of Constantinople to the mosque of the turning dervishes. No one was passing at this hour, and I might have believed myself a hundred leagues from a large city, if the thousand noises of evening, borne along by the wind, did not come and die away under the rustling branches of the cypress-trees. All these noises, softened already by the lateness of the hour, the song of sailors from the ships, the strokes of the oars from caïques passing in the waters, the sounds of the savage instruments of the Bulgarians, the drums of the barracks and arsenals, the voices of women singing their children to sleep at the grated windows, the prolonged murmurs of the populous streets and bazaars of Galata; from time to time the cry of the muetlilms from the top of the minarets, or a cannon shot, a signal for return, coming from the fleet anchored at the mouth of the Bosphorus, reverberated by the mosques and hills, and falling into the basin of the Golden Horn, where it found an echo under the motionless willows on the calm waters; all these noises were confounded at moments into a single dull and indistinct buzzing, and formed, as it were, a harmonious music,

in which the human noises, the suppressed respiration of a large city asleep, were mingled, without being distinguishable, with the noises of nature, the distant beating of the waves, and the gusts of wind, which bent the tapering tops of the cypresses. This is one of those impressions the most infinite and oppressive that a poetical mind can encounter. All is commingled together, man and God, nature and society, mental agitation, and the melancholy repose of the thought. We know not whether we still take part in this great movement of animated beings, immersed in joy or suffering, amid this tumult of voices which arises, or in the nocturnal calm of the elements which are also murmuring, and which exalt the mind above cities and empires in sympathy with nature and God.

The Seraglio, a vast peninsula, blackened by its plane-trees and cypresses, projected like a cape of forests between the two seas. The moon was gleaming on its numerous kiosks, and the old walls of the palace of Amurath sprang up like a rock from the dark green of the planes. I had beneath my eyes and in my thought the whole scene where so many unfortunate or glorious dramas had been performed in the course of ages. All these dramas appeared before me with their actors, and their tracks of blood or glory.

I saw a horde issue from Caucasus, propelled by that instinct of peregrination which God implanted in conquering tribes, as he has given it to the bees, which leave the trunk of a tree to throw out fresh swarms. The great patriarchal figure of Othman, in the midst of his tents and his flocks, spreading his people in Asia Minor, advancing by degrees to Broussa, expiring in the arms of his sons, then his lieutenants, and saying to Orchan—

"I die without regret, since I leave a successor such as thou art; go and propagate the divine law, the idea of God, which has come to us from Mecca to the Caucasus—he charitable and merciful as it; it is by such means that princes draw down on their nation the blessing of God! Leave not my body in this land, which is but a route for us, but lay my mortal remains in Constantinople, in the spot which I point out in dying."

A few years later, Orchan, son of Othman, was encamped at Scutari, on those small hills which the wood of cypress now darkens. The Greek Emperor, Cantacuzene, coerced by necessity, gave him the beautiful Theodara, his daughter, as the fifth wife of his seraglio. The young princess crossed, amidst the playing of musical instruments, that arm of the sea where I now saw the Russian fleet riding, and went, like a victim to a useless immolation, to prolong for a few days the duration of the empire. Shortly, the sons of Orchan approach the shore, followed by a few valiant soldiers; in the night they construct three rafts, supported by bladders, and pass the strait under favour of the darkness. The Greek sentinels are asleep. A young peasant, going to his labour at break of day, meets the straying Ottomans, and points out to them the mouth of a subterranean passage which leads to the interior of the castle, and the Turks gain a footing and a fortress in Europe.

Four reigns later, Mahomet II. answered the Greek ambassadors—"I am forming no enterprise against you; the empire of Constantinople is bounded by its walls." But Constantinople thus limited, prevents the sultan sleeping; he sends to arouse his vizier, and says to him, "I demand Constantinople from thee; I can find no sleep on this pillow; God will deliver to me the Romans." In his brutal impatience, he darts his lance into the waves, which threaten to overwhelm his encampment. "Go!" said he to his soldiers, the last day of the assault, "I reserve for myself the town alone; the gold and the women are yours. The government of my largest province to him who shall first mount the ramparts." The whole night, the land and the water were illumined by innumerable fires, which supplied the place of day, until that day dawned which was to deliver to the Ottomans their prey.

During that time, under the sombre cupola of Saint Sophia, the brave and unfortunate Constantine came,

on his last night, to pray to the God of empires, and to receive the sacrament with tears in his eyes; at sunrise he went forth on horseback, amidst the shrieks and groans of his family, to meet death like a hero in the breach. It was the 29th May, 1453.

A few hours afterwards the axe broke open the gates of Saint Sophia; old men, women, young girls, monks, and nuns, crowded that vast cathedral, whose courts, chapels, galleries, vaults, immense pulpits, domes, and platforms, could contain the population of a whole town. A last shriek arose to heaven as the yell of Christianity; in a few minutes 60,000 old men, women, and children, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, were bound in couples, the men with cords, the women with their veils or sashes. These coupled slaves were thrown into ships, carried to the Ottoman camp, insulted, exchanged, sold, or bartered, like beasts of burden. Never were similar lamentations heard on the two banks of Europe and Asia; wives were separated for ever from their husbands, and children from their mothers, for the Turks drove this living booty, by different routes, from Constantinople into the interior of Asia. Constantinople was sacked for eight hours; then Mahomet II. entered by the Holy Roman gate, surrounded by his viziers, his pachas, and his guard. He descended at the outer gate of Saint Sophia, and struck, with his yatagan, a soldier who was breaking the altars. He wished nothing to be destroyed. He transformed the church into a mosque, and a muezzim mounted for the first time upon that same tower, whence I heard him at this very hour chanting to summon the Mussulmans to prayer, and to glorify, in another form, the God who had been adored there the previous evening. From there, Mahomet resorted to the deserted palace of the Greek emperors, and recited on entering it these Persian verses:—

"The spider weaves his web in the palace of the emperors, and the owl screeches at midnight on the towers of Erasiab!"

The body of Constantine was found that very day under heaps of slain. The janissaries had heard a Greek, magnificently clad, and struggling in agony, exclaim, "Is there no Christian to be found who will rid me of life?" They had chopped off his head. Two eagles, embroidered in gold on his buskins, and the tears of some faithful Greeks, left no doubt that this unknown soldier was the brave and unfortunate Constantine. His head was exposed, in order that the vanquished might entertain no doubt as to his death, or hope of seeing him reappear; he was then buried with the honours due to the throne, heroism, and death.

Mahomet did not abuse his victory. The religious toleration of the Turks was exhibited in his first acts. He granted to the Christians their churches, and the liberty of public worship. He maintained the Greek patriarch in his functions. He himself, seated on his throne, delivered the crosier and pastoral staff to the monk Gennadius, and gave him a richly caparisoned horse. The fugitive Greeks saved themselves in Italy, and carried there the taste for polemical disputes, for philosophy and letters. The torch, extinguished at Constantinople, cast its sparks over the Mediterranean, and was rekindled at Florence and Rome. During the thirty years of a reign which was one continued conquest, Mahomet II. added to his empire 200 towns and 12 kingdoms. He died in the midst of his triumphs, and received the name of Mahomet the Great. His memory still hovers over the last years of the nation which he established in Europe, and which will shortly bear his tomb into Asia. This prince had the complexion of a Tartar, an agreeable face, sunken eyes, a deep and piercing look. He had all the virtues and all the vices which policy at different times required.

Bajazet II., the Louis XI. of the Ottomans, threw his sons into the sea, and himself, driven from the throne by Selim, fled with his women and treasures, and died of poison administered by his son. This Selim, as an answer to the vizier who asked him where he should fix his tents, caused him to be strangled. The successor of the vizier put the same question, and met the

same fate; a third pitched the tents, without any interrogation, towards the four points of the universe; and when Selim asked where his camp was, "Every where," answered the vizier; "thy soldiers will follow thee in whatever direction thou turnest thy arms." "It is thus I should be served," replied the terrible sultan. It was he who conquered Egypt, and who, seated on a magnificent throne raised on the banks of the Nile, caused to be led before him the entire tribe of the oppressors of that beautiful country, and had 20,000 Mamelukes massacred before his eyes. Their bodies were thrown into the river. All this was done without personal cruelty, but through that sentiment of fatalism which led him to believe in an especial mission; and feeling himself the instrument to accomplish the will of God, he regarded the world as his conquest, and men as the dust of his feet. That same hand, dyed with the blood of so many thousands of men, wrote verses full of resignation, mildness, and philosophy. A piece of white marble still subsists, on which he engraved these sentences:—

"All comes from God; he gives at his pleasure, or refuses us what we ask of him. If any one on earth could accomplish any thing of himself, he would be equal to God." We read lower down—"Selim, the servant of the poor, has composed and written these verses." Conquering Persia, he died with a command to his vizier to make pious restitutions to the Persian families whom the war had ruined. His tomb is placed by the side of Mahomet II., with this proud epitaph—"On this day, Sultan Selim passed to an eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the world to Soleyman."

I saw from here, glittering amongst the domes of the other mosques, the resplendant cupola of the mosque of Soleyman, one of the most magnificent in Constantinople. He had lost his eldest son, Mahomet, whom he had by the celebrated Roxalana. This mosque recalls a touching evidence of the grief of this prince. To honour the memory of his son, he freed a multitude of slaves of both sexes, wishing thus to associate the sympathies of others with his own sorrow.

In a short time, alas! the neighbourhood of this same mosque was the scene of a terrible drama. Soleyman, excited against a son by another wife, Mustapha, sent for the muphti, and asked him, "What punishment does Zaïr deserve, the slave of a merchant in this city, to whom were confided by the merchant, during a journey, his wife, his children, and his treasures? Zaïr has deranged the affairs of his master, has attempted to seduce his wife, and has laid snares against the children; what punishment does Zaïr merit?"

"The slave Zaïr deserves death," writes the muphti; "God is great!"

Soleyman, provided with this answer, orders Mustapha to his camp. He arrives, accompanied by Zeangir, a son of Roxalana, but who, far from partaking the hatred of his mother, bore the tenderest friendship for his brother Mustapha. When before the tent of Soleyman, Mustapha is disarmed. He advances alone into the first enclosure, where a complete solitude and mournful silence reign. Four mutes spring upon him, and attempt to strangle him; he throws them down, and is about to escape, and call to his succour the army which adores him, when Soleyman himself, who had observed the struggle between the mutes and his son, lifts up a corner of the curtain of his tent, and casts on them a look sparkling with fury. At his appearance the mutes get up, and succeed in strangling the young prince. His body is exposed on a carpet before the tent of the sultan. Zeangir expires from despair on the body of his brother, and the army contemplates, with a terrified eye, the implacable vengeance of a woman, to whom love has subjected the unfortunate Soleyman. Mustapha had a son ten years old; an order for his death is got by surprise from the sultan by Roxalana. A secret envoy is charged to deceive the vigilance of the mother of this boy. A pretext is feigned to draw her to a country house a short distance from Broussa. The young prince was on horseback preceding his mother's litter. The litter is broken, and the young prince proceeds in

advance, followed by the eunuch charged with the secret order for his death. When scarcely entered into the house, the eunuch, stopping him on the threshold, presents to him the bowstring—"The sultan wills that you die this hour," says he to him. "That order is as sacred in my eyes as that of God himself," replies the boy, and stretches out his head to the executioner. The mother arrives, and finds the palpitating body of her son on the threshold of the door. The insane passion of Soleyman for Roxalana filled the seraglio with more crimes than the palace of Argos had witnessed.

The Seven Towers recall to me the death of the first sultan immolated by the janissaries. Othman, dragged by them into this castle, fell two days afterwards under the dagger of Daoud, the vizier. The latter was himself shortly after conducted to the Seven Towers. They tore off his turban, made him drink at the same fountain at which the wretched Othman had slaked his thirst, and strangled him in the same chamber in which he had killed his master. The *ada** of the janissaries, one of whose soldiers had laid hands on Othman, was broken; and even until the abolition of that corps, when an officer called the 65th *ada*, another officer answered, "May the voice of that *ada* perish! may the voice of that *ada* be annihilated for ever!"

The janissaries, repenting of the murder of Othman, deposed Mustapha, and proceeded to the seraglio, to beg, on their knees, a boy of twelve years of age, to bestow on him the empire. Clothed in a robe of silver cloth, the imperial turban on his head, and seated on a portable throne, four officers of the janissaries lifted him on their shoulders, and promenade the young emperor in the midst of the people. It was Amurath IV., worthy of the throne, to which revolt and repentance had elevated him when a minor.

There finished the glorious days of the Ottoman empire. The law of Soleyman, which ordained that the sons of the sultans should be prisoners in the seraglio, amongst eunuchs and women, enervated the Ottoman blood, and rendered the empire a prey to the intrigues of the eunuchs or the revolts of the janissaries. At intervals, some fine characters shine out, but they are without power, because they have been accustomed from infancy to be without will. Whatever may be said in Europe, it is evident that the empire is dead, and that even a hero could impart to it but a semblance of life.

The seraglio, now abandoned by Mahmoud, is nothing more than a splendid tomb. How full of dramatic and touching interest would be its secret history, if its walls could relate it!

One of the most affecting and gentle personages of this mysterious drama, is the unfortunate Selim, who, deposed and incarcerated in the seraglio, from not having shed the blood of his nephews, became the instructor of the present sultan, Mahmoud. Selim was a philosopher and poet. The preceptor had been a king, the scholar was destined to be one likewise. During the long captivity of these two princes, Mahmoud, irritated by the negligence of a slave, fell into a passion and struck him on the face. "Ah! Mahmoud," said Selim, "when you have passed through the furnace of the world, you will not get thus excited. When you have suffered like me, you will learn to bear with annoyances, even with those from a slave."

The lot of Selim was unfortunate to the end. Mustapha Baraictar, one of his faithful pachas, having taken arms in his cause, arrived at Constantinople, and presented himself at the gates of the seraglio. The Sultan Mustapha was immersed in pleasure, and at that moment was in one of his kiosks on the Bosphorus. The *bostanghis* defended the entrance, Mustapha returned to the seraglio; and whilst Baraictar was forcing the gates with his artillery, demanding that his master Selim should be surrendered to him, that unfortunate prince fell under the poniards of the kishar-aga and his eunuchs. The Sultan Mustapha caused his body to be thrown to Baraictar, who fell upon the corpse, and covered it

with kisses and tears. They sought for Mahmoud, concealed in the seraglio; it was feared that Mustapha had shed the last drop of the blood of Othman; but they at length found him, hid beneath some rolled-up carpets, in an obscure corner of the seraglio. He thought they were seeking him to kill him; he was placed on the throne; and Baraictar prostrated himself before him. The heads of Mustapha's partisans were exposed on the walls; his wives were sewed up in leathern sacks, and cast into the sea. However, a few days afterwards, Constantinople became a field of battle. The janissaries revolted against Baraictar, and again demanded Mustapha for sultan, whom the clemency of Mahmoud had spared. The seraglio was besieged, a conflagration consumed the half of Stamboul; the friends of Mahmoud insisted upon the death of his brother Mustapha, as the only means of saving the life of the sultan and their own; the sentence died upon his lips; he covered his head with a shawl, and fell back on a sofa. They profited by his silence, and Mustapha was strangled. Mahmoud, thus become the last and only scion of Othman's stock, was an inviolable and sacred being to all parties. Baraictar had been killed in the flames, fighting near the seraglio, and Mahmoud began his reign.

The open space of the Atmeidan, which stood gloomily out from here, behind the white walls of the seraglio, witnessed the greatest act of the reign of this prince, the extinction of the janissaries. This measure, which was alone calculated to give fresh youth and life to the empire, has produced nothing but one of the most bloody and lamentable scenes that were ever recorded in a kingdom's annals. It is yet written on all the monuments of the Atmeidan in their fragments, and in the marks of bullets and fire. Mahmoud had made preparations for it like a profound politician, and he put it in execution like a hero. An accident stirred up the last revolt.

An Egyptian officer struck a Turkish soldier; the janissaries gave the signal to revolt by exhibiting their kettles turned upside down; the sultan, informed of events, and well prepared, was with his principal counsellors in one of his gardens at Beschiktash on the Bosphorus. He hastened to the seraglio, and hoisted the sacred standard of Mahomet; the mufti and ulemas, congregated around the sacred banner, pronounced the abolition of the janissaries. The regular troops and the faithful Mussulmans armed themselves, and assembled at the voice of the sultan. He himself advanced on horseback at the head of the seraglio troops; the janissaries, drawn up on the Atmeidan, received him with respect; he went several times through their mutinous ranks, alone, his life every moment at risk, but animated by that supernatural courage which a decisive resolution inspires. That day was to be the last of his existence, or the first of his enfranchisement and power. The janissaries, turning a deaf ear to his entreaties, refused to return to their agas; they spread themselves over all the quarters of the capital, to the number of 40,000 men. The faithful troops of the sultan, the artillery and the *bostanghis*, occupied the approaches to the streets bordering on the Hippodrome; the sultan ordered them to fire, but the artillerymen hesitated, when a determined officer, Kara-Dejehennem, ran to one of the cannons, fired his pistol in the touch-hole of the piece of ordnance, and mowed down with its grape-shot the nearest groups of the janissaries. The janissaries recoiled, the artillery played upon them from all points, their barracks were consumed by fire, and, hemmed in upon this confined space, they perished by thousands by the falling of the walls upon them, by the shot, and by the flames. The execution once commenced, was not stayed until it had reached the last of the janissaries. 120,000 men enrolled in this corps, fell victims in the capital alone to the fury of the people and the sultan. The waters of the Bosphorus rolled their bodies to the Sea of Marmora. Those that were not killed were banished into Asia Minor, and perished on the road. Thus was the empire freed. The sultan, more absolute than any prince ever was, has none but obedient subjects; he may at his pleasure take steps to regenerate the empire, but he is too late; besides, his

* A division, or company.

genius is not equal to his courage. The hour of the fall of the Ottoman empire has struck; it has many points of resemblance to the former Greek empire, and Constantinople is now awaiting fresh decrees of fate. I see from hence the Russian fleet, like a floating camp of another Mahomet II., pressing more and more around the city and the harbour, and I descry the fires of the Kalmuck bivouacs on the Asiatic hills. The Greeks return, under the name and in the garb of Russians, and Providence knows the day on which the last assault, given by them to the walls of Constantinople, which is at present the whole empire, will envelope in fire, smoke, and desolation, this resplendant city, now wrapped beneath my eyes in its last slumber.

The finest view of Constantinople is from above our apartments, from the top of a belvedere erected by M. Truqui, on the terraced roof of his house. This belvedere commands the whole group of the hills of Pera, of Galata, and of the eminences which surround the harbour, and its placid waters. We look over Constantinople, and the sea, as if on the back of an eagle. Europe, Asia, the mouth of the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora, are under the eye all at the same time. The city is at our feet. If we had but one glance to cast upon the earth, it would be from here it should be taken. I am unable to understand every time that I ascend there, and I do so several times in the day, passing there whole evenings, how it is that of so many travellers who have visited Constantinople, so few have experienced the dazzling effect which this scene possesses in my eyes, and throws over my mind. How is it that none have described it? Is it because words have neither expansion, nor compass, nor colouring, sufficient, and because the only language which the eye can speak is painting? But painting itself has given nothing of all this; it has presented but cold outlines, mutilated scenes, and lifeless colouring. But the countless gradations and varieties of the tints according to the sky and the hour, the harmonious mingling and colossal vastness of the outlines, the fleeting and entangled movements on its different horizons, the fluttering of the sails on its three seas, the buzz of life from the populations on the shores, the reports of cannon thundering and mounting from the ships, the standards which droop or float from the mast-heads, the multitude of caïques, the vapoury reflection of domes, mosques, and minarets, on the smooth surface of the water: all these things, where are they described? Let us essay the task.

The hills of Galata, of Pera, and three or four other hills, slope from my feet to the sea, covered with towns of different shades; some have their houses painted a blood-red, others black with a throng of blue cupolas variegating the sable hues; between the cupolas spring up groups of verdure, formed by the planes, figs, and cypresses of the little gardens appertaining to each abode. Large vacant spaces between the houses are cultivated as fields and gardens, in which we perceive the Turkish women, enveloped in their black veils, and playing with their children and their slaves, under the shade of the trees. Flocks of turtle doves, and white pigeons, hover in the air above these gardens and roofs, and seem like white flowers poised by the wind, relieving the blue dye of the sea, which forms the bottom of the landscape. We distinguish the streets meandering as they descend towards the sea like ravines, and lower, the tumult of the people in the bazaars, encompassed by wreaths of light and transparent smoke. These towns, or quarters of towns, are separated from each other by verdant promontories crowned with palaces of painted wood, and kiosks of all the various shades of colour, or by deep gorges, where the eye is lost between the hill-sides, and whence we see only the tops of cypresses, and the tapering and glittering points of the minarets, rising up to view. Falling on the sea, the vision is bewildered amid the maze of vessels at anchor or under sail on its blue surface; the caïques, like water-fowls, gliding now in clusters, now alone upon the channel, cross each other in all directions, pulling from Europe to Asia, or from Pera to the point of the Seraglio.

Some large ships of war pass in full sail out of the Bosphorus, salute the Seraglio with a broadside, the smoke from which envelopes them for an instant as if with grey wings, whereout they again emerge with the brilliant whiteness of their sails, and double, appearing to touch, the lofty cypresses and broad plane-trees of the Grand Seigneur's garden, in order to enter the Sea of Marmora. Other ships of war, composing the entire fleet of the sultan, are riding, to the number of thirty or forty, at the entrance to the Bosphorus; their huge forms throw a gloom upon the waters, on the land-side; only five or six in the whole are visible, the hill and the trees concealing the others, whose lofty prows, masts, and yards, seeming entwined with the cypresses, form a circular avenue winding to the bottom of the Bosphorus. There the mountains of the opposite coast, or of the Asiatic shore, compose the back-ground of the picture; they rise higher and greener than those on the European side; thick forests crown them, and extend into the gorges which slopingly divide them; their banks, cultivated like gardens, bear solitary kiosks, terraces, villages, and small mosques, quite shrouded by the branches of the large trees; their bays are full of vessels at anchor, of caïques on the oar, or small boats on the wing; the town of Scutari stretches at their feet on a wide margin, surmounted by their umbrageous crests, and encircled by its sable forest of cypresses. An uninterrupted string of caïques and boats, loaded with Asiatic soldiers, with horses, or with Greek gardeners carrying vegetables to Constantinople, extends from Scutari to Galata, and is ever and anon severed, to give way to another file of large ships issuing from the Sea of Marmora.

Returning to the coast of Europe, but to the other side of the channel of the Golden Horn, the first object which the eye encounters, after clearing the blue basin of the channel, is the point of the Seraglio; it is the most majestic, varied, magnificent, and at the same time wild locality, that the eye of a painter could gaze upon. The point of the Seraglio advances, like a promontory or a flattened cape, into the three seas, immediately in front of Asia. This promontory, starting from the gate of the Seraglio, on the Sea of Marmora, and concluding at the grand kiosk of the sultan, opposite the shore of Pera, may be three quarters of a league in circumference; it is a triangle whose base is the palace or the Seraglio itself, its angle projecting into the sea, and its longest side extending along the inner harbour to the canal of Constantinople. From the point on which I stand, I command its entire compass. It is a forest of gigantic trees, whose trunks spring, like the shafts of columns, from the walls and terraces of the enclosure, and stretch their branches over the kiosks, the batteries, and the vessels on the sea; these forests, of a dark and glossy green, are interspersed with verdant lawns, flowering shrubberies, balustrades, marble terraces, cupolas of gold or bronze, minarets as slim as the masts of a vessel, and the wide domes of the palace, the mosques, and the kiosks which surround the gardens; a view almost similar to that presented by the terraces, the slopes, and the palaces of Saint Cloud, when we contemplate them from the opposite banks of the Seine, or from the hills of Meudon; but these rural sites are enclosed on three sides by the sea, and surmounted on the fourth by the cupolas of the numerous mosques, and by an ocean of houses and streets, which compose the true Constantinople, or the city of Stamboul. The Mosque of Saint Sophia, the Saint Peter of the Eastern Rome, lifts its massive and gigantic dome above and quite near to the outer walls of the Seraglio; Saint Sophia is a shapeless hill of heaped-up stones, crowned by a dome, which sparkles in the sun like a sea of lead; farther on, the more modern mosques of Achmet, Bajazet, Soleyman, and the Sultana, spring into the air, with their minarets divided by Moorish galleries; cypresses as high as the shafts of the minarets accompany them, and every where form a contrast with their sable foliage to the resplendant lustre of the edifices.

At the summit of the flattened hill of Stamboul, we

perceive, amidst the walls of houses and the shooting minarets, one or two antique mounds, blackened by conflagrations and bronzed by time; they are fragments of the ancient Byzantium, standing on the open space of the Hippodrome or Atmeidan; there also the vast outlines of several palaces belonging to the sultan or his viziers stretch out; the divan, with its gate, which has given its name to the empire; and above this group of buildings, standing bluntly out on the azure horizon of the sky, a splendid mosque crowns the hill and looks upon the two seas; its gilded cupola, struck by the rays of the sun, seems the reflection of a vast burning, and the transparency of its dome and its walls, surmounted with aerial galleries, gives it the appearance of a monument of silver or of blue-veined porcelain. The horizon on this side finishes there, and the eye falls down again on two other large hills, completely covered with mosques, palaces, and painted houses, as far as the bottom of the harbour, where the sea insensibly diminishes in breadth, and is lost to the vision beneath the trees in the Arcadian vale of Sweet Waters. If the eye ascends the channel, it floats over the masts, clustered on the margin of the bank of the arsenal, and under the forests of cypresses which cover the hill-sides; it beholds the tower of Galata, built by a Genoese, rising like the mast of a ship from out an ocean of house-tops, and gleaming between Galata and Pera, like a colossal barrier between two towns; and it returns to finally repose on the placid basin of the Bosphorus, indistinctly gazing between Europe and Asia.

Such are the main features of the picture! But if you add to these principal traits which compose it, the immense frame which encircles and brings it out from the sky and sea, the black outlines of the mountains of Asia, the low and fleecy horizons of the Gulf of Nicomedia, the crests of the Olympic mountains of Broussa, which appear behind the Seraglio beyond the Sea of Marmora, and which expand their vast snows like white clouds in the firmament; if you join to this majestic whole the infinite beauty and colouring of the countless details; if you figure to yourself in thought the varied effects of the sky, the breeze, the shifting hours of the day, on the sea and town; if you imagine the fleets of merchant vessels wearing off from the point of the Seraglio's black forests, to gain the middle of the channel and fall slowly into the Bosphorus, with a continual change of groupings; if the rays of the setting sun come grazing the tops of the trees and minarets, and reddening, as if with the glare of a conflagration, the seas of Scutari and Stamboul; if the wind, which freshens or falls, smooths the Sea of Marmora into a lake of molten lead, or, slightly rippling the waters of the Bosphorus, seems to throw over it the sparkling meshes of a vast silver net; if the smoke of the steam-boats rises and winds in the midst of the large flapping sails of the sultan's ships and frigates of war; if the cannon for prayer resounds in prolonged echoes from the decks of the vessels in the fleet, even to the cypresses in the field of the dead; if the innumerable sounds from the seven towns and the thousands of ships rise in gusts from the city and the sea, and reach you, carried by the breeze, at the column whence you survey the scene; if you reflect that this sky is always thus deep and pure, that these seas and natural harbours are always tranquil and safe, that each house on these lengthy shores is near a bay where a ship can ride at anchor at all times beneath the very windows, where they construct and launch into the sea three-decked vessels under the very shadow of the plane-trees on the shore; if you recollect that you are at Constantinople, in that queen of Europe and Asia, at the precise point where these two divisions of the globe have met, at various intervals, either to embrace or struggle; if the night surprise you in this contemplation of which the eye never grows weary; if the lighthouses of Galata, of the Seraglio, and of Scutari, and the lights of the lofty poops of the ships, are illumined; if the stars come out one by one, or in clusters, from the blue firmament, and envelope the sable peaks of the coast of

Asia, the snowy crests of Olympus, the Isles of Princes in the Sea of Marmora, the sombre platform of the Seraglio, the hills of Stamboul, and the three seas, as if with a blue net-work, studded with pearls, in which this whole landscape of nature seems to swim; if the softer glare of the heavens, into which the rising moon mounts, leaves sufficient light to distinguish the grand masses in this picture, whilst the details are obliterated or softened down—you have at all hours of the day and night the most magnificent and ravishing spectacle that human eyes can embrace; there is an intoxication in the vision which is communicated to the mind, a dazzling both of the eyes and the thought; such is the spectacle that I have enjoyed every day and every night for some time.

The French ambassador having proposed to me to accompany him in the visit which all the newly-arrived ambassadors have the privilege of making to Saint Sophia, I found myself this morning at eight o'clock at one of the gates of Stamboul, which opens on the sea, behind the walls of the Seraglio. One of the principal officers of the sultan waited for us on the shore, and conducted us first of all into his house, where he had prepared a collation. The apartments were numerous and elegantly decorated, but without any other furniture than divans and pipes. The divans were settled against the windows, which looked on the Sea of Marmora. The breakfast was served in the European style, but the dishes were national. They were plentiful and excellent, but all novel to us. After breakfast, the ladies went to visit the wives of the Turkish colonel, who were removed, on this occasion, to an inner chamber. It was the harem, or women's apartment, in which we had been received. We were all provided with slippers of yellow morocco to put on in the mosque, without which we should have been obliged to take off our boots, and proceed with naked feet. We entered the outer court of the Mosque of Saint Sophia through a file of guards, who kept off the crowd collected to see us. The countenances of the Osmanlis were a gloomy and discontented expression. The zealous Mussulmans regard the introduction of Christians into their sanctuaries as a profanation. The gates of the mosque were closed after us.

The great cathedral of Saint Sophia, built by Constantine, is one of the most prodigious edifices that the genius of Christianity has reared on the earth; but we feel, from the barbarous taste that has presided in the construction of this mass of stones, that it is the work of a period of corruption and decay in the arts. It is a confused and coarse memento of a taste which no longer exists, the rough draught of unskilled art. The temple is preceded by a long and wide peristyle, covered in and closed like that of Saint Peter at Rome. Columns of granite of great height, but encased in the walls, and making part of them, separate this vestibule from the court. A large door opens on the interior; the enclosure of the church is decorated on its sides with superb columns of porphyry, Egyptian granite, and the finest marble; but these columns, differing in their size, proportions, and orders, are evidently remains borrowed from other temples, and placed there without symmetry and taste, as the barbarians support a novel with the mutilated fragments of a palace. Gigantic pillars of vulgar masonry sustain an aerial dome like that of Saint Peter, the effect of which is at least equally majestic. This dome, which was formerly adorned with mosaics, forming pictures on its arch, was plastered over when Mahomet II. seized upon Saint Sophia to convert it into a mosque. Some portions of the plaster have fallen, and allow the ancient Christian decoration to reappear. Circular galleries, connected with immense pulpits, run round the cathedral to the height of the spring of the arch. The appearance of the edifice is beautiful from there; vast, sombre, without ornament, with its rugged arches and bronzed columns, it resembles the interior of a colossal tomb, the relics of which have been dispersed. It inspires awe, silence, meditation, on the instability of the works of men who build in honour of ideas which they believe

eternal, and whose monuments succeeding ideas come, with a book or sword in hand, to dwell in or destroy. In its present state, Saint Sophia is like a large caravan-serai of God. There are the columns of the temple of Ephesus, there are the likenesses of the apostles, with their golden glories, on the arch, looking on the lamps suspended from the *imams*.

On quitting Saint Sophia, we went to visit the seven principal mosques of Constantinople; they are much smaller, but infinitely more beautiful. We feel that Mahometanism had its peculiar style—its style all prepared and conformable to the luminous simplicity of its creed—when it raised these simple, regular, superb temples, without curtains for its mysteries, and without altars for its victims. These mosques are all similar, except in size and colour. They are preceded by large courts, encircled with cloisters, in which are the schools and the lodgings of the *imams*. Magnificent trees overshadow these courts, and numerous fountains impart the murmur and delicious freshness of their waters. Minarets, of admirable workmanship, rise like four aerial barriers at the four corners of the mosque. They spring above their domes; small circular galleries, with a parapet of stone, of open sculpture like net-work, surround, at different heights, the slim shaft of the minaret; there, the muezzim, who cries the hour, and calls the city to the constant thought of Mahometanism, the thought of God, places himself, at the different hours of the day. A portico, opening on the gardens and courts, and raised a few steps, leads to the door of the temple. The interior is a square, or round court, surmounted by a cupola supported by elegant pillars, or beautiful fluted columns. A pulpit is fixed to one of the pillars. The frieze is formed by verses of the Koran, written in ornamented characters on the wall. The walls are painted in arabesques. Strings of iron pass from one pillar to the other in the mosque, and bear a multitude of lamps, ostrich-eggs, and bunches of ears of corn, or of flowers. Mats of rush and rich carpets cover the slabs of the court. The effect is simple and imposing. It is not a temple where a God dwells: it is a house of prayer and contemplation, where men assemble together to adore the only and universal God. What is called religious ceremony does not exist in this religion. Mahomet preached to barbarous tribes, amongst whom ceremonies were used to conceal the Deity. The rites are very simple; an annual festival, ablutions and prayer at the five divisions of day—that is all. No dogmas, but belief in a creating and rewarding God. Images are suppressed, from fear lest they might tempt the weakness of human imagination, and convert a remembrance into culpable adoration. No priests—or at least every one of the faithful is able to perform the functions of the priest. The sacerdotal body was formed much later, and from corruption. Every time that I entered the mosques, on this or any other day, I found a small number of Turks, seated cross-legged, or kneeling on the carpets, and praying with all the outward signs of fervour and complete mental absorption.

In the court of the Mosque of Bajazet, I saw the empty tomb of Constantine. It is a porphyry vase of prodigious size; it would contain twenty heroes. The lump of porphyry is evidently of the Grecian epoch. It is likewise some fragment torn from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Ages lend their temples like their tombs, and mutually render them deserted. Where are the bones of Constantine? The Turks have enclosed his sepulchre in a kiosk, and do not permit its profanation. The tombs of the sultans, and their families, are in the gardens of the mosques which they have constructed, under kiosks of marble, overshadowed by trees, and perfumed with flowers. Water murmurs in jets, near or in the kiosk; and the obligation of remembrance is so immortal amongst the Mussulmans, that I have never passed before one of these tombs without finding nosegays of flowers, freshly plucked, deposited on the door or on the windows of these numerous monuments.

I have just returned from an excursion up the canal

of Constantinople to the mouth of the Black Sea. I wish to sketch for myself a few features of this enchanting scene. I did not believe that sky, earth, sea, and man, could in concert produce such ravishing landscapes. The transparent mirror of the sky or the sea can alone reflect them in full entirety; my imagination sees and preserves them thus, but my memory can hold and paint them only by a few successive details. Let us, then, describe view by view, cape by cape, bay by bay, at each stroke of the oar. It would take years for a painter to convey even one of the shores of the Bosphorus. The landscape changes at every glance, and every variation is equally beautiful. What can I tell in a few words?

Conducted by four Arnaut rowers into one of those long *caïques* which cleave the sea like a fish, I embarked alone, at seven in the morning, with a pure sky and a brilliant sun. An interpreter, stretched in the boat, between the rowers and me, mentioned to me the names and objects. We skirted at first the quays of Tophana, with its artillery barrack; the quarter of Tophana, rising in gradations of painted houses, like bunches of flowers, grouped around the marble mosque, died away under the lofty cypresses of the great field of the dead in Pera. That curtain of sombre forest terminates the hills on that side. We glide through a crowd of vessels at anchor, and of countless *caïques* rowing to Constantinople with the officers of the seraglio, the ministers and their *kiayas*, and the families of the Armenians, whom the hour of labour calls to their counting-houses. These Armenians are a race of superb men, nobly and simply attired in a black turban, and a long blue robe clasped to the body by a shawl of white cashemire. Their forms are athletic, their countenances intelligent, but common-place; their complexions are tawny, eyes blue, and beards flaxen. They are the Swiss of the East; industrious, peaceable, and steady like them; but, like them, calculating and avaricious, they let out their genius for traffic to the sultan and his subjects for hire; there is nothing heroic or warlike in this race of men. Commerce is their calling, and they pursue it under all masters. They are the Christians who have the greatest sympathy with the Turks. They prosper, and accumulate the wealth which the Turks take no trouble about, and which has escaped the grasp of the Greeks and Jews; they have all things here in their own hands. They are the dragomans of all the pachas and viziers. Their women, whose features, equally regular but more delicate, recall the calm beauty of the English females, or the peasants of the Helvetic mountains, are greatly to be admired, as well as their children. The *caïques* are full of them. They bring from their country-houses baskets of flowers, which are displayed on the prow.

We begin to double the point of Tophana, and to glide under the shadows of the large vessels of war, belonging to the Ottoman fleet, riding on the European coast. These enormous masses sleep there, as if on a lake. The sailors, dressed like the Turkish soldiers, in red or blue vests, are lazily stretched on the shrouds or bathing around the hull. Great boats, loaded with troops, are going to and fro between the shore and the vessels; and the elegant barge of the capitan-pacha, propelled by twenty oars, shoots past us like an arrow from a bow. The admiral, Tahir-Pacha, and his officers, are clothed in brown frock-coats, and their heads are covered with fez, large bonnets of red wool, which they draw over their foreheads and eyes, as if ashamed of having laid aside the noble and graceful turban. These men have a melancholy and resigned aspect, as they smoke their long amber-tipped pipes. There are about thirty ships of war, of admirable build, which seem quite ready for sea; but there are neither officers nor sailors; and this magnificent fleet serves merely as a decoration to the Bosphorus. Whilst the sultan is complacently surveying it from his kiosk of Beglerbeg, situate opposite to it on the Asiatic side, the two or three frigates of Ibrahim Pacha are in undisturbed possession of the Mediterranean; and the Samian schooners sweep the Archipelago.

At a short distance from these vessels, on the European bank, I pass beneath the windows of a long and magnificent palace belonging to the sultan, at present uninhabited. It seems a palace for amphibious beings; the waves of the Bosphorus, whenever so little stirred by the breeze, lash the windows, and throw their spray into the rooms of the ground floor. The front steps dip into the water; the grated doors give access to the sea, even into the gardens and courts. Here are provided boat-houses for the *caïques*, and baths for the sultanas, who can bathe in the sea under the shelter of the curtains of their saloons. Behind these marine courts, gardens of shrubs, lilacs, and roses, rise in successive terraces, bearing grated and gilded kiosks. These flowery lawns are continued to extensive woods of oaks, laurels, and planes, which cover the slopes, and rise with the rocks to the summit of the hill. The apartments of the sultan are open, and I see through the windows the richly gilded mouldings of the ceilings, the crystal lustres, the divans, and the curtains of silk. Those of the harem are closed by thick gratings of elegantly sculptured wood.

Immediately following this palace is an uninterrupted succession of palaces, houses, and gardens, belonging to the chief favourites, ministers, or pachas, of the Grand Signor. All repose on the sea as if to inhale its freshness. Their windows are open; the owners are seated on the divans in vast saloons, all glittering with gold and silk; they smoke, chat, and sip sherbet, as they look upon us passing. Their apartments open on successive terraces, surcharged with trelliced arbours, shrubs, and flowers. The numerous slaves, in rich costumes, are generally seated on the steps of the stairs, which are washed by the sea, and the *caïques*, furnished with rowers, are at the edge of these stairs, ready to receive and bear away the lords of these dwellings. The harems every where form a wing, separated by gardens or courts from the apartments of the men. They are grated. I can only occasionally discover the head of a pretty boy, who presses against the interstices of the trellice-work, interwoven with creeping flowers, to get a glimpse of the sea, and the white arm of a woman, drawing the blinds apart or closer. All these palaces and houses are of wood, but very richly worked, with projecting eaves, galleries, and balustrades without number, and all drowned in the umbrageous canopies of large trees, in creeping plants, and in the clustering of jessamines and roses. All are bathed by the current of the Bosphorus, and have inner courts, where the water of the sea penetrates and flows with a perpetual renewal, and where the *caïques* are under sheds. The Bosphorus is every where so deep, that we pass sufficiently near the margin to inhale the scented air of the flowers, and to refreshen our boatmen under the shade of the trees. The largest vessels also sail as close as we, and frequently the yard-arm of a brig or a ship gets entangled in the branches of a tree, in the trellice of a vine, or even in the blinds of a casement, and floats on, bearing with it shreds from the foliage or the house. These abodes are only separated from each other by clumps of trees on small projecting ridges, or by angular rocks, covered with ivy and moss, which descend from the crests of the hills, and advance a few feet into the waves. Occasionally, however, a deeper and wider bay is scooped out between two hills, divided and cleaved by the hollow bed of a torrent or a rivulet. Then a village stretches on the levelled banks of the creek, with its beautiful Moorish fountains, its mosque, with gilded or azured cupolas, and its slight minaret, confounding its peak with the lofty branches of the plane-trees. The small painted houses rise like an amphitheatre on the two sides and at the bottom of these little gulfs, with their façades and kiosks of a thousand dyes. On the top of the hills large villas are reared, flanked with hanging gardens and copses of wide-spreading firs, closing the horizon.

At the foot of these villages is a beach or a granite quay, a few feet broad. The beaches are planted with sycamores, vines, and jessamine, forming bowers even on the sea, in which the *caïques* lie under shade. Mul-

titudes of boats, and merchant galliots of all flags, are riding at anchor. They are moored in front of the house or the warehouses of the trader, and frequently a plank thrown from the deck of the vessel to the window of the building serves to transport the merchandise. A crowd of children, and vendors of vegetables, dates, and fruits, flock upon the quays; it is the bazaar of the village and of the Bosphorus. Sailors, of every costume and language, are grouped in the midst of the Osmanlis, who are smoking, squatted on their carpets near the fountain, or around the trunk of a plane-tree. No view of the villages of Lucerne or Interlaken can give an idea of the exquisite loveliness and picturesqueness of these little bays in the Bosphorus. It is impossible to avoid tarrying a moment to contemplate them. These towns, harbours, or villages, are met almost every five minutes on the first half of the European coast, that is to say, during two or three leagues. They become more rare afterwards, and the landscape assumes a harsher aspect, from the increasing height of the hills and the depth of the forests. I speak here only of the coast of Europe, because I will describe on my return that of Asia, which is still more beautiful; but it must be borne in mind, in order to form an exact idea, that this coast of Asia is but a few strokes of the oar from me; that often we are as near the one as the other, when holding the middle of the current in places where the canal narrows and bends, and that the same scenes which I am describing as in Europe, fascinate the eye every time it falls on the Asiatic shore.

But I return to the bank, which I am almost touching. There is a spot, beyond the last of these natural harbours, where the Bosphorus is enclosed, like a deep and rapid river, between two rocky capes which descend perpendicularly from the heights of its double mountains; the canal, in its windings, seems to the eye altogether hemmed in—it is only as we advance that we see it folding round and turning behind the European cape, when it expands and hollows out into a lake, bearing on its shores the towns of Therapia and Buyukdere. From the base to the top of these two capes of rocks, clothed with trees and scattered tufts of vegetation, half-ruined fortifications mount and throw out large white battlemented towers, with draw-bridges and donjon-keeps, in the style of the most admired constructions of the middle ages. These are the famous castles of Europe and Asia, whence Mahomet II. besieged and menaced Constantinople so long a time before he succeeded in carrying it. They rise, like two white phantoms, out of the sable bosom of the pines and cypresses, as if to scarce approach to the two seas. Their towers and turrets hanging above the vessels in full sail, the long twigs of ivy, which droop like the mantles of warriors upon their half-ruined walls, the grey rocks which sustain them, their angles jutting out of the forest with which they are enveloped, and the huge shadows which they cast upon the waters, render their site one of the most characteristic points of the Bosphorus. It is there that it loses its exclusively lovely character, to assume an aspect by turns beautiful and sublime. Turkish cemeteries stretch at their feet, and the turbans, sculptured in white marble, gleam at intervals amid the clustering foliage, washed by the wave. Happy are the Turks!—they always rest in their most preferred locality, under the shade of the tree they have loved, on the edge of the stream whose murmur has charmed them, visited by the doves they nurtured when alive, embalmed in the flowers they have planted. If they possess not the earth during their lives, they hold it after death, and they do not shovel the remains of those whom they have loved into those human sewers, whence disgust repels the sacredness and piety of remembrance.

Beyond the castles, the Bosphorus widens; the mountains of Europe and Asia rise more savage and desert. The shores of the sea alone are still sprinkled here and there with white cottages, and with small rustic mosques, perched on an eminence near a fountain, and under the canopy of a plane-tree. The village of Therapia, the residence of the French and English ambassadors, skirts the beach a little farther; the high

forests which command it, throw their shadows over the terraces and lawns of the two palaces; little valleys meander, shut in between rocks, and form the demarcation between the two powers. Two frigates, an English and a French one, lying at anchor in the canal, in front of each palace, are there to attend the orders of the ambassadors, and carry to the fleets of the Mediterranean messages of war or peace.

Buyukdere, a charming town at the bottom of the gulf which the Bosphorus forms, where it takes the bend before losing itself in the Black Sea, stretches like a curtain of palaces and villas on the flanks of two sombre mountains. A beautiful quay separates the gardens and the houses from the sea. The Russian fleet, composed of five ships, three frigates, and two steam-vessels, is anchored before the terraces of the Russian palace, and forms a town upon the waters, in front of the houses and delightful shady groves of Buyukdere. The boats which are bearing orders from one vessel to another; the detachments going towards land to get water at the fountains, or give the sick a walk on the shore; the yachts of the young officers, matched against each other like race-horses, their masts laid over by the wind, dipping into the sea; the firing of cannon, which re-echoes in the deep valleys of Asia, and announces fresh vessels entering from the Black Sea; a Russian camp pitched on the sides of the mountain of the Giant, opposite the fleet; the beautiful meadow of Buyukdere on the left, with its group of wonderful planes, one of which can overshadow a regiment; the magnificent woods appertaining to the Russian and Austrian palaces, which undulate on the brows of the hills; a multitude of elegant houses decorated with balconies, which line the quays, with roses and lilacs hanging in festoons from the edge of the terraces; Armenians with their children incessantly arriving or departing in their caïques, full of boughs and flowers; the arm of the Bosphorus getting more sombre and narrow as we see it stretching towards the misty horizon of the Black Sea; other chains of mountains entirely despoiled of villages and houses, and rearing up into the clouds with their black forests, seeming the fearful limits between the storms of the sea of tempests and the luscious serenity of the waters of Constantinople; two forts fronting one another on each shore, crowning with their batteries, their towers, and their battlements, the advanced heights of two gloomy capes; in fine, a double line of rocks, dotted with copses, dying away into the blue waves of the Euxine: such is the prospect of Buyukdere! Add to this the perpetual transit of a string of shipping coming to Constantinople, or issuing out of the canal, according as the wind blows from the north or the south; these vessels are so numerous at times, that one day, in returning with my caïque, I counted nearly 200 in an hour. They sail in flocks, like birds migrating to another climate; if the wind shifts, they tack from one shore to the other, veering under the windows or trees of Asia or Europe; if the breeze freshens, they heave-to in one of the innumerable bays, or under the point of the small headlands of the Bosphorus; in a short time they again set all sail. The landscape, enlivened and modified by these fleets of vessels under sail or at anchor, and the different positions which they take up along the banks, changes every instant in its aspect, and renders the Bosphorus a wondrous kaleidoscope.

Arrived at Buyukdere, I took possession of the delightful house on the quay, in which M. Truqui has insisted upon offering me a double hospitality. We shall pass the summer there.

It would appear, after the description of this coast of the Bosphorus, that nature could not surpass herself, and that no landscape could bear away the palm from that with which my eyes are filled. I have skirted the Asiatic shore, on returning this evening to Constantinople, and I find it a thousand times more enchanting than the European. The coast of Asia owes scarcely any thing to man; nature has accomplished all. There is no Buyukdere, nor Therapia, nor ambassadorial palace, nor town of Armenians or Franks; there are

only mountains, gorges separating them, small vales, carpeted with meadow grass, hollowed out between the roots of the rocks, rivulets winding in them, torrents whitening them with their foam, forests hanging upon their flanks, creeping into their ravines, and descending to the margins of the numerous gulfs on the coast; a variety of forms and tints, of foliage and verdure, such as the pencil of a landscape painter never delineated from imagination. A few isolated houses, inhabited by sailors or gardeners, scattered at irregular distances on the beach, or perched on the glades of a wooded hill, or clustered on the rocky headland, where the current wafts you, lashing itself into ripples blue as the sky of night; a few white fishing sails creeping into the deep bays, and gliding from one plane-tree to another, like a bleached damask folded by the laundress; countless swarms of white birds pecking on the borders of the meadows; eagles hovering from the mountain heights above the sea; unfathomable creeks, entirely closed in by rocks, and the trunks of gigantic trees, whose boughs, loaded with leaves, bend over the waters, and form alcoves on the sea, into which the caïques dive. One or two villages concealed in the shade of these creeks, with their gardens spreading behind them on the green slopes, and their clumps of trees at the foot of the rocks, with their boats cradled in the placid water at their doors, their flocks of pigeons on the roofs, their women and children at the windows, their old men seated under the umbrageous plane at the foot of the minaret; husbandmen returning from the fields in their caïques; others filling their boats with green faggots, myrtle, or flowering heaths, to dry them for firing in the winter, so concealed behind these loads of pendant verdure, drooping over the sides and dipping into the water, that we can perceive neither boat nor rower, and we believe we see a portion of the bank, detached from the land by the current, floating at hazard upon the sea, with its foliaged boughs, and its sweet-scented flowers.

The shore presents this aspect as far as the castle of Mahomet II., which on this side also seems to close the Bosphorus, like a Swiss lake. Beyond, it changes character; the hills, less harsh, lower their crests, and hollow out more gently their narrow valleys; Asiatic villages extend, more beautified and crowded; the calm waters of Asia, like a charming plain, overshadowed by trees, and sprinkled with kiosks and Moorish fountains, open to the eye; numerous Constantinople carriages, a sort of cage of gilded wood, placed on four wheels and drawn by two oxen, are scattered on the lawns; Turkish women descend from their veiled, and seat themselves in groups at the foot of the trees, or on the banks of the sea, with their children and their black slaves; parties of men are reclining at a distance, taking coffee and smoking pipes; the various dyes of the men and children's garments, and the dusky colour of the women's veils, form beneath these trees a most fantastic mosaic of tessellated colouring to fascinate the eye; oxen and buffaloes for the yoke are grazing in the meadows; the Arab horses, covered with trappings of velvet, silk, and gold, are paraded near the caïques, which are landing in shoals full of Armenian and Jewish females; these latter seat themselves unveiled on the grass at the edge of the rivulet; they compose a link of women and young girls, in various costumes and attitudes; there are some of ravishing beauty, which the strange diversity of the head-dresses and apparel considerably heightens. I have often thus seen several women from the Turkish harems divested of their veils; they are almost all of low stature, extremely pale, with pensive eyes, and an emaciated sickly appearance. Speaking generally, the climate of Constantinople, notwithstanding all its apparent claims to salubrity, appears to me unhealthy; the women, at least, are far from meriting that reputation for beauty which they enjoy; the Armenian and Jewish women alone appear to me handsome. But still, how different from the beauty of the Jewesses and Armenians of Arabia, and especially from the indescribable charms of the Greek women of Syria and Asia Minor!

A little farther on, completely on the margin of the waters of the Bosphorus, rises the magnificent new

palace, at present inhabited by the sultan. Begler-bey is an edifice in the Italian taste, mingled with Indian and Moorish designs; an immense centre of several stories, with wings and inner gardens; large *parterres*, planted with roses, and watered with spouting fountains, stretch behind the buildings between the mountain and the palace; a narrow granite quay separates the windows from the sea. I leisurely passed under this palace, where so many cares and apprehensions keep watch beneath marble and gold. I perceived the sultan seated on a divan in one of the kiosks on the sea; Achmet-Pacha, one of his young favourites, was standing near him. The sultan, attracted by the European costume, pointed us out to Achmet-Pacha, as if asking him who we were. I saluted the lord of Asia in the oriental mode, and he very graciously returned my salutation. All the blinds of the palace were open, and we saw the rich decorations of this magnificent and delightful residence brilliantly sparkling. The wing inhabited by the women, or the harem, was closed; it is very extensive, but the number of the women who dwell therein is unknown. Two *caïques*, completely covered with gilding, and mounted with twenty-four rowers each, were at the palace gate on the sea; these *caïques* are an honour to the most exquisite taste in design as displayed in Europe, and to the sumptuousness of the East. The prow of one of them, which projected at least twenty-five feet, was formed by a swan of gold, with expanded wings, which seemed as if it bore the golden bark on the waves; a silk pavilion, supported on columns of gold, formed the poop, and rich Cashemire shawls served as a seat for the sultan; the prow of the second *caïque* was an arrow of feathered gold, which seemed flying, as if struck from the bow, over the sea.

I lingered a long time out of sight of the sultan, to admire this palace and these gardens. All appears arranged in perfect taste. I know nothing in Europe which presents to the eye more magnificence and magical effect in royal abodes; all seemed to spring from the hands of the artist entire, radiant with lustre and gorgeousness; the roofs of the palace were masked by gilded balustrades, and the chimneys even, which disfigure the outlines of all our public edifices in Europe, were columns gilded and fluted, whose elegant capitals added an architectural decoration to the building. I am attached to this prince, who passed his infancy in the gloom of the Seraglio dungeons; menaced every day with death; instructed in misfortune by the sage and unfortunate Selim; elevated to the throne by the death of his brother; brooding for fifteen years in the silence of his own thoughts over the enfranchisement of the empire, and the restoration of Islamism by the destruction of the janissaries; executing his purpose with heroism and the calmness of fatalism; unceasingly braving the prejudices of his people to regenerate them; bold and unmoved amid peril; mild and merciful when he can consult his heart, but wanting support around him; without instruments to execute the good he meditates, unappreciated by his subjects, betrayed by his pachas, despoiled by his neighbours, abandoned by fortune, without which man can effect nothing; aiding by his own acts the ruin of his throne and empire; giving himself up in the end to pleasure, and hastening to enjoy, in the voluptuousness of the Bosphorus, his modicum of existence, and his phantom of sovereignty! A man of good intentions and correct purpose, but a man of insufficient genius and of too weak a purpose; resembling the last of the Greek emperors, whose place he occupies, and whose destiny he seems to represent; worthy of another people and a better era, and capable at least of dying like a hero! On one occasion he was a great man. History presents no page comparable to that which records the destruction of the janissaries; it was a revolution, the most vigorously meditated, and the most heroically accomplished, of which I know any example. Mahmoud illustrates this page, but why is it the only one? The most difficult part was effected; the tyrants of the empire struck down, there needed but the will to follow up the blow, to invigorate the empire

by civilising it. Mahmoud stopped short. Is it because genius is more rare than heroism?

After the palace of Begler-bey, the coast of Asia again becomes woody and deserted as far as Scutari, which glitters, like a garden of roses, at the extremity of a cape, at the entrance to the Sea of Marmara. Opposite, the verdant point of the Seraglio presents itself to the eye, and between the European coast, crowned with its three painted towns, and the quay of Stamboul, all radiant with its cupolas and minarets, expands the immense port of Constantinople, where the ships, moored to the two shores, leave only a wide thoroughfare to the *caïques*. I glide through this labyrinth of vessels, like a Venetian gondola under the shadows of palaces, and I step on shore at the bank of the dead, beneath an avenue of cypresses.

May 29.—I have been conducted this morning, by a young man of Constantinople, to the market for slaves.

After having traversed the long streets of Stamboul, which run, side by side, with the streets of the old Seraglio, and passed by several magnificent bazaars, encumbered with a countless throng of merchants and buyers, we mounted by small narrow streets to a miry square, from which the gate of another bazaar opened. Thanks to the Turkish costume in which we were attired, and to the perfection in the idiom of my guide, they permitted us to enter this human market. How many ages and successive revelations to the reason of man have been needed, in order that force should cease to be a right in his eyes, and slavery become a crime and a blasphemy to his intelligence! What a progress!—and how many does it not promise! How many things there are which shock not us, but which will be incomprehensible abominations in the eyes of our descendants! I thought on these things whilst entering into this bazaar where they sell life, soul, body, another's liberty, as we sell an ox or a horse, and where they look upon themselves as legitimate possessors of what they have thus purchased! How many conceded rights are there of this nature, of which we take no account! They are legitimate, however, for we cannot ask of man more than he knows. His convictions are to him truths; he possesses none other. God alone has them all with him, and distributes them to us in proportion to, and according to the advance of, our progressive understandings.

The slave-market is a vast uncovered court, surrounded by a roofed-in portico. Beneath this portico, round which runs a wall breast-high towards the court, doors open into the chambers where the merchants keep the slaves. These doors remain open, in order that the purchasers, as they walk about, may see the slaves. The men and women are kept in separate divisions; the women are unveiled. Besides the slaves shut up in these low chambers, there was a great number grouped in the gallery under the portico, and in the court. We commenced by surveying these different groups. The most remarkable was a cluster of young Abyssinian girls, to the number of twelve or fifteen; leaning against each other, like antique figures of caryatides supporting a vase upon their heads, they formed a circle with all their faces turned to the spectators. Their visages were generally of great beauty. Their eyes were of the hue of almonds, their noses aquiline, their lips small, their cheeks of a delicate and oval contour, and their long black hair as glossy as the wings of ravens. The pensive, sad, and languishing expression of countenance perceptible on the Abyssinian females, renders them, in spite of the copper colour of their complexions, a race greatly to be admired; they are tall, slim in shape, and erect as the shoots of the palms in their beautiful country. Their arms are of ravishing mould. These young girls had no other garment than a long chemise, of coarse, yellowish cloth. They had on their legs circlets of blue glass beads. Seated on their heels, motionless, their heads supported on the palms of their hands, or on their knees, they looked at us with an expression as mild and pensive as the eye of the kid or the lamb, which the peasant holds by a cord and exposes in a village fair; sometimes one

of them spoke a word, and then smiled. There was one who held a little infant in her arms, and who was weeping, because the merchant wished to sell it without her to a dealer in children. Not far from this group were seven or eight negroes, from eight to twelve years of age, pretty well dressed, with every appearance of health and happiness; they were playing together at an eastern game, the instruments of which are little pebbles, which they dispose in different combinations in small holes made in the sand; whilst so occupied, the merchants and dealers were walking round them, taking them in turns by the arm, examining them with attention from head to foot, feeling them with their hands, and making them show their teeth to judge of the age and state of health, after which the boys, interrupted for a moment in their play, returned to it with eagerness.

I afterwards passed under the covered porticoes filled with a swarm of slaves and buyers. The Turks who drive this trade were walking about, superbly dressed in furred pelisses, and with long pipes in their hands, through the different groups, with unquiet and pre-occupied countenances, and watching, with a suspicious eye, the slightest glance cast into the interior of their magazines of men and women; but taking us for Arabs or Egyptians, they durst not however interdict our access to any chamber. Itinerant venders of small cakes and dried fruits were going round the gallery, selling the slaves a little nourishment. I slipped a few piastres into the hands of one of them, in order that he might distribute his basket amongst a group of little negro children, who eagerly devoured these confectionaries.

I remarked an unfortunate negress, eighteen or twenty years old, singularly beautiful, but of a sad and chagrined aspect. She was seated on a bench in the gallery, richly attired, and her face unveiled, in the midst of a dozen of other negroes in rags, exposed for sale at very low prices; she was holding on her knees a fine little boy, three or four years of age, likewise very handsomely dressed. This child, who was a mulatto, had the most beautiful features, the most graceful mouth, and the most intelligent and haughty eyes, that it was possible to imagine. I caressed him, and gave him cakes and sugar-plums, which I purchased at a neighbouring stall: but his mother, tearing out of his hands what I had given him, cast it, with anger and disdain, on the pavement. She held down her head and wept; I thought it was from apprehension of being sold separately from her son, and, touched with her melancholy fate, I begged M. Morlach, my obliging conductor, to buy her, with her boy, on my account. I would have taken them away together, and would have educated the child whilst leaving it with the mother. We addressed ourselves to a broker of M. Morlach's acquaintance, who entered into a negotiation with the owner of the beautiful slave and her child. The owner, at first, gave every token of being disposed to sell her, and the poor creature began to sob more violently, and the little boy commenced weeping, passing his arms round the neck of his mother. But this bargaining was a mere pretence on the part of the merchant; and when he saw that we gave, without hesitation, the high price which he put upon the couple, he took the broker aside, and confessed to him that the slave was not for sale; that she was the slave of a rich Turk, who was the father of the child; that she was of too haughty and intractable a disposition in the harem; and that, to correct and humble her, her master had sent her to the bazaar, as if to get rid of her, but with secret directions not to sell her. This mode of correction is often adopted; and when a Turk is displeased, his most ordinary menace is the threat of sending to the bazaar. We therefore passed on. We looked into a great number of the compartments, each containing four or five women, almost all black and ugly, but with appearances of good health. The greatest part seemed indifferent to their situation, and even solicited purchasers; they chatted and laughed amongst themselves, making critical observations on the figures of those who were bargain-

ing for them. One or two were weeping, and concealing themselves in the bottom of the room, and came forward with resistance to place themselves for examination on the bench, where they were in general seated. We saw several removed, who went in gaily with the Turk who had bought them, taking their little bundle folded in a kerchief, and covering their faces with their long white vells. We were witnesses of two or three acts of mercy which Christian charity might envy the good Mussulmans. Turks come to purchase old slaves, rejected from the houses of their masters on account of their old age and infirmities, and take them away with them. We asked for what these wretched women could be useful. "To please God," replied the broker; and M. Morlach gave me to understand that several Mahometans thus sent into the markets to buy up poor infirm slaves of both sexes, to support them from charity in their houses. The spirit of God never utterly abandons man.

The last chambers that we visited were half closed, and they disputed our entry for some time. There was only one female slave in each, under the guard of a woman. They were young and beautiful Circassians, fresh imported from their native land. They were dressed in white, with a remarkable elegance and vanity. Their beautiful features testified neither chagrin nor astonishment, simply a disdainful indifference. The charming white slaves of Georgia and Circassia are become extremely rare, since the Greeks no longer supply the seraglios, and Russia has forbid the traffic in women. However, the Georgian families still rear their daughters for this degrading commerce, and contraband dealers penetrate at intervals, and carry off cargoes of them. The price of these lovely creatures reaches 12,000 or 20,000 piastres (£120 or £200 sterling), whilst black slaves of ordinary beauty do not bring more than 500 or 600 francs (£20 or £25), and the most handsome 1000 or 1200 (£40 or £50.) In Arabia and Syria they may be had for 500 or 600 piastres (£6 or £8.) One of these Georgians was of perfect beauty; the features delicate and sensitive, the eyes mild and melancholy, the skin of matchless whiteness and lustre. But the countenances of the females of that country are far from possessing the charm and purity of those of the Arabs; the North is perceptible in their visages. She was sold before our eyes, for the harem of a young pacha in Constantinople.

We departed with afflicted hearts and moistened eyes from this scene, which is renewed every day and every hour in the towns of the East, and we returned in sadness to the bazaar of Stamboul. Behold the effect of stationary legislations! They consecrate ancient barbarisms, and give the stamp of antiquity and legitimacy to all crimes. Those who cling fanatically to the past, are equally culpable and equally disastrous to humanity as those who are fanatics as to the future. The first sacrifice mankind to their ignorant prejudices and recollections, the last to their anticipations and haste. If man acted, thought, and believed, as his fathers did before him, all human nature would be reduced to fetichism and slavery. Reason is the sun of humanity; it is the infallible and perpetual revelation of divine laws applicable to societies. We must keep moving to follow it, under the penalty of remaining in evil and darkness; but we must not go in advance of it, lest we fall down the precipices. To understand the past without useless regret, to bear with the present, endeavouring to ameliorate it, to hope for the future by making preparations for it—such is the rule of wise men and beneficent institutions. The sin against the Holy Ghost is the combat of certain men against all amelioration of things; a selfish and irrational effort to keep back the moral and social world, which God and nature are always propelling onwards. The past is the sepulchre of a humanity gone by; we ought to respect it, but we should not shut ourselves within it and prefer it as our abode.

The great bazaars for different articles of merchandise, and especially that for spices, are long wide arched galleries, lined with foot-pavements, and shops full of

all sorts of commodities. Armouries, horse-trappings, jewellery, eatables, leather manufactures, Indian and Persian shawls, fabrics of Europe, carpets of Damascus and Caramania, essences and perfumes of Constantinople; hookahs and pipes of all forms, and different degrees of splendour; amber and coral carved after the fashion of the orientals, to smoke through; packages of cut tobacco, folded like reams of yellow paper; stalls of pastry, inviting the appetite by its form and variety; handsome confectioners' shops, with a prodigious variety of sugar-plums, preserved fruits, and sweetmeats of all sorts; magazines of drugs, whence a perfume exhales which scents the whole bazaar; Arab mantles, woven with gold and goat-hair; women's veils, embroidered with spangles of gold and silver. In the midst of all this, an immense and incessantly renewed throng of Turks, with pipes at the mouth or in the hand, followed by slaves, of women enveloped in veils, accompanied by negresses carrying lovely children, of pachas on horseback, moving with a slow pace through this crowded and silent concourse, and of Turkish carriages, closed with gilded trellice-work, conducted by coachmen on foot with long white beards, and full of women, who stop from time to time to bargain at the doors of the jewellers' shops. Such is the picture of the whole of these bazaars. They would be several miles in length, if they were united in a single arcade. As people are squeezed and elbowed against each other in these bazaars, and as the Jews hang out and sell the clothes of plague-patients in them, they are the most active instruments of contagion. The plague broke out a few days ago in Pera with five or six fatal cases, and we passed with uneasiness through this crowd, which to-morrow may decimate.

June 18.—The days are passed in our retreat at Buyukdere, with the Bosphorus and the Black Sea beneath our eyes, in study and reading. The evenings are devoted to excursions in caïques to Constantinople, to Belgrade and its incomparable forests, to the Asiatic shore, to the mouth of the Euxine, or to the valley of roses, situated behind the hills of Buyukdere. I often go there. This delightful valley is watered by a spring, where the Turks come to lull their senses with the murmur and refreshing coolness of the water, the perfume of roses, and the song of nightingales. Over the fountain are five immense trees, and a leafy café under their shade. Beyond, the valley contracts and leads to a slope of the mountain, where two small artificial lakes, reservoirs for the water which falls from a spring, sleep under the vast arches of plane-trees. The Armenian females come in the evening with their families, to sit on their banks and take supper. There are enchanting groups around the trunks of the trees; young girls dancing together; the orientals, in the fruition of their decorous and placid pleasures—all gives token that the mind is luxuriating in its own contemplations. They feel nature with more ecstasy than we. In no region has the tree or the fountain more devout adorers. There is a profound sympathy between their souls and the beauties of the land, the sea, and the sky. When I return in the evening from Constantinople in my caïque, and skirt the banks of the European shore by the light of the moon, there is a chain, a league in length, of women, and young girls, and children, seated in silence by groups on the edges of the granite quay, or on the parapets of the garden terraces; they pass there hours of pure delight, contemplating the sea, the woods, the moon, and breathing the calm of night. Our populations have no feeling for these natural sensualities; they have pallied their sensations; they need factitious pleasures, and vices alone can excite them. Those to whom nature still speaks sufficiently loud to be understood and adored, are dreamers and poets—those poor wretches, whom the voice of God in his works, nature, love, and silent meditation, suffice.

I meet at Buyukdere and Therapia several persons whom I had previously known, amongst the Russians and diplomatists; amongst them Count Orloff and M. de Boutenieff, Russian ambassador at Constantinople, a charming moraliser, a philosopher, and a statesman.

The Baron de Sturner, Austrian internuncio, overwhelms me with civility. There is fresh political news from Europe. This is at present the important point. The Russians encamped in Asia, and at anchor under our windows: will they retire? For myself, I have no doubt of it. We are never in a hurry to seize upon a prey which cannot escape us. Count Orloff made me read an admirable letter yesterday, which the Emperor Nicholas had written to him. The following is its purport: "My dear Orloff—When Providence has placed a man at the head of forty millions of people, it is that he may give the world, from his lofty station, an example of probity and fidelity to his word. I am that man. I will show myself worthy of the mission which I have received from God. As soon as the difficulties between Ibrahim and the sultan are smoothed, wait not a single day, but send back my fleet and army."

This is noble language, a position well assumed, a generosity fruitful in return. Constantinople will not fly away, and necessity will bring back the Russians, whom political probity withdraws for the moment.

June 20.—I have become acquainted here with an amiable and distinguished man, one of those men who are superior to their evil fortune, and who can avail themselves of the wave which threatens to overwhelm, to reach the shore in safety. M. Calosso, a Piedmontese officer, compromised, like many of his comrades, in the attempted military revolution of Piedmont in 1820, proscribed like the others, without asylum or sympathy in any quarter, came to Turkey. He presented himself to the sultan to drill his cavalry; he became his favourite, and military guide. Honest, skilful, and reserved, he himself moderated a dangerous predilection which might expose him too much to envy. His modesty and frankness pleased the pachas of the court and the ministers of the divan. He has made himself friends on all sides, and knows how to preserve them by the merit which first gained them. The sultan has raised him to dignity, without requiring his abjuration of his nationality or faith. He is now Rustem-bey with all the Turks, and an obliging and amiable Frank with all the Franks. He has visited me here, and offered all that his influence at the divan and the Seraglio can enable him to procure for me; unrestrained access, and the friendship of some of the principal officers of the court, facilities for seeing and learning every thing, which no Christian traveller has ever been able to obtain, not even the ambassadors. I have made preparations, with his assistance, for a complete inspection of the Seraglio, where no one has penetrated since Lady Mary Wortley Montague. We shall to-morrow make an attempt to survey together that mysterious abode, which he himself has not yet seen, but where he has connections with the first officers of the palace.

We began by paying a visit to Namuk-Pacha, one of the young favourites of the sultan, who had invited me to breakfast at his quarters in Scutari, and who had placed his horses at my disposition to visit the mountains of Asia. Namuk-Pacha was this day on duty at the palace of the sultan, at Begler-bey, on the banks of the Bosphorus. We disembarked there. From the station and favour possessed by Rustem-bey, we were permitted to pass the guards, and examine the environs of the imperial residence. The sultan was preparing to proceed to a small mosque in a European village on the other side of the Bosphorus, in front of Begler-bey. His caïques, superbly equipped, were moored along the quay which borders the palace, and his Arab horses, of great beauty, were held ready in the courts by the saïs, for the sultan to mount in traversing the gardens. We entered a wing of the palace, separated from the main body of the building, in which the pachas, the officers on duty, and the staff of the palace, are quartered. We passed through vast saloons, where a crowd of military men, clerks, and slaves, were moving about. All was in motion as in a ministerial office, or in a European palace on a day of ceremony. The interior of this part of the palace was not furnished as all magnificently; divans, carpets, walls painted in fresco, and crystal lustres, were the sole decorations. The oriental costumes, the

turban, the pelisse, the wide pantaloons, the girdle, and the caftan of gold, being abandoned by the Turks for a miserable European costume, ill cut, and ridiculously worn, has changed the grave and imposing aspect of this people into a wretched parody on the Franks. The diamond star, which glitters on the breasts of the pachas and the viziers, is the only decoration which distinguishes them, and which recalls their former magnificence.

We were conducted through several saloons crowded with people, to a small apartment which looks on the outer gardens of the palace. There Namuk-Pacha came and joined us, sat down with us, caused pipes and sherbet to be brought, and introduced us to several of the young pachas, who possess with himself the favour of the sultan. Some colonels of the Nizam, or regular troops of the guard, came in and took part in the conversation. Namuk-Pacha, who had recently returned from his embassy to St Petersburg, spoke French with taste and fluency. His manners, formed on the Russian model, were those of an accomplished European diplomatist. He appeared to me of a sprightly and subtle intellect. Kalil-Pacha, who was then Captain-Pacha (High Admiral), and who has since married the daughter of the sultan, spoke French equally well. Achmet-Pacha is also a young well-bred Turk, who has all the manners of a European. Nothing in this palace reminded me of an Asiatic court, except the black slaves, the eunuchs, the grated windows of the harem, the delightful shades, and the blue waters of the Bosphorus, on which our eyes fell when they wandered over the gardens. We conversed with discretion, but with freedom, on the state of the negotiations between Egypt, Europe, and Turkey; on the progress made, and to be made, by the Turks in tactics, in legislation, and in gaining weight in the political views of the different powers relatively to Turkey. Nothing in the conversation drew us to the reflection that we were talking concerning those who are called barbarians, with barbarians, and that the ear of the Grand Seigneur himself, that shadow of Allah, might be struck by the murmur of our discourse. There could not have been more close reasoning, more profound views, or more elegant language, displayed in a saloon in London or Vienna. These young men, eager for information and advancement, spoke of their position and of themselves with a noble and touching modesty.

The hour of prayer drawing nigh, we took leave of our hosts, adjourning till another occasion the request for our presentation to the sultan in person. Namuk-Pacha gave us in charge to a colonel of the imperial guard, whom he directed to guide and introduce us into the outer court of the mosque which the sultan intended to visit. We crossed the Bosphorus accordingly, and were posted near the door of the small mosque on the steps leading up to it. A few minutes afterwards we heard the reports of the cannons from the fleet and the batteries, which announce to the capital every Friday that the sultan is going to the mosque, and we saw the two imperial caïques put off from the Asiatic coast, and shoot across the Bosphorus like arrows. No luxury in horses and carriages can approach the oriental sumptuousness of these gilded caïques, whose prows spring, like eagles of gold, twenty feet in front of the body of the caïques, and the twenty-four rowers in which, raising and lowering with a simultaneous movement their long oars, represent the flapping of two huge wings, and raise at every stroke a foaming swell, which lashes up against the sides of the caïque; and finally, the splendour of the silken pavilion, decorated with gold and plumes of feathers, the curtains of which are drawn back to allow a sight of the Grand Seigneur seated on a throne of Cashemire shawls, with his admirals and pachas at his feet. On reaching the shore, he sprang briskly to his feet, supporting his hands on the shoulders of Achmet and Namuk Pachas. The band of his guard, drawn up opposite to us, on the square of the mosque, struck up a flourish of drums and trumpets, and he advanced with rapid steps between two rows of officers and spectators.

Sultan Mahmoud is about forty-five years of age, of middle height, and of an elegant and stately figure. His eye is blue and mild, his complexion dark and dusky, his mouth graceful and intellectual; his beard, black and glossy as jet, falls in thick folds upon his breast. It is the only remnant of the national costume that he has preserved; in other respects, except the want of a hat, he might be taken for a European. He wore pantaloons and boots, a brown surtout, with a collar embroidered with diamonds, and a small bonnet of red wool surmounted by a cluster of precious stones. He rather limped in his gait, and his look was uneasy. Something had annoyed him, or had strongly engaged his attention, for he spoke with vehemence and ill humour to the pachas who accompanied him. He slackened his pace when he was near us on the steps of the mosque, cast on us a gracious glance, and slightly moved his head, commanding Namuk-Pacha at the same time, by a gesture, to take the petition which a Turkish woman in a veil stretched out to him. He then entered the mosque, where he remained about twenty minutes. The military band played during the whole time, portions of Mozart and Rossini's operas. When he came out of the mosque, his countenance was more open and serene, he bowed to the right and left, walked slowly towards the sea, and jumped with a smile on his lips into the caïque. In the twinkling of an eye we saw him touch the Asiatic shore, and re-enter the gardens of Begler-bey.

It is impossible to avoid being struck with the physiognomy of Mahmoud, and offering up secret vows for a prince whose features bespeak such a masculine determination and profound sensibility. But alas! these vows fall coldly back on the heart, when we reflect on the gloomy future which awaits him. If he were in reality a truly great man, he might avert his destiny, and vanquish the fatality which encompasses him. There is yet time; so long as a nation is not utterly extinct, there remains in it, in its religion, and its nationality, a principle of energy and resurrection which an able and powerful intellect may render fruitful, stir up, regenerate, and guide to a glorious transformation; but Mahmoud is a great man only in heart. Intrepid in facing danger and death, the main-spring of his determination relaxes when it becomes necessary to act and reign. Whatever may be his lot, history will pity and honour him. He has attempted great things; he felt that his people were extinguished if he did not regenerate them; he has applied the axe to the dead branches of the tree, but has not known how to give sap and life to what remained standing of the healthy and yet vigorous trunk. Is it his fault? I think it is. What remained to accomplish was nothing, compared to the destruction of the janissaries; nothing could resist him in Turkey. Europe, timid and blind, favoured him by its cowardice and inertness. Favourable circumstances are now lost; the time is past. The audacious Ibrahim has worked to his own advantage the unpopularity of the sultan; Russia has been accepted as protector; this disgraceful protection from a natural enemy against a revolted slave has irritated Islamism, and Mahmoud has nothing now to depend upon but his personal courage. Surrounded by parasites and traitors, an insurrection may hurl him from the throne, and involve the empire in its final anarchy. Turkey hangs upon the life of Mahmoud; the empire and he will perish on the same day. He is a prince of a grand and fatal destiny, who thus involves with him the two fairest portions of Europe and Asia!

June 21.—At eleven o'clock we landed on the bank of the old Seraglio, and entered the streets which encompass it. I visited in passing the Divan of the Porte, a vast palace occupied by the vizarial, where political discussions relative to the empire are held. There is nothing remarkable about it but the impression of the scenes of which it has been the theatre—nothing in the character of the edifice recalls so many sanguinary dramas. It is a large building of painted wood, with an outer staircase, and covered with a projecting roof, carved after the manner of the Indians or

Chinese. The rooms are bare, and covered with mats. We descended into the place where the redoubtable porte (door) of the Seraglio opens so often to vomit forth the bleeding heads of viziers, and even of sultans. We met with no obstacle in passing this door. The public has admission into the first court of the Seraglio. This immense court, planted with clumps of beautiful trees, slopes towards the left to the magnificent Hall of the Mint, a modern building without any thing of the oriental character. The Armenians, who have charge of the coinage, received us, and showed us the coffers in which the jewels they fabricated for the Seraglio were kept. Numberless pearls and diamonds, the silly wealth that ruins an empire! As soon as a state becomes civilised, these ideal representations of riches are exchanged for the sterling and productive wealth wrought from agriculture and commerce. I staid here only a few minutes, and we advanced into the last court of the Seraglio, which is inaccessible to every one except those employed in the Seraglio, and the ambassadors on the days of their presentation at court. It is lined with several wings of palaces, and with kiosks, separated from each other; lodgings for the eunuchs, the guards, and slaves; fountains and trees distribute shade and coolness. When arrived at the third gate, the soldiers on guard under the arch obstinately refused to let us enter. It was in vain that Rustem-bey explained to the Turkish officer in command who he was; the latter answered by opposing the trust with which he was charged, and by the allegation that his head would be in jeopardy if he allowed me to pass. We accordingly turned upon our heels with much chagrin, in order to retrace our steps, when we were happily accosted by the *kesnedar*, or grand treasurer, who was returning from the Mint to his own apartments in the interior of the Seraglio. As he was a friend of Rustem-bey, the occasion of our embarrassment was explained to him, when he told us to follow him, which having with alacrity obeyed, we were introduced without any difficulty into the court of the *icoglans*. This court, which is not so large as the others, is formed by several small palaces in the form of kiosks, with very low roofs, which project seven or eight feet beyond the walls, being supported by small columns, or Moorish pillars, of painted wood. Indeed, the columns, the pillars, the walls, and the roofs, are all of carved wood, painted of various colours. The courts and gardens, which stretch in the intervals between the kiosks, irregularly scattered over the ground, are planted with trees of great beauty and age without order, their branches waving over the edifices, and shrouding the roofs and terraces. The right wing of these buildings contains the kitchens, a huge erection, whose numerous chimneys and smoky walls give token of the purpose for which it is destined. We may have some idea of the vastness of this building, when we learn that the sultan feeds all the individuals attached to the court and the palace, and that the number of mouths is at least 10,000 daily.

A little in front of the kitchens is a delightful little palace, surrounded by a gallery, or portico, on the ground floor, which is appropriated to the pages, or *icoglans*, of the Seraglio. It is here that the sultan causes the sons of the court families to be reared and educated, as well as young slaves destined for the occupations of the Seraglio or the empire. This palace, which was formerly the residence of the sultans themselves, is decorated both within and without by a profusion of carvings, sculptures, and gilded mouldings, executed in pretty good taste. The ceilings are as rich as those of the most superb palaces in France or Italy, and the floors are in mosaic. It is divided into several saloons of nearly the same size, lined on both sides with niches and stalls of carved wood, bearing considerable resemblance to those stalls of beautiful workmanship which are found in the choirs of our ancient cathedrals. Each of them forms a chamber for an *icoglan*. At the bottom is an alcove, where he folds up his cushions and carpets, and hangs, or locks up in his chest of gilded wood, his various garments. Above

these stalls runs a sort of gallery, projecting, divided, ornamented, and decorated, which contains as many stalls as the lower room. The whole is lighted by cupolas, or small windows, at the top of the edifice. The young *icoglans*, who had all formerly been pupils of Rustem-bey, received him with such joy and demonstrations of attachment as were truly affecting. A father, who had been long expected, could not have been more affectionately greeted upon his coming. The excellency of heart displayed by these youths touched him even to tears; I was myself much moved at so spontaneous and frank an outburst of affection and gratitude.

They took hold of his hands, they kissed the hem of his surtout—"Rustem-bey! Rustem-bey!" exclaimed they to each other, and then all ran up to their friend, panting and colouring with delight. He could not extricate himself from their caresses, they addressed to him such charming phrases: "Rustem-bey, why have you not come to see us for so long a time! You were our father, and we languish in your absence. All that we know we owe to your instructions. Allah and the sultan have sent you to make men of us, when we were but slaves, and the sons of slaves. The name of the Osmanlis was a reproach and a byword in Europe; now we know how to defend it and render it honourable; but, pray, tell the sultan that he must send you to us again, as we are pining in listlessness and melancholy."

Five or six of these young people, with mild, open, intelligent, and handsome features, took us by the hand and led us every where. They subsequently took us to their room for recreation; it is a kiosk surrounded with gushing fountains, which fall from the walls into marble basins, divans running round it, and a staircase concealed in the thickness of the walls conducting to the offices, where numerous slaves for the service of the *icoglans* keep always ready for them fire for their pipes, coffee, sherbet, and iced water. They play at all sorts of games in this saloon; several were engaged at chess. They ordered us sherbet and ices, and, stretching ourselves on the divans, we conversed a long time concerning their studies and advancement in knowledge, concerning the political state of Europe, and the destinies of the empire. They talked wonderfully; they shuddered with indignation at the present state of the nation, and offered up prayers for the success of the sultan in his schemes of innovation. I have never witnessed a more lively ardour for the regeneration of a country, than that which lighted up the eyes and warmed the words of these young men. The young Italians to whom one speaks of independence and enlightened ideas, do not burst into more enthusiasm. Their countenances were radiant with animation whilst we discoursed with them. The oldest might be twenty or twenty-two years of age, and the youngest twelve or thirteen. Except at the military hospital for orphans of sailors at Greenwich, I have never beheld faces more calculated to excite admiration than those of some of these youths. They were extremely unwilling to let us leave them, and accompanied us, as far as it was permitted them to go, into the gardens, courts, and kiosks around. The eyes of one or two of them were moistened with tears, when they took leave of Rustem-bey.

The *kesnedar*, whilst we were thus engaged, had gone to give orders to the eunuchs and guards of the gardens and palaces, not to interfere with our rambles, and to let us penetrate wherever we desired. At the bottom of the court, a little beyond the hall of the *icoglans*, a large palace shut up the view and the passage. It was the one which the sultans themselves inhabit, and was surrounded, like all the kiosks and edifices that we had visited, by a gallery covered by a prolongation of the eaves. The numberless doors and windows of the apartments opened on this gallery. The palace was only one story high. We entered into the large saloons which serve as a vestibule, and give access to the different apartments. These rooms are irregular, forming a labyrinth of pillars, supporting the roof and ceilings, and arranged into vast circular corridors. The pillars,

ceilings, and walls, are of wood, painted and carved in Moorish ornament. The doors of the imperial apartments were open; we saw several of them, all nearly similar in arrangement, and the decoration of the mouldings and girdings of the ceilings. Cupolas of wood or marble, pierced with small openings in arabesque, through which a soft and subdued light stole upon the walls; wide low divans running round the sides; no furniture or seats, but carpets, mats, and cushions; windows down to within half a foot of the floor opening on the courts, the galleries, the terraces, and the gardens: this was the whole. On the side of the palace opposite to that whereby we had entered, stretched a terraced platform, built of stone, and paved with slabs of marble. A beautiful kiosk, where the sultan seats himself when he receives the ambassadors, is separated from the palace a few yards, and reared a few feet in elevation upon this platform; it resembles a small Moorish chapel. A divan goes round it, and windows are on all sides, whence the view of Constantinople, the harbour, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus, is unrestrained, and perfectly admirable. Marble fountains gush and spout in jets upon the open gallery, between the kiosk and the palace. It is a delightful spot. The shrubs and rose-bushes of the small gardens, which cover the lower terraces, creep on the balustrades and carvings, spreading their perfume around. A few pictures in marble and wood are suspended on the walls, representing views of Mecca and Medina. I examined them with great curiosity. They are, as it were, plans without perspective, perfectly conformable to what Alibey reports of Mecca, the kaaba, and the disposition of the different sacred monuments of the holy town. They prove that that traveller really went and visited them. What he says of the circular gallery which surrounds the area of the different mosques, is attested by these paintings. There is a portico which reminds one of that at Saint Peter's in Rome.

Pursuing the platform of the palace to the left, along a narrow balcony supported by high terraces, is the harem, or palace of the sultanas. It was closed; there remained in it only a few odalisques. We did not approach very near this abode forbidden to the gaze. We saw nothing but the grated windows and the delightful balconies encircled with trellice-work, and blinds interspersed with flowers, where the women pass their days contemplating the gardens, the city, and the sea. Our eyes fell upon a multitude of flower-plots, enclosed with marble walls, watered by spouting fountains, and symmetrically planted with all sorts of scented flowers and odoriferous herbs. These small gardens, to which the descent is by staircases, and which run from one to the other, have sometimes elegant kiosks in them. It is in these charming localities that the women and children of the harem stroll and enjoy nature.

We had reached the slope of the Seraglio, which commences to fall towards the harbour and the Sea of Marmora. This is the most elevated spot of this matchless site, whence the eye takes in all the hills and all the seas of Constantinople. We lingered a long time surveying the prospect. It is the converse of the view which I have described from the belvedere of Pera. Whilst we were upon this terrace of the palace, the hour for meals struck, and we saw a great number of slaves pass, bearing on their heads large pewter trays which contained the dinners of the officers, the clerks, the eunuchs, and the women of the Seraglio. We partook of some of these dinners. They comprised pilaus, fowls, koubés, small balls of rice and hashed meat, pieces of roasts on a vine leaf, cakes of bread like wafers, and a pitcher of water. Wherever the slave met his master, he deposited the dinner, sometimes in the corner of a room in the palace, sometimes on the terrace under the projecting roof, or in the gardens under a tree in the vicinity of a fountain.

The kesnedar came in search of us, and conducted us into the kiosk where he slept, in front of the treasury of the Seraglio. This treasury, in which are buried the incalculable riches collected since the founding of the empire, is a large stone building, preceded

by a covered portico. It is not very high above the ground, the doors being low, and the chambers subterranean. Immense coffers of red-painted wood contain the gold and silver coins. A certain number is extracted every week for the service of the empire. There were several of them standing under the portico. We did not ask admission to it, but we were told, that, independently of the gold and silver monies, this kesne contains heaps of pearls and diamonds. This is very probable, as it is the custom of the sultans to make continual deposits, and to draw out only upon the last extremities of the state. But as the value of these precious stones is only conventional, if the sultan wished to make use of them by bringing them into the market for sale, he would lower the price by the excessive supply; and this resource for recruiting his finances, which appears so immense, might in reality prove a very precarious one.

The kesnedar, a frank, lively, and intellectual personage, took me into the apartment which he occupies. I found there, for the first time in Turkey, some degree of luxury in the furniture and conveniences of Europe. The divans were high, and covered with silk cushions; there were tables and wooden shelves around the room, and upon these shelves registers, books, charts, and a terrestrial globe. We were served with sweetmeats and sherbet. We conversed upon the arts and sciences of Europe, compared to the state of knowledge in the Ottoman empire. The kesnedar appeared to me as well informed and as free from prejudices as a European. He understood all that was going on; he desired the success of Mahmoud in his attempts at amelioration; but being old, and having passed his life in the confidential employments of the Seraglio under four sultans, he seemed to entertain little hope, and to resign himself with philosophic indifference to the future. He led a quiet and solitary life, in the depths of this abandoned Seraglio. He subjected me to a long interrogation upon all topics; philosophy, religion, poetry, the popular creeds of Europe, the governments of the different states, whether monarchical or republican, systems of politics and tactics—all was passed in review by him, with a correctness of judgment, and appropriate and sensible reflections, which showed me that I had to do with one of the most distinguished men of the empire. He brought me a sphere and a terrestrial globe, and desired that I would explain to him the motions of the stars and the divisions of the earth. He took notes of every thing I said, and appeared quite enchanted. He begged me to stay supper with him, and to pass the night. We had great difficulty in resisting his entreaties, and we could only overcome his urgency, by telling him that my wife and friends, knowing I was in the Seraglio, would be in terrible alarm, if they did not see me reappear. "You are, in fact," said he to me, "the first Frank who has ever entered it, and that is a good reason why you should be treated as a friend in it. The sultan is great, and Allah is for all!" He accompanied us to the inner staircase, which descends from the platform of the sultan's palace into the maze of little gardens appertaining to the harem, of which I have spoken, and delivered us to the care of a chief of the bostanghis, who conducted us from kiosk to kiosk, from parterre to parterre, all covered with flowers, and all watered by spouting fountains, as far as the gato in a high wall, which separates the interior gardens of the Seraglio from the extensive outer lawns. There we found ourselves at the foot of enormous plane-trees, which rise more than a hundred feet high, opposite the walls and elevated balconies of the harem. These trees form a forest cut into groups by verdant glades, and beyond them are fruit trees and large vegetable gardens cultivated by negro slaves, who have their cabins under the branches. Rivulets of water irrigate these cultivated tracts. Not far from the harem is an old and magnificent palace of Bajazet abandoned to ivy and owls. It is of stone, and of an admirable Arab architecture. They might easily restore it, and it of itself would be worth the whole Seraglio together, but tradi-

tion bears that it is peopled by evil spirits, and no Osmanli ever penetrates into it. As we were alone, I entered into one or two subterranean vaults of this beautiful palace, which were choked with fragments and stones; the walls and staircases which I had time to inspect, seemed of the most elegant workmanship. Having reached one of the gates in the outer walls of the Seraglio, we retrograded, still under a forest of planes, sycamores, and cypresses, the largest that I have ever seen, and we made the tour of the exterior gardens. They brought us back to the borders of the Sea of Marmora, where are two or three superb palaces which the sultan occupies during the summer. The apartments open on the stream of the canal, and are perpetually cooled by the breeze. Farther on, grassy hills bear small mosques, kiosks, and sheets of water enclosed by marble parapets, and shaded by gigantic trees. There we seated ourselves, amongst the flowers and the jets of murmuring water. The high walls of the Seraglio were behind us, upon a sloping lawn terminating at the sea; between the sea and us a fringe of cypresses and planes, lining the exterior wall; through this curtain of foliage, the waters of the Sea of Marmora, the isles of Princes, vessels under sail, their masts gliding from tree to tree, and Scutari, reddened by the rays of the setting sun. The gilded peaks of the Mount of Giants, and the snowy summits of the mountains of Phrygia, formed the frame of this divine picture.

Such, then, is the interior of this mysterious abode, the most beautiful on earth, the scene of so many bloody dramas, where the Ottoman empire was cradled and grew to maturity, but where it will not die, for since the massacre of the janissaries Malmoud no longer inhabits it. A man of mild manners, and prone to enjoyment, these blood-stained events of his reign have disgusted him. Perhaps, also, he does not find himself quite safe in the midst of the fanatical population of Stamboul, and prefers having a foot on Asia and his fleet, amid his thirty palaces on the banks of the Bosphorus. The general character of this admirable residence consists not in its vastness, nor its convenience, nor its magnificence, for it is a series of tents of gilded wood pierced with holes. The character of the palace is in accordance with that of the Turkish people—a feeling and love for nature. The instinct for beautiful sites, glittering seas, umbrageous shades, springs of water, extensive prospects, closed by the snowy peaks of mountains, is the predominant one of this people. We perceive in it the recollections of a pastoral and agricultural race, which loves to recall its origin, and whose tastes are all simple and instinctive. These people have placed the palace of their sovereigns, the capitol of their imperial city, on the slope of the most beautiful hill in the empire, and perhaps in the whole world. This palace has neither the internal luxury nor the shrouded voluptuousness of a European palace; it has only vast gardens, where trees grow free and eternal as in an untraversed forest, where waters murmur, where doves coo; chambers, pierced with numerous windows, always open; terraces hovering over the gardens and the sea, and grated kiosks, where the sultans, seated behind their blinds, can enjoy both solitude and the enchanting prospect of the Bosphorus. It is the same throughout Turkey; rich and poor, high and low, have but one want, one feeling, in the choice and arrangement of their dwellings—to enjoy the view of a beautiful landscape; or if the situation and poverty of their house cannot afford it, to have at least a tree, birds, a sheep, and pigeons, in a plot of ground around the cabin. Thus, wherever there is an elevated, sublime, or agreeable site in the landscape, a mosque, a santon, or a Turkish hovel, is found there. There is not a situation in the Bosphorus, an eminence, or a smiling bay, on the European or Asiatic coast, on which a vizier or a pacha has not laid out a villa and a garden. To sit under the shade, in front of a magnificent prospect, with beautiful foliage above their heads, a fountain near at hand, the country or the sea before the eyes, and there to pass hours and days in vague and listless con-

templation—such is the enjoyment of the Mussulmans. This explains the choice and arrangement of their houses, and likewise why these people remain inactive and silent, until passions rouse them and restore them to their native energy, which they allow to slumber, but never to be extinguished. They are not loquacious as the Arabs; they attach little importance to the pleasures of display and society; those of nature satisfy them; they dream, meditate, and pray. They are a nation of philosophers; they draw all from nature, and refer all to God. God is for ever in their thoughts and in their mouths, not as a cold idea, but as a palpable, clear, and practical reality. Their virtue lies in the perpetual adoration of the divine will; their dogma is fatalism. With this faith they conquered the world, and they lose it with the same facility and the same tranquillity.

We issued by the gate which opens on the harbour, and I entered the beautiful kiosk on the quay, where the sultan seats himself when his fleets depart or return from an expedition, and fire salutes to their master.

June 22.—Two of my friends quit me, and depart for Europe; I remain alone at Buyukdere, with my wife and M. de Campas.

June 25.—We have passed two days at Belgrade, a village in the midst of the forest of that name, four leagues from Constantinople; an immense forest of oaks, which covers the hills situated between the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, at an equal distance from each, and stretches almost without interruption to the Balkan. The scene is as wild and graceful as in any of the forests of England, with a beautiful Greek village seated in a wide vale in the middle of the forest; Arcadian meadows, and a river flowing through the trunks of the oaks. There are magnificent artificial lakes formed in the basin of the elevated ridge to retain the waters, and feed the fountains of Constantinople. We were entertained at the house of Monsieur and Madame Alcon, French bankers, established from father to son at Constantinople, who possess a delightful villa at Buyukdere, and a shooting-box in the village of Belgrade—a charming family, uniting elegance of manners, dignity of sentiment, and cultivation of mind, with the affectionate grace and simplicity of the East. I met at Constantinople a perfect Frenchman, in the person of M. Salzani, the brother of my banker at Smyrna, an honest, amiable, and intelligent man, who treated us as countrymen and friends. In general, the Frank society of Constantinople, composed of the members of the embassies, of the consulates, of the families of the dragomans and merchants of the different European nations, is considerably above the reputation it gains. Constituted as if in a small town, it has all the faults usually found in confined societies, scandal, and silly jealousies; but there is probity, information, elegance, and a graceful and cordial hospitality for strangers. They are equally versed in the affairs of Europe as the saloons of Vienna or Paris; they strongly participate in the activity of life which urges on the West. There are men of merit, and women of great accomplishments and virtues, in this society. I have seen saloons in Pera, Buyukdere, and Therapia, which we might have taken for the most distinguished assemblies of our large cities in Europe, if we had not cast our eyes on the Bosphorus, or on the Golden Horn, which was glittering, at the foot of the gardens, amongst the foliage of the trees.

June 29.—We make excursions in the Sweet Waters on the European side. At the bottom of the harbour of Constantinople, the hills of Eyoub, and those upon which Pera and Galata are situated, draw insensibly together, and leave merely a narrow bay between their shores. On the left extends the suburb of Eyoub with its mosque, where the sultans, on their accession to the throne, go to gird on the sabre of Mahomet, an act of religion in the Moslem despotism, serving as a coronation of blood, and a consecration of force. This mosque rises gracefully in a pyramidal form above the painted houses of the suburb, and the tops of its minarets are mingled at the horizon with the lofty and crumbling

Greek walls of Constantinople. On the banks of the channel, a beautiful palace of the sultan stretches along the waters. The windows are on a level with the stream, and the wide-spreading clustering branches of the trees in the garden, surmount the roof, and are reflected in the sea. Beyond, the sea is nothing but a river passing between two lawns. Gardens and woods cover these lovely slopes. A few Bulgarian shepherds play on the pipes, seated upon the rocks, guarding the horses and goats. At length, the river becomes nothing but a rivulet, the sides of which are touched by the ears of the caïques, and where the roots of superb elms, growing on the edges, impede the navigation. An immense meadow, shaded with clumps of plane-trees, extends on the right. To the left, wooded and verdant slopes rise up, and in front, the eye is lost between the leafy and irregular avenues of the trees which hang over the rivulet, and meander with it. Thus ends the beautiful harbour of Constantinople; thus ends the vast, the lovely, and the stormy Mediterranean. You run aground in an umbrageous creek at the bottom of a gulf, on a grassy and flowery bank, far from the noise and commotion of the sea and the city. Oh! the life of a man thus finished, would end well! May God grant such an end to the life of my friends, who now take part and shine in the human strife! Silence after uproar, mild twilight after the glare of day, repose after agitation! A rest in the shade and in solitude to reflect upon the past life, and to die in peace and good-will with nature and mankind. For myself, I put up no prayer, I ask not even that; my solitude will be neither so sweet nor so calm.

Having landed from the caïque, I followed the banks of the stream, to a kiosk which I saw gleaming amid the trees. At every step, I discovered a group of Armenian and Turkish women taking refreshments under the trees, and surrounded by their beautiful children playing on the sward. Saddle-horses superbly caparisoned, and *arabas*, (Constantinople carriages,) yoked with oxen, were scattered on the meadow. The kiosk is fronted and encircled by a rivulet, and by pieces of water where swans were floating. The gardens are small, but the whole meadow is a garden. The present sultan often came here formerly to pass the hot season. He loved this charming residence, because it pleased a favourite odalisque. Love had found a place in that heart after the massacres of the Atmeidan. In the midst of the voluptuousness of the harem, the beautiful odalisque died here. Since that event, Mahmoud has abandoned the place. The tomb of the odalisque is often, they say, visited by him, it alone consecrating the gardens of the deserted palace. The day was passed in the retreats of the valley, under the shade of the trees. I wrote verses to V—.

July 3.—I embarked this morning for Constantinople. I ascended the Bosphorus, and entered the Sea of Marmora; and after following for two hours the exterior walls which separate Stamboul from this sea, I disembarked at the foot of the castle of Seven Towers. We had neither *teskeré* nor guide. The Turkish soldiers, after many difficulties, permitted us to enter the first court of this fortress of blood, where the dethroned sultans were dragged by the populace, to await the death which is not long delayed when the people are both judges and executioners. Six or seven imperial heads have rolled on the steps of this staircase. Thousands of more vulgar heads have covered the battlements of the tower. The keeper refused to let us penetrate farther. Whilst he went to ask the orders of the commandant of the castle, the door of a low and arched room in the tower moved on its hinges. I made a few steps, and heard a growl which made the vault vibrate; I found myself face to face with an enormous chained lion. The lion sprang towards a beautiful greyhound which followed me, but it eluded his grasp, and crouched between my legs. The lion reared on his hind paws, but his chain kept him against the wall. I went out, and shut the door. The keeper came to tell me that his head would be unsafe on his shoulders if he introduced me into the interior. I therefore retired,

and issued from the enclosure of the town by a gate in the ancient walls, which opened into the country.

The walls of Constantinople commence at the castle of the Seven Towers, on the Sea of Marmora, and extend to the summits of the hills above the suburb of Eyyoub, at the extremity of the harbour, and to the Sweet Waters of the European shore, thus encircling all the ancient city of the Greek emperors, and the town of Stamboul of the Turkish sultans, on the only side of the triangle which is not protected by the sea. On this side, there is nothing to defend Constantinople but the gentle slopes of its hills, which fall and die away into a beautiful cultivated plain. There was constructed that triple row of walls, where so many assaults miscarried, and behind which the miserable Greek empire so long deemed itself invulnerable. These astonishing walls still exist, and they are, after the Parthenon and Balbek, the most majestic ruins that can attest the seat of an empire. I followed their base along the outer side, this morning. They are stone terraces of fifty to sixty feet in height, and in some places from fifteen to twenty feet broad, covered with hewn stone of a greyish-white colour, and often entirely white, seeming as if just finished by the tools of the workmen. The ancient moats still divide you from them, choked with ruins and a luxuriant vegetable soil, where trees and wall plants have taken root for ages, and form an impenetrable glacis. It is a wild forest thirty or forty yards wide, crowded with birds' nests and reptiles. Sometimes this forest entirely conceals the sides of the walls and of the square towers with which it is flanked, and allows only a glimpse of the elevated battlements. At intervals, the wall reappears in its full height, and reflects with a dazzling lustre the rays of the sun. It is broken from the top by breaches of all varieties of form, in which vegetation springs as in the ravines of mountains, and falls confounded with the verdure of the moat. Almost everywhere its summit is crowned with a vegetable growth, which projects and forms a padding of plants, capitals of twisted and matted weeds and ivy. Here and there, from the centre of the towers, heaped with stones and dust, springs a plane or a cypress, which throws out its roots through the fissures of this pedestal. The weight of the boughs and leaves, and the gusts of wind with which these aerial trees are unceasingly struck, cause their trunks to incline towards the south, and they hang like uprooted trees with their vast branches strewn with a countless multitude of nests. Every 300 or 400 paces, we encounter a double tower of splendid architecture, with enormous arches over the gateway between the towers. The greatest number of these gates are now walled up, and the vegetation which has enveloped all, walls, gates, battlements, and turrets, composes in these places the most fantastic and engaging conjunctions with the ruins and workmanship of man. There are curtains of ivy which fall from the top of the towers like the folds of prodigious mantles; there are canes forming verdant bridges, with a span of fifty feet from one breach to another; there are plots of wallflowers scattered on the perpendicular walls, which the wind shakes like waves of blossoms; thousands of shrubs form undulating battlements of foliage in all varieties of tint. Out of all this, issue swarms of birds, when one throws a stone against the sides of the carpeted walls, or into the choked abysses at one's feet. We saw also a great number of eagles, which roost in the towers, and hover in the air all day above the eyries where their young are deposited.

July.—The same solitary life at Buyukdère. In the evenings on the sea or in the Valley of Roses. M. Truqui pays visits every week. Kind hearts are the only things which possess the virtue of consoling. God has gifted them with the only balm which there is for the incurable wounds of the heart—sympathy.

Yesterday, Count Orloff, commanding the fleet and army of Russia, and ambassador extraordinary from the Russian emperor to the Porte, celebrated his success and his departure by a military fête, given to the sultan on the Bosphorus. The gardens of the Russian embassy at Buyukdère cover the wooded flanks of a

hill which closes the gulf, the sea washing its base. From the terraces of the palace there is a view of the Bosphorus, in its double course towards Constantinople and the Black Sea. The whole day the cannon of the Russian fleet, lying at the foot of the gardens before our windows, was firing minute guns, its masts streaming with flags, confounded to the eye with the green leaves of the large trees on the two shores. The sea was covered, from the morning, with small vessels and caïques, bearing from Constantinople 15,000 or 20,000 spectators, who spread themselves into the kiosks, the meadows, and on the rocks in the vicinity. A great number remained in the caïques, which, filled with Jewish, Armenian, and Turkish women, dressed in brilliant colours, floated, like clusters of flowers, here and there on the sea. The camp of the Russians, on the flanks of the Mountain of Giants, half a league from the fleet, stood out, with its white and blue tents, from the sombre verdure and scorched declivities of the mountain. In the evening, the gardens of the Russian embassy were illuminated by thousands of lamps, suspended on the branches of the woods. The vessels, also illuminated on all their masts, yards, and rigging, resembled fire-ships whose batteries have been sprung. Their sides kept vomiting streams of flame, and the camp of the disembarked troops, lighted by huge bonfires, on the capes and eminences of the Asiatic mountains, was reflected in luminous streaks in the sea, and cast the glare of a conflagration upon the whole bed of the Bosphorus.

The Grand Seigneur arrived in the midst of this sparkling scene in a steam-boat, which drew up under the terraces of the palace, to enjoy the spectacle which was offered him. He was seen on the deck of the vessel, surrounded by his vizier and his favourite pachas. He remained on board, and sent the grand vizier to partake of Count Orloff's supper. Immense tables, laid out under the long avenues of plane-trees, and other tables, placed in all the arbours of the gardens, were covered with gold and silver, which multiplied, by reflection, the blaze from the illuminated trees. At the darkest moment of the night, a little before the rising of the moon, a display of fireworks, exhibited on the water from a raft placed in the middle of the Bosphorus, at an equal distance from the three shores, sprang into the air, flew over the waves, and spread a reddened glare upon the mountains, on the fleet, and on the innumerable crowd of spectators in the caïques which covered the sea. Never did a more beautiful spectacle strike upon the eyes of man; one might have imagined that the arch of night was torn asunder, and gave a glimpse of some fairy world, with elements, mountains, seas, and skies, of unknown forms and hues, and thousands of vapoury and fleeting shadows stealing over waves of light and fire.

Then all returned into silence and darkness. The lamps, extinguished as if by a breath of wind, disappeared from all the yard-arms and port-holes of the ships, and the moon, rising from an elevated valley, between the crests of two mountains, spread its milder light upon the sea, and set in relief, upon a back-ground of pearls, the huge black masses of the vessels, and the spectral forms of their masts, yard-arms, and shrouds. The sultan took his departure in the small steam-boat, whose column of smoke trailed along the sea, and vanished in silence, like a shade come to witness the destruction of an empire.

It was not Sardanapalus illumining the ruins of his subverted throne with the blaze of his funeral pile. It was the master of a tottering empire, driven to ask from his enemies support and protection against a revolted vassal, and witnessing their glory and his own humiliation. What could the old Osmanli think when they saw the lights from the camp of the barbarous Christians, and the blaze of their bonfires, burst on the sacred mountains of Asia, fall on the domes of their mosques, and beat on the very walls of the old Seraglio? What thought Mahmoud himself, under the assumed smile upon his lips? What adder was gnawing his heart? Ah! there was something within profoundly

sad, something to break the heart, enough to turn his heroism into remorse! And there was also something profoundly consoling for the thought of the philosopher who recognises providence and loves mankind. It was that progress of time and events which was causing an immense empire to crumble into ruins, an obstacle to the civilisation of half the East, and which was bringing, step by step, towards these beautiful regions, a race of men less worn out, a government more humane, and a religion more progressive.*

July.—I have dined to-day at the house of Baron Sturmer, in the company of the prince royal of Bavaria, who is returning from Greece, and is staying a few days at Constantinople. This young prince, eager for information, and possessing the good sense to forget, in appearance, the throne which awaits him, seeks the conversation of men who have no interest to flatter him, and judges for himself after hearing them. He himself is very brilliant in conversation. "The king my brother," said he to me, "still hesitates in the choice of his capital. I should like to hear your opinion." "The capital of Greece," I replied to him, "is pointed out by the very nature of the event which has reconstructed it a country. Greece is a resurrection. When we resuscitate an object, we must reproduce it with its form and name, with its complete individuality. Athens, with its ruins and its recollections, is the symbol of recognition of Greece. She must rise again at Athens, or she will never be any thing more than she is now—an impoverished tribe scattered upon the rocks of the Peloponnesus and the Isles."

July.—The Russian fleet and army have departed. They now know the road, and they have accustomed the eyes of the Turks to see them. The Bosphorus remains deserted and inanimate.

My Arab horses arrive through Asia Minor. Tadmor, the most beautiful and high-spirited of them all, perished at Magnesia, near the end of the route. The sals wept for him, and still weep whilst giving me the account of his death. He had excited the admiration of all the towns of Carmania through which he had passed. The others are so thin and worn out, that they would need a month's rest before they were in a state to undertake the journey through European Turkey and Germany. I have sold the two best to M. de Bouteniev for the stables of the Emperor of Russia, and the three others to different individuals in Constantinople. I will always regret Tadmor and Saldé.

I have concluded a bargain with some Turks of Stam-boul and the suburb of Eyoub, who are the owners of those vehicles which carry the women in the streets of Constantinople; they are to provide me with five arabas, each drawn by four horses, to convey my wife and me, M. de Campas, my domestics and luggage, in twenty-five days to Belgrade. I have hired two Tatars to direct the caravan, moutons, and mule-drivers, to carry the beds, kitchen utensils, boxes of books, &c., and finally six saddle horses for ourselves, if the roads are unfit for the arabas. The price of all these horses and carriages is about 4000 francs (£160). An excellent interpreter accompanies us on horseback. Our departure is fixed, for the 25th July.

July.—We departed from Constantinople in the night at two o'clock. The horses and equipages waited for us in the Eyoub suburb, upon a small open space not far from a fountain shaded with plane-trees. A Turkish café was near at hand. A crowd assembled to see us start, but we experienced no insult nor missed any article. Honesty is the virtue of the populace; in Turkey it is least common in the palaces. The Turks

* [It is certainly a melancholy circumstance to find M. de Lamartine a dupe of the high-sounding pretences and theatrical flourishes with which Europe has been nauseated since the reign of Elizabeth of Russia, concerning the *magnanimity*, the probity, the humanity, and other exalted virtues of that most subtle and encroaching power. But, from Voltaire downwards, French philosophers seem singularly disposed to crouch in sycophancy before power and wealth, and have their minds taken captive by bombast and flattery, in dealing out which the Russian government acts upon the pure French model.]

who were seated under the trees before the café, and the boys who were passing, assisted us in loading our arabas and horses, and picked up and brought us any things which fell or which we forgot.*

We commenced our march with the rising of the sun on horseback, and scaled the long, solitary, and hilly streets of the suburb of Eyoub to the Greek walls of Stamboul. We issued from the walls upon a naked and deserted hill, surmounted by a superb barrack. Two battalions of the *nyssam djedid* (regular troops) were at exercise before the barrack. M. Truqui and the young Greeks in his consulate accompanied us thus far. We embraced that excellent man, who had been a ministering angel to us in our days of desolation, as we separated from him. When in despair, a friendship of two months is one of many years. May God reward and console the last days of that man of comfort! Who knows if we shall see each other again here below! We were departing upon a long and hazardous peregrination. He remained sad and ill, far from his wife and his country. He vainly strove to conceal his tears from us, and ours moistened his trembling hand.

We halted three leagues from Constantinople, to let the heat of the day pass over. We have traversed a country undulated with hills commanding the Sea of Marmora. A few houses scattered in the fields, but no villages. We resumed our route at four o'clock, and still following these low, broad, and naked hills, we arrived at a small town, where our Tatars, who were in advance of us, had got a house ready for us. This house belonged to a charming Greek family, composed of three handsome females and children of striking beauty. They stretched carpets and cushions on the pine floor for the night. My cook contrived to procure rice, fowls, and vegetables, in abundance.

Our caravan was on its legs at three in the morning. One of my Tatars keeps for some hours at the head of the troop; and after the mid-day rest, which we take either on the edge of a fountain or under some hovel of a caravanserai, he receives my orders, and goes off at a gallop to the town or the village where we are to sleep. He bears with him my letters from the grand vizier to the pacha, aga, or ayam (lord), of the village. These select the best Greek, Armenian, or Jewish house in the place, warning the proprietor to get it prepared for strangers. They cause forage for the thirty-two horses composing our suite to be brought there, and frequently supper for us. The ayam, accompanied by the principal inhabitants, and by some horsemen, if there are any troops in the place, comes to meet us at a certain distance on the road, and escorts us to our lodging. They descend from horseback with us, introduce us to the family, order pipes and coffee to be brought, and, after a few compliments, retire to their own houses, where I shortly afterwards return them their visit.

From Constantinople to Adrianople there is nothing remarkable, nothing picturesque, except the immense extent of the plains, without habitations and without trees, traversed at intervals by a sunken and half-dried river which passes under the arches of a ruinous bridge. In the evening we find with difficulty some poor village, at the bottom of a vale surrounded with orchards. The inhabitants are all Greeks, Armenians, or Bulgarians. The khans of these villages are hovels, almost roofless, into which they crowd men and horses. The route continues thus for five days. We meet no one; it resembles the Syrian desert. Once only we found ourselves in the midst of thirty or forty Bulgarian peasants, dressed like Europeans, with caps of black sheep wool. They were marching towards Constantinople, to the music of two bagpipes. They uttered loud cries on seeing us, and sprang towards us, asking for piastres. They are the savoyards of European Turkey. They were going for the purpose of guarding the horses of

the sultan and the pachas, in the meadows on the waters of Asia, and near Beyukdere. They are the gardeners also of Stamboul.

On the morning of the sixth day, we perceive Adrianople at the termination of the plains, in a beautiful hollow between mountains. The town appears immense, and a beautiful mosque towers above it. It is the finest religious monument in Turkey after Saint Sophia, and was constructed by Bajazet at the time that Adrianople was the capital of the empire. The enclosures, two leagues from the town, are cultivated with wheat, vines, and fruit trees of all sorts. The aspect of the country reminds us of the environs of Dijon or Lyons. Numerous rivulets meander in the plain. We enter a long suburb, and pass into the town amidst a crowd of Turks, women, and children, who squeeze each other to get a look at us; but far from annoying us, they exhibit every mark of politeness and respect. The persons who had come to meet us conduct us to the door of a handsome house belonging to M. Vernazza, Sardinian consul at Adrianople.

We have passed two days at Adrianople, in the agreeable house of this consul. His family is a few leagues in the country, on the banks of the river Maritza, the Ebra of the ancients. We enjoy a ravishing prospect of Adrianople in the evening, from the top of the terrace. The city, almost as large as Lyons, is watered by three rivers, the Ebra, the Arda, and the Tundicha. It is surrounded on all sides by wood and water, and beautiful mountains, extending in chains, enclose this fertile basin. Visit the mosque, an edifice similar to all mosques, but more elevated and extensive. Our art has produced nothing more bold, original, or of finer effect, than this monument and its minaret, a column pierced to the light more than a hundred feet in shaft.

Departed from Adrianople for Philippopolis. The road passes through defiles and hollows, well wooded, and of smiling aspect, although deserted, between the lofty chains of the mountains of Rhodope and Hæmus. We have three days' march, passing some beautiful villages. In the evening, when three leagues from Philippopolis, I perceive in the plain a crowd of Turkish, Armenian, and Greek horsemen, who draw towards us in a gallop. A handsome young man, mounted on a superb horse, arrives the first, and touches my coat with his finger. He draws up alongside of me, and explains to me in Italian, that, being the first to touch me, I must accept his house, whatever entreaties the other horsemen might use to conduct me elsewhere. The kiaya of the governor of Philippopolis afterwards arrives, compliments me in the name of his master, and tells me that the governor has prepared for me a large and commodious house and also supper, and that he hopes to retain me some days in the town; but I am resolute in accepting the house of the young Greek, M. Maurides.

We enter Philippopolis in a cavalcade of sixty or eighty horsemen, which attracts a crowd to the windows and into the streets. We are received by the sisters and the aunts of M. Maurides. The house is extensive and elegant. We are ushered into a beautiful saloon with twenty-four windows, and furnished in the European style, where the governor, and the chief people of the different nations in the town, come to compliment us and take coffee. Three days are passed at Philippopolis, in the enjoyment of the agreeable hospitality of M. Maurides, in going through the environs, and in exchanging visits with the Turks, the Greeks, and the Armenians.

Philippopolis is a town containing 30,000 souls. It is four days' journey from Adrianople, and eight from Sophia. It is situated on the banks of a river, on a hill of isolated rocks, in the midst of a wide and fertile valley. The position of the town is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined; the hill forms a pair of horns, both equally crowned with houses and gardens, and the streets descend in circular windings to lessen the precipitancy to the banks of the river, which flows at the foot of the town, and encircles it with a moat of

* [It would almost seem that the author had made a mistake as to the hour of his departure, as it is not likely that the cafés and streets should be full in the dead of night; but such are his words.]

living water. The aspect of the bridges, the gardens, the houses, the woody plain which separates the river from the mountains of Macedonia, and these mountains themselves, whose sides are riddled with torrents whitening them with foam, and strowed with villages or large Greek monasteries, renders the garden of M. Maurides one of the most admirable sites in the world. The population of the town is composed, in about equal proportions, of Greeks, Armenians, and Turks. The Greeks are in general well informed and commercial; the principal amongst them have their children educated in Hungary. The oppression of the Turks only appears the more onerous afterwards; they sigh after the independence of their brothers in the Morea. I became acquainted with three young Greeks, agreeable youths, and worthy, from their sentiments and energetic spirit, of another lot and another country.

Quitted Philippopolis, and arrived in two days at a pretty town, called Tatar Bazarjik, situated in a cultivated plain; it belongs, as well as the surrounding province, to one of those great Turkish feudal families, five or six races of whom exist in Asia and Europe, who are respected by the sultans. The young prince who possesses and governs Tatar Bazarjik, is the son of the former vizier, Hussein-Pacha. He received us with chivalrous hospitality, and gave us a large, elegant, and commodious house, belonging to an Armenian, just newly constructed on the banks of a stream which surrounds the town. We were scarcely installed, when fifteen or twenty slaves arrived, each bearing on his head a pewter tray, and deposited on the floor, at our feet, a profusion of pilaus, pastry, game, and confectionary of all sorts, from the kitchens of the prince. Two horses were also brought as a present to me, which I declined accepting. My suite were well provided with calves and sheep.

On the following day, we got a sight of the Balkan in front of us. These beautiful mountains, well wooded, and interspersed with large villages and highly cultivated tracts, are peopled by the Bulgarians. At the village of Yenikai, I found the principal inhabitants waiting for us, who took the reins of our horses, placed themselves on each side of our carriages, supported them with their hands and shoulders, sometimes lifting them up to prevent the wheels sliding down the precipices, and thus conducted us into the miserable village where my Tatars had preceded me. The houses, scattered on the sides or tops of two hills, separated by a deep ravine, were surrounded by pretty orchards and grass-plots. All the mountains were cultivated to their base, and crowned with beautiful forests on their brows; the peaks were of rock. The Bulgarian hovels were built of clay, and covered with leafy boughs. We occupied seven or eight of them, each having but one room, with the bare ground serving for a floor. Our moukres, Tatars, and horsemen, bivouacked in the orchards.

I was attacked by fever and inflammation, the result of sorrow and fatigue, and passed twenty days extended on a mat, in this miserable hut without windows, between life and death. My wife, with admirable devotedness, passed fifteen days and fifteen nights, without closing an eye, at the side of my bed of straw. She sent some Bulgarians into the marshes of the plain to seek for leeches, of which they procured a supply. I had sixty leeches applied to my chest and temples, which reduced the fever, and restored me to recollection. I thought, night and day, upon my wife, who would be abandoned at such a distance from all means of consolation, in the midst of the mountains of Macedonia, if I should happen to die. Oh terrible hours! I called M. de Campos, and gave him my last instructions in case of death; I begged him to have me buried under a tree which I had remarked, when we arrived, on the edge of the road, with a single word engraved on the stone, that word which is superior to all consolation—God.

On the sixth day of the fever, when the danger was already passed, we heard the noise of horses and arms in the court. Some horsemen descended, who

proved to be the young and amiable Greek of Philippopolis, M. Maurides, with a Macedonian physician, and several servants, who were engaged in relieving the horses which had been loaded with provisions, articles of furniture, and medicines. A Tatar, who was passing the Balkan, on his way to Adrianople, had stopped at the khan of Philippopolis, and spread the report that a Frank traveller was ill, and at the point of death, at Yenikai. This rumour reached M. Maurides at ten in the evening; and presuming that this Frank was his late guest, he immediately sent to his friend the physician, assembled his domestics, threw on his horses all that his charitable foresight judged essential to a patient, set off in the middle of the night, travelled without a halt, and came, after two days' journeying, to bring succour, remedies, and consolation, to a stranger who would never see him again. These are traits which refresh the soul, and show the generous nature of man in all places and in all climates. M. Maurides found me almost convalescent; and as business called him back to Philippopolis, he departed the same day, leaving with me the young Macedonian physician. He was a man of talent and information, had pursued his medical studies at Semlin, in Hungary, and spoke Latin. His skill was not needed, for the tenderness, presence of mind, and determined resolution of my wife, had accomplished all; but his society was agreeable during the twenty tedious days we passed at Yenikai, to allow the malady to be completely cured, and to regain strength to mount my horse.

The Prince of Tatar Bazarjik, informed from the first of my illness, gave me equally touching marks of interest and kindness. He sent me every day mutton and veal for my people; and during the whole time of my sojourn at Yenikai, five or six troopers of his guard remained constantly in the court, with their horses all ready, to execute my least desire. The few last days of my convalescence, they accompanied me in excursions to the magnificent valley and mountains in the vicinity of Yenikai. The prince offered me even a present of slaves; and a detachment of his troopers escorted me on my departure, to the limits of his government.

I had an opportunity of studying, in the interior of their families, the manners of the Bulgarians. They are quite the same as those of the Swiss and Savoyard peasants. They are a simple, mild, and laborious race, full of respect for their priests, and of zeal for their religion, which is Greek. The priests are simple laborious peasants also. The Bulgarians form a population of several millions, which is continually increasing; they live in villages and small towns apart from the Turks. One or two Turks, delegated by the pacha or ayam, go through these villages every year to collect the taxes; with that exception, and some exacted labour, they live undisturbed, and according to their own customs. Their dress is like that of the peasants in Germany; the women and girls have a costume nearly similar to the females of the Swiss mountains; they are pretty, lively, and graceful. Their manners appeared to me to be pure, although they ceased to be veiled as in Turkey, and mingle freely with the men. I have witnessed rural dances amongst the Bulgarians, exactly as in our villages in France. They despise and hate the Turks; they are quite ripe for independence, and form, with the Servians their neighbours, the germ of future states in European Turkey. The country which they inhabit would soon be a delightful garden, if the blind and stupid opposition, not of the government but of the administration of Turkey, allowed them to pursue its cultivation with a little more security. They are passionately attached to the soil.

I quitted Yenikai and its good peasants with regret; it is a delightful residence in summer. The whole village accompanied us for a league into the Balkan, and loaded us with good wishes and benedictions. We cleared the first Balkan in an hour; they are mountains very similar to those of Auvergne, and are every where accessible and fit for cultivation. Five hundred men might make an excellent carriage-road in a

single season. In three days I arrived at Sophia, a large town in an enclosed valley watered by a stream. A Turkish pacha was residing there, who sent his *kiaya* to meet me, and gave me the house of a Greek merchant for a lodging. I passed a day there, the pacha sending sheep and calves, and refusing any present in return. There is nothing worthy of remark in the town.

In four days' slow marching, sometimes over mountains of easy ascent, sometimes in valleys and plains of great fertility, but unpeopled, I arrived in the plain of Nissa, the last Turkish town, almost on the frontiers of Servia. I was half an hour in front of the caravan. The sun was scorchingly hot. About a league from the town, I saw a large white tower rising in the middle of the plain, glittering like Parian marble, to which the road conducted me. When I drew near, I gave my horse to a Turkish boy, who accompanied me, to hold, and seated myself under the shade of the tower to repose for a moment. Scarcely had I sat down, when, raising my eyes to the monument which afforded me shelter, I saw that its walls, which had appeared to me of marble or white stone, were formed by regular layers of human skulls. The skulls and visages of men, unflushed and blanched by the rain and sun, and cemented with some sand and chalk, composed the triumphal arch which overshadowed me. There might be from fifteen to twenty thousand of them; to some, the hair still adhered, and waved like weeds and moss under the breeze, which was blowing fresh from the mountains, and, piercing the innumerable cavities of the skulls and faces, made them give out plaintive and lamentable sighs. There was no person near to give me an explanation of this barbarian monument. The boy who held the two horses by their bridles was playing with the morsels of the skulls which had fallen in dust at the foot of the tower; and I was so overcome with fatigue, heat, and sleepiness, that I slept with my back supported against these walls of decapitated heads. On awaking, I found myself surrounded by the caravan, and a great number of Turkish horsemen, come to escort us at our entry into the town. They told me they were the heads of 15,000 Servians, slain by the pacha in the last revolt of Servia. This plain had been the field of death to those generous-minded insurgents; and this monument was their sepulchre. I saluted with my eyes and my heart the remains of those heroic men, whose severed heads have become the boundary-stone of the independence of their country. Servia, which we were about to enter, is now free; it was a song of liberty and glory, which the winds of the mountains were uttering round the Servians who had died for their country! They will soon possess Nissa itself;—may they allow this monument to subsist! It will teach their children the value of independence, by showing them the price their fathers have paid for it.

Nissa resembles Sophia, and has no distinct character. We passed a day there. After Nissa, we entered into the beautiful mountains and the immense forests of Servia. These primitive forests extend on all sides as far as the horizon, leaving only a wide serpentine road, which had been recently traversed by Prince Milosch, an independent chief of Servia. For six days we penetrated into these magnificent and perpetual shades, without other object to look at than the endless colonnades of the enormous and towering trunks of beeches, the waves of foliage swinging in the wind, and the avenues of hills and mountains, uniformly covered with centenarian oaks. Only, at intervals of five or six leagues, on descending into a somewhat wider valley in which a river winds, large wooden villages, with a few pretty white houses, straggling at the opening of the forest, a small church and a parsonage, stretch along the banks of a stream, in the midst of meadows and patches of melons. The inhabitants, seated on wooden benches before their shops, work at different trades; their countenances, although mild and benevolent, have something of the northern aspect, of energy and haughtiness, which bespeaks a people already free, and altogether worthy of being so. Every

where, we are welcomed with hospitality and respect; the best house in the village is prepared for us; and the clergyman comes to converse with us. We begin to find the furniture of Europe in the houses, the women are no longer veiled, and in the meadows and woods are bands of young men and girls going together to the labours of the field, and singing national airs, which remind us of the "*Ranz des vaches*."* These young girls are dressed in a chemise, plaited into numerous folds, which covers the shoulders and bosom, and in a short petticoat, of brown or red woollen. Their healthy freshness and gaiety, and the clearness of their complexions and eyes, give them a resemblance to the prettiest maidens of Berne, or of the mountains of Lucerne.

Now our invariable companions in all the Turkish *kouaks* abandon us; we see no longer the storks, whose large nests, like cradles of reeds, crown the summits of all the domes on the mosques in European Turkey, and serve as roofs to the crumbling minarets; every evening, on arriving in the villages or deserted *khanas*, we saw them in couples roaming around our tent or hut; the young ones, raising their long necks out of the nest like a brood of serpents, opened their beaks to the mother, who, half suspended on her wide wings, distributed amongst them the food which she had procured from the neighbouring marshes, and the male bird, hovering motionless at a great height above the nest, seemed to enjoy the touching spectacle. These beautiful birds have nothing savage about them; they are the guardians of the roof as the dogs of the hearth; they live in peace with the flocks of doves which whiten the domes of the *khanas* and the mosques, and scarce not even the swallows. The Turks live in harmony also with all creation, animate and inanimate; trees, birds, or dogs, they respect all that God has made, and extend their charity to those poor animals which are left to starve or tortured amongst us. In all the streets, at certain distances, there are troughs of water for the dogs of the quarter, and they often leave pious legacies when dying, to feed the turtle-doves which they nourished when alive.

September 2.—We have issued this morning from the eternal forests of Servia, which continue even to the banks of the Danube. The point at which we get a first glimpse of this king of rivers is an eminence covered with superb oaks. After clearing it, we discover at its base a large lake of blue and transparent water, enclosed in woods and tall reeds, and sprinkled with verdant islets. On advancing, we see the river stretching to the right and left, skirting the steep woody shores of Servia, and losing itself in the plains of Hungary on the right. The last slopes of the forest falling towards the river, present one of the most beautiful localities in the universe. We sleep on the banks of the Danube, in a small Servian village.

On the following day we again quit the river during a four hours' march. The country, like that of all frontiers, is sandy, uncultivated, and desert. Towards noon we scale the sterile hills, from which we have, at last, a view of Belgrade at our feet. Belgrade, so often shattered by bombs, is situated on an elevated bank of the Danube. The roofs of its mosques are riddled, the walls are breached, and the abandoned suburbs are strewn with dilapidated houses and heaps of ruins; the town, like all Turkish towns, descends in narrow and tortuous streets towards the river. Semlin, the first town in Hungary, shines on the other side of the Danube, with all the magnificence of a European town. Its steeples rise fronting the minarets. When arrived at Belgrade, we put up at a small inn, the first that we have found in Turkey. The Prince Milosch sends some of his principal officers to invite me to pass a few days in the fortress where he resides, at a distance of some leagues from Belgrade. I resist their entreaties, and order boats for the passage of the

* [This is the national song of the Tyrolean peasants, with which the British public was made familiar by the Tyrolean minstrels a few years ago.]

Danube. At four o'clock we descend to the river. As we are about to embark, I see a group of horsemen, dressed almost in the European fashion, galloping towards us along the beach; amongst them is the brother of Prince Milosch, the chief of the Servians, who comes, on the part of his brother, to renew his invitation for me to remain a few days at his house. I regret extremely it was not in my power to accept a hospitality so obligingly pressed; but my travelling companion, M. de Campas, had been seriously indisposed for several days, so as to be scarcely able to keep on horseback, and it was absolutely necessary to procure him repose and the resources of a European town, as well as the aid of the physicians of the Lazaretto. I converse half an hour with the prince, who seems a man well informed, affable, and amiable. I express my gratification that he and his noble nation are verging so nearly to a perfectly independent civilisation; and I at length put my foot into the boat which is to transport us to Semlin. The passage occupies an hour; the river, wide and deep, has waves like the sea. We skirt the meadows and orchards which surround Semlin, and on the evening of the 3d we enter the Lazaretto, where we must remain ten days. Each of us has a cell, and a small court planted with trees. I dismiss my Tatars, moulkres, and dragoman, who return to Constantinople. They all kiss my hand in sadness, and I myself cannot quit, without emotion and gratitude, these simple and honest, these faithful and open-hearted servants, who have guided, followed, guarded, and tended me, as brothers would have done for a brother, and who have proved, during the innumerable vicissitudes of an eighteen months' journey in a foreign land, that all religions have their divine moral, all degrees of civilisation their virtues, and all men the sentiment of the just, the good, and the beautiful, engraved in different characters upon their hearts by the hand of God.

NOTES UPON SERVIA.

Semlin, September 12, in the Lazaretto.—We had scarcely left these forests, where a new and free people are germinating, than we felt regret at not having known more of them. One would like to live and fight with them for their new-born independence, and we inquire with pleasure into the events which have produced it, and the destiny their own virtues and Providence are preparing for them. I will always remember the scene at Jagodina. We were admiring, in a Servian cabin, a young mother suckling twins, whilst a third child was playing on the ground, at her feet, with the yatagan of its father. The priest of the village, and some of the principal inhabitants, were in a circle around us, and spoke to us, with simplicity and enthusiasm, of the increasing prosperity of the nation under its free government, of the forests they were clearing, of the houses that were multiplying in the valleys, and of the numerous schools, filled with children, that were opened in all the villages; each of these men, advancing his head between the shoulders of those in front of him, had on his countenance a proud and happy look at the admiration that we testified; their eyes were animated, their faces coloured with emotion for their country, as if the glory and liberty of all formed the boast of each. At this moment, the husband of the Servian mother in whose house we were lodged, returned from the fields, came up to us, and saluted us with that respect, and at the same time with that nobleness of manner, natural to savage tribes; he then mingled with the other villagers, and heard with them the recital that the pope* was giving us of the battles for independence. When the pope came to the battle of Nissa, where 30 standards were wrested from 40,000 Turks by 3000 mountaineers, the father sprang out of the circle, and taking from the arms of his wife his two lovely infants, and raising them towards heaven, "Behold the soldiers of

Milosch!" he exclaimed—"As long as women shall give birth to children, there will be free Servians in the forests of Scumadia!"

The history of this people is written only in popular verses, like the first annals of all heroic races. These songs of national enthusiasm, composed on the field of battle, repeated from rank to rank by the soldiers, and carried to the villages at the end of the campaign, are preserved by tradition. The priest or the schoolmaster writes them, accompanied by simple airs, but vibrating as the hearts of the combatants, or as the voice of a father who greets from afar the smoke from the roof of his children; they become the popular history of the nation; Prince Milosch has had two collections of them printed and distributed. The Servian child learns to read the exploits of his fathers in these touching recitals; and the name of the liberator of Servia is engrafted on his first recollections. A people nourished with such food can never again become slaves. I have often met in the middle of those primitive forests, in profound gorges where we expected to find no other inhabitants than wild beasts, groups of youths and maidens proceeding in company, vinging together these national airs, a few words of which our interpreters translated for us. They interrupted their songs for a moment to salute us, and gaze at us defiling past; and when we had disappeared, they resumed their airs, and those sombre avenues of aged oaks, and the rocks which lined the torrent, resounded for a long time with the echoes of those songs, with their full notes and monotonous repetitions, which promise a long happiness to this region. "What do they say," I asked my dragoman, who understood their language, on one occasion. "Hospodar," he answered me, "they are uttering such silly things, that they are not worthy of being repeated to Franks." "But pray translate for me the very words they are singing at this moment," I rejoined. "Well, they are saying, 'May God bless the waters of the Morawa, for they have drowned the enemies of Servia! May God multiply the seed of the oaks of Scumadia, for each of these trees is a Servian!'" "And what do they mean by that?" I asked. "Hospodar," answered the dragoman, "they mean, that during the war, the Servians found the trunks of the oaks a protecting rampart, that their forests were and still are their natural fortresses, that each of these trees is a comrade in battle, and that they love them as brothers; thus, when Prince Milosch, who at present governs them, caused so many trees to be cut down to form, through these forests, the long road that we are following, the old Servians have often cursed him. 'To level trees,' said they, 'is to kill men. In Servia trees and men are friends.'"

Whilst traversing these magnificent solitudes, where, during so many days' march, the eye perceives nothing, on every side that it is cast, but the uniform and dark undulation of the leaves, of the oaks which cover the valleys and the mountains, a veritable ocean of foliage, from which even the sharp point of a minaret or a steeple peeps not out; whilst descending from time to time into deep gorges, where a river roared, where the forest retired a little to give place to some well-cultivated fields, pretty new houses built of wood, saw-pits and mills erected on the edge of the stream; whilst beholding immense flocks, under charge of young and beautiful girls, picturesquely clad, coming out of the colonnades of trees, and returning in the evening to the dwellings, the children leaving the village school, the pope seated on a bench at the door of his neat little house, and the old men entering the common building or the church to deliberate on affairs—I could believe myself in the midst of the forests of North America, at the time that a people was being formed, or a colony established. The countenances of these men testified to the mildness of their manners, the good breeding of an ancient civilisation, and the health and comfort which they enjoy; liberty is stamped on their physiognomies. The Bulgarian is good and simple, but we perceive, that although ready to enfranchise himself, he still bears a remnant of the yoke; in the stoop of his head, and in the accent of his voice, and in the humble re-

* [The parish priests of the Greek church are called by the name of popes.]

signation of his looks, there still lurks a sensible recollection and fear of the Turk; he reminds us of the Savoyard, one of that good-hearted and excellent Alpine race, to whom there is nothing wanting but that dignity of mien and of speech which ennoble all the other virtues. The Servian, on the contrary, recalls the Swiss of the small cantons, where the pure and patriarchal manners of the shepherd are in perfect harmony with the liberty which makes the man, and the calm courage which makes the hero. The young virgins resemble the handsome females of Lucerne and Berne, and their costume is almost the same—very short petticoats of bright colours, and their hair plaited in long tresses, hanging to their heels. Their manners are chaste, like those of all pastoral and religious tribes. Their language is musical, harmonious, and cadenced, as all those which come from the Slavonic. There is little inequality of fortune amongst them, but a general competency. Their only luxury is in having fine arms. Their present government is a species of representative dictatorship. Prince Milosch, the liberator of Servia, has preserved the discretionary power which was vested in him from necessity during the war.* Proclaimed prince of the Servians in 1829, the people swore fidelity to him and his successors. The Turks, who have still a part in the administration, and in the garrisons of the fortresses, have also recognised Prince Milosch, and now treat directly with him. He has constituted a senate and district assemblies, which have concurrent power in the discussion and decision of general affairs. The senate is convoked every year; the deputies of the villages assemble in the vicinity of the prince's residence, and they hold, like the men of the heroic times, their deliberations under large trees. The prince descends from his seat, comes up to each of the deputies, interrogates him, hears his answers, takes a note of his complaints or advice, speaks to him concerning affairs, explains to him with calmness his political views, and justifies the measures which have appeared harsh or arbitrary; all this passes with the noble and grave familiarity of husbandmen conversing with their landlords. They are labouring and armed patriarchs. The belief in God presides over all their councils, as at all their combats; they legislate and fight for their altars as well as their forests, but the priests have no influence except in affairs of religion. The principal influence rests with the military chiefs, that nobility of blood which they call *wayvodes*. The sacerdotal domination never commences until the state of war has ceased, and until the soil of the country is incontestably won for the nation. Up to that point, men honour above all others those who defend them; it is not till afterwards that they honour those who civilise them.

The population of Servia reaches at present to about 1,000,000, and it is rapidly increasing. The mildness of the climate, similar to that of France between Lyons and Avignon; the fertility of the unbroken and deep soil, which is every where covered with the rank vegetation of the Swiss meadows; the numerous rivers and streams, which descend from the mountains, meander in the valleys, and form at intervals lakes in the midst of the woods; the clearing of the forests, which will furnish, as in America, ground for the plough, and inexhaustible materials for building; the mild and pure manners of the people; the protecting laws, which are already enlightened by assimilation to our best European laws; the rights of citizenship, guaranteed by local representation and deliberative assemblies; in fine, the supreme power concentrated, in adequate proportions, in the hands of a man worthy of his mission, Prince Milosch, and transmitting it to his descendants—all these elements of peace, civilisation, and prosperity, promise to carry the Servian population to several millions before half a century.* If this nation, as it desires and hopes, becomes the centre of a new Slavonic empire, by its union with Bosnia, a part of Bulgaria, and the warlike hordes of the Moutenegrins, Europe will see a new state arise from the ruins of Turkey, and cover those vast and beautiful regions which extend between the Danube, the Adriatic, and

the Balkan. If the difference of manners and of nationality affords too much resistance to this fusion, we shall see at least in Servia, one of the members of that confederation of free states, or European protectorates, destined to fill up the void that the disappearance of the Ottoman empire is about to leave in Europe as well as in Asia. European politics can have no better purpose to satisfy.

September 23.—The history of this people must be sung, and not written. It is a poem which is still progressing. I have collected the principal facts on the spot from the mouths of our Belgrade friends, who come to visit us at the bars of the Lazaretto. Seated under a linden on the grass, in the mild and beautiful sun of these countries, and with the murmur of the Danube in its rapid course close by, and the prospect of the lovely shores and green forests of Servia, opposite the coast of Hungary in front, these men, in a half oriental costume, and with the masculine and calm features of a warlike race, recount to me with simplicity the deeds in which they have taken part. Although still young, and covered with wounds, they seem to have entirely forgotten war, and are occupied only with public improvements, schools for the people, rural and administrative amendments, and the progress to be given to legislation. Modest and zealous, they take advantage of all occasions which are afforded them to perfect their new-born institutions; they interrogate travellers, retain them as long as possible amongst them, and store up all that these men tell them, who have come from such a distance, as if they were the envoys of providence. The following is the account I have gathered of their last years:—

It was in 1804, at the end of long troubles excited by Passwanaglou, Pacha of Widin, and which were suppressed by the force of the janissaries, that the Servians revolted against their tyrants. Three chiefs united together in the central part of Servia, which is called Scumadia, an immense district, covered with impenetrable forests. The first of these chiefs was Kara-George, and the two others, Tanko-Kalish and Wasso-Teharapish. Kara-George had been a Heyduk. The Heyduks were in Servia what the Klephtes were in Greece, a race of independent and adventurous men, living in inaccessible mountains, and descending, upon the least symptom of war, to take part in the conflicts of factions, and to keep up their habits of massacre and pillage. The whole country rose in insurrection, after the example of Scumadia; each canton chose for its chief the bravest and most influential of its *wayvodes*; these, assembled in a council of war, conferred upon Kara-George the title of generalissimo. This title invested him with few prerogatives; but genius, in times of trouble, very quickly gives to a bold man the actual sovereignty. Danger never bargains with courage. Obedience is the instinct of people to audacity and talent.

George Petrowitch, surnamed Kara, or Zrin, that is to say, George the Black, was born about 1765, in a village of the district of Kragausewatz—his father was a labouring peasant and shepherd, called Petroni. Another tradition makes Kara-George be born in France, but it is without probability. Petroni carried his son, when an infant, into the mountains of Topoli. The insurrection of 1787, which Austria was to have supported, having terminated disastrously, the insurgents, pursued by the Turks and Bosniaks, were obliged to take to flight. Petroni, and George his son, who had fought with valour, assembled their flocks, in which their whole wealth consisted, and took the route towards

*I have since had more circumstantial and authentic details of the modern history of Servia, and I am indebted to the kindness of a traveller who had preceded me, and whom I had met at Jaffa in Palestine, M. Adolphe de Camman, for the communication of these notes upon Servia, which were collected by him during a residence at the house of Prince Milosch. These notes, much more worthy than mine of attracting the attention of the public, by the talent and good faith with which they were digested, were accompanied by a translation of the history of the Servians by a Servian.

the Saave. They were already on the banks of this river, about to seek safety in the Austrian territory, when the father of Kara-George, an old man, enfeebled by years, and more rooted than his son to the soil of his country, turned back to look upon the mountains where he left all the remembrances of his life, and felt his heart break at the idea of quitting them for ever to pass amongst a strange people. Seating himself on the ground, he conjured his son to submit himself to the enemy, rather than go over to Germany. I regret I am unable to give from memory the touching and poetical supplications of the old man, such as they are sung in the popular ballads of Servia. It is one of those descriptions where the feelings of nature, so profoundly experienced and so artlessly expressed, surpass all that the inventive faculty of literary men can borrow from art. The Bible and Homer alone have such pages.

However, Kara-George, at first overcome by the regrets and prayers of his father, had sent back the servants and flocks; and in devotion to the rigour of filial obedience, which is the second religion of the Orientals, he bowed his head under the voice of his father. He was proceeding to resume in sadness the route of slavery, in order that Petroni might yet remain on the Servian soil, when the voices and shots of the Bosniaks announced to him the approach of their enemies, and the inevitable torments with which they would glut their vengeance. "My father," said he, "decide; we have but an instant; arise, throw yourself into the river; my arm will support you, and my body will cover you from the balls of the Osmanlis. You will still live, and pass happier days on the territory of a friendly nation." But the inflexible old man, whom his son strove in vain to move, resisted all his efforts, and determined to die on the land of his nativity. Kara-George, driven to despair, and unwilling that his father's body should fall into the hands of the Turks, fell on his knees, asked the old man's blessing, slew him with a pistol shot, threw his body into the Saave, and, jumping into the river, swam over to the Austrian dominions.

A short while after, he returned into Servia as sergeant-major of a Frank corps. Discontented at being passed over in a distribution of medals of honour, he quitted his corps, and threw himself as a Heyduk into the mountains. Being reconciled with his commander, he accompanied him into Austria when peace was concluded, and obtained the situation of forester in the monastery of Krusedal. Soon sick of this employment, he went back to Servia, under the government of Hadgi-Mustapha. He returned to his occupation of shepherd, but took up arms whenever any fresh commotion disturbed any district of the country.

Kara-George was of lofty stature, of robust constitution, and of a noble and frank demeanour. Silent and pensive, when he was not stimulated by liquor, or by the sound of arms, or by contradiction in council, he was seen to pass whole days without uttering a syllable.

Almost all men who have performed, or who are destined to perform, great things, are sparing of words. Their communing is with themselves rather than with others. They feed upon their own thoughts, and in these inward musings brace those intellectual and active energies, the development of which constitutes the great character. Napoleon became a babbler only when his fate was accomplished, and his fortune on the decline. An inflexible defender of justice and order, Kara-George hanged his own brother, for having attempted the honour of a young maiden.

It was in January 1806, that several armies penetrated at the same time into Servia. Bekir, Pacha of Bosnia, and Ibrahim, Pacha of Scutari, received orders from the Porte to proceed there with all their forces. Bekir sent two corps of about 40,000 men. Ibrahim advanced by way of Nissa, at the head of a formidable army. Kara-George, with forces very inferior in number, but animated with an invincible patriotism, and full of confidence in their chiefs, and protected by the forests which shielded their movements, repulsed all the partial attacks of Bekir and Ibrahim. After having over-

thrown Hadgi-bey, near Petzka, he marched on the principal army, which was retiring on Schabaz, came up with and entirely defeated it at Schabaz, on the 8th August 1806. Kulmi and the old Mehomet were slain. The wreck of the army saved itself in Schabaz. The Bosniaks who endeavoured to recapture the Drina were taken prisoners. Kara-George, who had with him only 7000 infantry and 2000 cavalry, proceeded with rapidity upon Ibrahim Pacha, who was besieging Daligrad, a Servian town, defended by another chief named Peter Dobrinyas. At his approach, Ibrahim demanded a parley. Conferences were opened at Smaderewo, and a momentary pacification for Servia was the result, on conditions favourable to that country. It was only one of those interludes which give breathing time to the insurrectionary spirit, and insensibly accustom nations to that semi-independence which soon ripens into impatience for liberty. Shortly after, Kara-George, who had not disbanded his troops because the decisions of the Muphti had not sanctioned the capitulations of Smaderewo, marched upon Belgrade, the capital of Servia, a strong town upon the Danube, with a citadel and a Turkish garrison, and invested it. Guscharez-Ali, who commanded the town, obtained from Kara-George permission to retire to Widin down the Danube. Soleyman-Pacha remained in the citadel; but at the commencement of 1807, having marched out with 200 janissaries, who remained with him, in order to rejoin the Turks, he and they were massacred by the very escort that Kara-George had given the pacha to protect his retreat. Kara-George was not accused of this barbarity; it was the result of revenge on the part of the Servians against the corps of janissaries, whose ferocious sway had subjected them to similar executions.

These successes in the war of independence conferred on Servia an entirely municipal constitution. The military chiefs, named wayvodes, were every where substituted for the civil powers. These wayvodes were supported by a cavalry, composed of young men belonging to the wealthiest families, who received no pay, but lived at the expense of the wayvodes, and got part of the booty captured by them. Some of the chiefs had fifty of these young cavaliers around their persons. The most important of them at that time were Jacob Nenadovich, Milenko, Dobrinyas, Ressava, and, above all, Kara-George.

A senate, composed of twelve members, elected by each of the twelve districts, had to preside over the general interests of this species of armed confederation, and to serve as a counterpoise to those usurped powers. This senate showed itself worthy of its functions. It introduced regularity into the finances, assigned the taxes, set apart the tenth for the pay of the troops, and occupied itself with the education of the people with a zeal and intelligence which indicated thus early a profound instinct for civilisation. They substituted for the routine instruction of the cloisters and convents, popular schools in each town, the capital of a district. Unfortunately, these senators, instead of holding their commission from the whole country, only represented the wayvodes, and were consequently wholly subject to their influence.

Another political deliberative body, composed of the wayvodes and hospodars themselves, retained the most important affairs in their own hands; and the precarious sovereignty was divided between this body and Kara-George. Every year, about Christmas, the wayvodes who were members of it, assembled at Belgrade, and debated, under the eyes of this chief, and in the midst of the intrigues which always surrounded them, concerning peace, war, the form of government, and the distribution of the impost. They gave in their accounts, and made regulations for the administration of justice. The existence and pretensions of this aristocratic body were an obstacle to the complete enfranchisement and rapid development of the resources of Servia. Unanimity is the vital point for an armed people in presence of its enemies; independence can be achieved only by a dictator—civil liberty requires deliberative bodies. If the Servians had been at that

time properly inspired, they would have raised Kara-George above all his rivals, and concentrated power in his hands. The hospodars were well aware that a single chief was necessary; but each of them desired that this chief should be weak, in the hope of controlling him. The choice of the senators was made with this secret view. They thought that this body would be useful to them against George, whilst, on the other hand, George hoped to turn it to his own advantage against the hospodars. Thus dissensions commenced amongst the liberators of Servia.

The most eloquent of the senators, Miladen Milovanovich, had gained, by the force of his words, the chief sway in the senate. Enriched by the pillage of Belgrade, and master of the foreign commerce by the duties of the Danube, of which he had taken the farm, he gave umbrage to Kara-George and his partisans. The senate, stirred up by them, arose in fury against Milovanovich, who retired, vowing vengeance, to Daligrad. He secretly informed George of the underhand intrigues of Russia and the Greeks against him. Kara-George listened to him, recalled him to Belgrade, resolved on war against the Bosniaks, and opened the campaign of 1809 by entering their country.

The same national song which celebrated the commencement of the insurrection, foretold misfortunes when they should attempt to pass the Drina and invade Bosnia. The prediction of the poet was the oracle of God. This campaign was a series of faults, disasters, and losses. Kara-George, assisted by a Russian corps, in vain combated with his habitual heroism. His discouraged soldiers offered a feeble resistance. Defeated by the Turks at Komenitz, he retired to cover Jagodina and the left bank of the Morawa, and was indebted to an important diversion by the Russians for the preservation of this portion of territory.

Reverses increased the jealous enmity of the wayvodes against him. They strove to overthrow his power, as soon as it was not supported by the prestige of victory. Jacob Nenadovich was the first who shook his sway. He appeared in the senate on the 1st January, 1810, at the head of 600 young cavaliers, and was named president of the senate. The influence of Russia alone maintained for some time the tottering authority of Kara-George. He advanced against Kurchid, Pacha of Nissa, who had not less than 30,000 men. The plain of Varvarin was the theatre of a sanguinary action, in which 3000 Servians, animated by the voice and example of their general, repulsed this mass of Turks, compelled them to retreat to their entrenchments, and shortly after to return to Nissa. Kara-George immediately advanced towards Lonitza, besieged by 40,000 Ottomans. The town, which had resisted a formidable artillery for twelve days, was about to fall into the power of the besiegers, when the appearance of Kara-George, and the valour of his Servians, forced the Turkish army to repossess the Drina. It was the crowning glory of Kara-George. Through his exertions, Servia, entirely freed, extended its frontiers from the Isle of Poretsch, on the Danube, to the confluence of that river with the Timok. But peace, always more disastrous to the champions of their country than war, brought new intrigues and new dissensions amongst the chiefs, whom the common danger had united. The hospodars wished to lessen the authority of Kara-George, in order that they might entirely denude him thereafter. The plot was revealed to him in time. He availed himself of this attempt, which he repressed with energy, to effect in his own favour a decisive reaction in the diet of 1811. He struck a mortal blow at the influence of the hospodars and wayvodes, by subdividing the districts and multiplying the chiefs, who, too weak to act alone, became thenceforth easy instruments to manage, and who being, furthermore, jealous of the ancient superiority of the wayvodes, leaned upon the authority of the chief magistrate as a support against them, and thus attached their fortune to his. The functions of the senate were altered. Instead of concentrating all power in one body, it was divided into two assemblies, of which one, composed of the least influential members,

formed a sort of judicial magistracy, and the other was invested with the administrative capacity, and became a species of ministry to Kara-George. We cannot avoid admiring in this great man a political instinct as skilful as his glance in battle was sure and comprehensive. In thus calling and retaining near him, in lucrative and honourable functions, his friends, and even his enemies, he separated them from the populations too much accustomed to obey them, and extinguished their seditious oligarchy. A law pronounced banishment against every Servian who gave resistance to this form of constitution. Dobrinjas and Milenko suffered this punishment, and took refuge in Russia. Nenadovich joined the party of George, in consequence of the marriage of his daughter with one of the most powerful partisans of the dictator, Miladen.

The sultan proposed to Kara-George to acknowledge him as hospodar of Servia, under the guarantee of Russia. The Turks were to keep the fortresses and artillery of the Servians. Complicated negotiations dragged on without result up to 1813, when Kara-George, unable to come to an agreement with the Porte, called his countrymen to arms. "You have," said he to them, "vanquished your enemies for nine years with me; you have fought without artillery or fortified places; you have now towns, ramparts, rivers between the Turks and you, 150 pieces of cannon, seven fortresses, forty fortified gates, and your forests, the impregnable asylum of your liberty; the Russians also will march to your aid. Can you hesitate?"

The Turks, commanded by the Pacha of Widin, put themselves in motion. The grand vizier, wishing to profit by the victory of the French at Lutzen, urged the pachas to terminate by a blow this long contest, so humiliating to the Porte. 18,000 Turks advanced against Weliko, whom they besieged in Negotin. Weliko, struck by a cannon ball, was stretched dead. His army, disbanding in affright, saved itself by the marshes, and fled to the Isle of Poretsch. On the south, Kurchid-Pacha, at the head of a numerous army, drove before him Miladen and Sima, the two Servian generals, and encamped under the walls of Schabaz. Servia had never been reduced to such extremity. The enthusiasm of independence seemed stifled under so many reverses, and perhaps also under three years of peace and intestine dissensions. Its nationality and its glory were eclipsed at one and the same time; and Kara-George himself, deserting his station and his country, either because he foresaw the catastrophe inevitable, and wished to save himself for better days, or because his heroism was exhausted, and he cared only for his life and his treasures, passed over to the Austrian territory, with his secretary Jainki, and three of his confidants. Thus was for ever eclipsed this Servian hero, who went to die in an Austrian citadel, instead of finding, amongst his compatriots, and on the soil of that country which he had first aroused, the death which had immortalised him!

On learning his flight, the army disbanded, and Sniederewo and Belgrade fell again into the power of the Turks. Servia became a pachalik, and Soleyman, its conqueror, the pacha. The senators had fled; one man alone, then almost a boy, remained faithful to the desperate cause of independence. He was the Wayvodo Milosch Obrenovich, who raised the southern districts, and made a demonstration against Oshizza. But being abandoned by his troops, he was constrained to accept the propositions of the Turks. Soleyman, to whom he was presented, received him with honour. The disarmed Servians were employed to rear with their own hands the fortifications intended to keep down the country. The dispossessed spahis revenged themselves for their nine years' exile, to which the valour of the Servians had driven them, by a more insolent tyranny and oppression. However, the national character was improved by this severe and disgraceful servitude. The fire of the insurrection smouldered. Milosch, who was waiting with an attentive eye for the favourable moment, and who judged it not yet come, energetically repressed the premature attempts of his

friends. The barbarous faithlessness of the *kiaya* of Soleyman-Pacha, was at length more influential with him than the counsels of friendship. Milosch had obtained an amnesty for the insurgents of Jagodina. The Turks, instead of keeping their promise, brought the chiefs of that insurrection to Belgrade, had 150 of them shot, and thirty-six impaled. Milosch, who was himself at Belgrade, had the bitterness of witnessing the punishment of his countrymen. Their blood rose up against him, and shouted in his heart. The Turks perceived his rage, and fearing his vengeance, they took him into custody; but he escaped before he was well arrested, cleared the ramparts, fled into the mountains of Rudnik, there rallied his partisans, and the insurrection spread like wildfire through all the forests of Servia.

Milosch was born in 1780; his mother, Wischnia, was married twice. Her first husband was named Obren. She had by him a son called Milan. Her second husband's name was Tescho. They had several children, one of whom was Milosch. His parents having no fortune, he was at first obliged to conduct the droves of oxen which the rich merchants of the country sent to the markets of Dalmatia. He afterwards entered the service of his maternal brother, Milan, who carried on a trade in cattle. The two brothers loved each other so tenderly, that Milosch took the name of Obrenovich, which was that of the father of Milan.* The commerce of the two brothers prospered. Already rich and possessed of influence at the period of the first insurrection, they took part in it, each according to the nature of his character. Milan, mild and peaceable, remained at home, and superintended the administration of the district. Milosch, eager and intrepid, fought under Kara-George.

When Kara-George changed the constitution of the country, Milan, having taken part against him in the senate, was shot by his orders. Milosch owed in part his present station and renown to this death of his brother. Revenge threw him into the ranks of the discontented. He did not follow the chiefs who fled in 1813. The eyes of men were naturally directed to the only one that remained in the land.

On Palm Sunday, in 1815, Milosch, a fugitive from Belgrade, entered the church of Takowo, where a numerous congregation was assembled. He harangued these people with that natural eloquence which the Servian possesses, and with the all-potent energy of despair, which was already felt by those whom he addressed. Hostilities commenced. Milosch, at the head of some young cavaliers of his district, and 1000 mountaineers, took a tower from the spahis, and two pieces of cannon. At the report of this success, the emigrants returned, the fugitives left their hiding-places in the forests, and the Heyduks descended from the mountains. They attacked the *kiaya* of the pacha, who, at the head of 10,000 Turks, had imprudently encamped on the plains of Morawa. The *kiaya* was killed in the battle; his death spread dismay amongst his troops, and the Turks fled to Sienitz. There a second battle occurred, in which Milosch was victorious, the spoils, women, and artillery of the *kiaya*, falling into the hands of the Servians. Ali-Pacha left Belgrade with all the troops that remained, and advanced to meet Milosch. He was defeated, and retired to Kiupra, under protection of an escort given him by the victor. Adem-Pacha made a capitulation equally disgraceful, shut himself up in Novibazar, and received presents from Milosch. The Pacha of Bosnia came down from the mountains with a fresh and numerous army. He sent Ali, one of his lieutenants, into the Matschwai to fight Milosch. Ali was made prisoner, and dismissed to the grand vizier, loaded with presents. The Servians already showed themselves worthy of that civilisation, in the name of which they fought, by their generosity, and Milosch treated his enemies as future friends. He felt that the

period for the complete independence of his country was not yet arrived, and that it was better to promote it by treaties than dishonour it by massacres.

On the frontier of the Morawa, Maraschli-Pacha advanced in his turn. A disagreement fortunately reigned between this general and Kurchid-Pacha, formerly grand vizier and Pacha of Bosnia. They formed not their plans in concert, and each desired that the other should suffer reverses, in order to secure for himself the whole honour of the victory, and both wished to enter into negotiation, and carry off the credit of putting an end to the war. Milosch, informed of these dissensions, prepared to take advantage of them; he boldly entered the camp of the Turk, and trusted his person in the hands of the grand vizier. He had an interview with Kurchid, but terms could not be agreed upon. Milosch wished that Servia should preserve her arms, and the pacha agreed to all the conditions except that, which rendered the others insecure. Milosch arose, irritated, to remount on horseback; Kurchid ordered him to be arrested, and the janissaries laid hands upon him; but Ali-Pacha, that lieutenant of Kurchid whom Milosch had vanquished, and released loaded with presents, courageously interposed between the soldiers and Milosch, and represented to Kurchid that Milosch had come to the camp on the faith of his word, that he was bound by oath to let him retire safe and sound, and that he would sooner himself die than that any attempt should be made against the liberty of a man to whom he owed his life. The firmness of Ali-Pacha had its due weight with the vizier and his soldiers, and he was allowed to conduct Milosch out of the camp. "Milosch," said he to him on parting from him, "never trust any one henceforth, not even me! We have been friends; we separate to-day for ever."

Milosch departed with rapidity. Negotiations which he opened with Maraschli-Ali were more fortunate; the arms were yielded; Servian deputies went to Constantinople, and returned at the end of a month, the bearers of a firman of peace, conceived in these terms: "In the same manner as God has conferred subjects upon the sultan, so does the sultan confer them upon his pacha." The pacha returned to Belgrade, and the Servian chiefs came to make their submission, through the mediation of Milosch. The fortresses were to remain in the hands of the Turks, the Servians had the privilege of fixing their own imposts, the administration was to be divided between the two parties, and a national senate was to assemble at Belgrade under the auspices of the pacha. Ali, the friend of the Servians, displaced Soleyman-Pacha, their enemy, who was recalled by the Grand Seigneur. Such a state of things could not last; collisions were inevitable. Milosch, still the chief man in his nation, resided at Belgrade with Ali-Pacha, as a vigilant sentinel, ever ready to give his people the signal of resistance or onslaught.

Ali sought to obtain by address the disarming that he could not compass by force; he addressed himself to Milosch, conjuring him to procure the arms of the people. He answered, that he and his friends were ready to lay down their arms, but that it was impossible to wrest them from the peasants. The pacha, rendered indignant, excited against Milosch the president of the Servian chancery, Moler, and the metropolitan Nikschvitz; but the guards of Milosch seized upon these two conspirators at the council board, and compelled the pacha himself, by virtue of his executive power, to order them to execution. The boldness of the Servians increased at this exhibition of weakness on the part of the pacha. Milosch left Belgrade; and to escape the snares with which the Turks, and his enemies amongst the Servians, encompassed him, he shut himself up in the fortified village of Topschidor, half a league from Belgrade. In 1821, a new attempt was made upon the authority and life of Milosch. The two wayvodes who had planned it were put to death. The pacha was suspected of having been the instigator, and the animosity between the two nations grew to a great height.

Circumstances were favourable to the establishment

* ["Vich" in Slavonic signifies "the son of," and the Christian name of the father, with this addition, becomes the surname of the son, as Nicholas, the present emperor of Russia, is called Nicholas Paulovich, Nicholas, the son of Paul. The name of Milan's father, therefore, was Obren.]

of national power in Servia. The revolt of the Albanians, and the war of independence in Greece, occupied and weakened the Turks. A nation never conquers its liberty but by concentrating power in a military chief; interest and gratitude lead it naturally to confer a hereditary sway upon him who has organised and defended it. Struggling nations have an instinct for monarchy, they require a safeguard to their contested independence. This instinct was stronger in Servia, where republican forms were unknown. Milosch himself was impressed with it, and hastened to turn it to account. He extended his authority, and established pretty nearly the constitution of Kara-George. He threw between the people and himself the aristocratic order of the *knevens*, who were entrusted with the administration of the country. Each *kneven* had its *knev*, or province, and the majority of the districts had their *obur-kneven*. Milosch nominated them, fixing at his pleasure the extent of their territory and prerogatives. To obviate every pretext for exactions on the part of the *knevens*, they were paid out of the public treasury. Local courts were established in the towns and villages. A court of appeal sat at Kraguzewatz. Milosch named the judges. Custom was to serve as law, until the digest of the code was ready. The right of pronouncing the punishment of death was reserved to the supreme head of the government.

The slight subsidy paid by Servia to the Porte, a sort of ransom, the mere memento of its ancient dependence, passes through the hands of the chief, who pays it over to the pacha. The pacha, the vain shadow of an authority which no longer exists, is but a forlorn sentinel of the Porte, to observe the Danube, and give orders to the Turks who occupy the fortresses. In case of war by Turkey against Austria, the Servians are called upon to furnish a contingent of 40,000 men. The clergy, whose influence might have balanced that of Milosch, have lost all weight, by being deprived of the administration of justice, which is remitted to civil tribunals. The popes and monks are amenable, like the rest of the country, to corporal chastisement, and they pay the same taxes. The lands of the bishops are confiscated, and a fixed salary paid to them by the state in lieu. All power is thus concentrated in the hands of the supreme head. The civilisation of Servia resembles the regular discipline of a vast camp, where a single will is the soul of a multitude of men, whatever may be their functions or grades. In presence of the Turks, this attitude is necessary. The people is always up and in arms, and the chief must be an absolute captain. This state of semi-independence is still disputed by the Turks. The treaty of Akerman in 1827, resolved nothing. A diet was held at Kraguzewatz, where the treaty of Akerman was the subject of discussion. Milosch arose and said:—

“I know that there are people discontented at the punishment inflicted by my orders on some disturbers of the peace. I am accused of being too severe and greedy of power, whilst I have no other object in view than to maintain the tranquillity and obedience which are required by the two imperial courts. It is imputed to me also as a crime that the people pay heavy imposts, without reflecting at how great a cost we have conquered our liberty; and how much more severe is the charge of slavery! A feeble man would sink under the difficulties of my situation. It is only by arming myself with the inflexibility of stern justice for your own protection, that I can fulfil the obligations that I have contracted towards the people, the emperors, my own conscience, and God himself.”

After this discourse, the diet drew up an act which was presented to Milosch, and sent to the Porte, by which the Servians through their chiefs swore perpetual obedience to his highness, Prince Milosch Obrenovich, and his descendants. Thus Servia paid its debt to Milosch. He now pays his to Servia. He gives to his country laws as simple as its manners, but laws breathing the enlightened spirit of Europe. He sends, in imitation of ancient legislators, young Servians to visit the large capitals of Europe, and collect information on

legislation and administrative government, to make it available to Servia. Some foreigners are attached to his court, and are useful to him as interpreters and introducers of the arts of the neighbouring nations. The people, tranquillised and devoted to the pursuits of agriculture and commerce, understand the value of the liberty they have achieved, and progress in numbers, activity, and public virtue. Religion, the sole civiliser of nations which have barbarous laws, has been shorn of its abuses, without losing its legitimate influence. The education of the people is the principal object of the government, and the people lend themselves, with an enthusiastic instinct, to this effort of Milosch to render them worthy of a more enlightened system of government. They seem fully to comprehend that educated nations have alone the faculty of constituting themselves free, and they hasten to arrive at that term. The municipal bodies, formed in the districts as the germ of liberty, prepare them for it. Some exiles banished by the Turks, after the flight of Kara-George, or by Milosch himself, for having conspired with the Turks against him, are still deprived of their country; but every day, by the consolidation of order and the merging of individual opinions in a unanimous patriotism, hastens the moment when they may return, and recognise the happy influence of the hero whom they opposed.

Ten thousand Turks yet occupy the fortresses. The prince could easily chase them away; the whole country would respond to his call. But the presence of these Turks in the fortresses, and their nominal co-sovereignty, exercising no mischievous influence upon Servia, and, on the contrary, tending to preserve it from internal agitations and intrigues from without, which would inevitably harass the country if it were completely detached from the Ottoman empire, the prince, by an able policy, prefers this state of things to a new and premature war. The people are content with this peace, which permits them to develop all the elements of civilisation. They fear nothing for their real independence. All the inhabitants are armed, and possess the interior of the country, the towns, and the villages. The pacha resides at Belgrade. Milosch, sometimes at Belgrade, sometimes at his castle a mile from that city, resides more frequently at Kraguzewatz. He is there more isolated from the Turks, and occupies the most central point of Servia. The nature of the country, and his warlike attitude, place him beyond the reach of a surprise. He is now forty-nine years old, and has two sons, the eldest of whom is twelve years of age.

The future destinies of the Ottoman empire will decide the fate of this family and people; but nature seems to call it to a powerful participation in the great events which are preparing in European Turkey, as well as in the Asiatic empire. The popular songs which the prince distributes amongst the people, represent him in the impending future as the glory and mainstay of Servia, with its ancient heroic king, Stephen Duschian. The adventurous exploits of its Heyduks pass from mouth to mouth, and make the Servians look to the resurrection of a Slavonic nation, of which it has preserved the germ, the language, and the primitive manners and virtues, in the forests of Scumadia.

A traveller like me cannot avoid wishing success to this prayer and expectation; he cannot quit without regret and benedictions those immense virgin forests, those mountains, plains, and rivers, which seem just fresh from the hands of the Creator, and to mingle the luxuriant youth of earth, with the youthfulness of a nation. When he sees those new dwellings of the Servians spring out of the woods, overtop the edge of torrents, or stretch on long yellow ridges at the bottom of valleys; when he hears from a distance the noise of the saw and the flour mills, the tinkling of the bells, newly baptised in the blood of the defenders of their country,* and the cheerful or martial song of the youths and

* [To understand this phrase correctly, it must be borne in mind that bells are revered in the Greek church almost as saints, and are generally baptised and consecrated in great form.]

maidens returning from their toil; when he sees those long rows of children issuing from the schools or wooden churches, the roofs of which are scarcely finished, the accent of liberty, joy, and hope on all their tongues, and youth and elasticity in all their movements; when he reflects upon the great natural advantages which this region secures to its inhabitants, upon the temperate sun which shines upon it, the mountains which shade and protect it like fortresses planted by nature, upon that fine Danube, which bends round to encircle it, and to bear its products to the north and the east—finally, upon the Adriatic Sea, which may soon give it harbours and a marine, and thus draw it near to Italy; when the traveller, furthermore, remembers that he has received, whilst travelling amongst this people, invariable marks of good-feeling and friendly salutations, that no cabin has asked value for its hospitality, that he has been every where welcomed as a brother, consulted as a sage, interrogated as an oracle, and that his words, treasured up by the eager zeal of the popes or the knevess, will remain as a germ of civilisation in the villages he has passed through; he cannot avoid looking back for the last time with affection on the wooded shores, and the ruinous mosques with their domes pierced to the day, from which the wide Danube separates him, and exclaiming, as he loses them from his view, “I should wish to combat with this new-born nation for fruitful liberty!” or repeating those stanzas from one of the popular songs which his dragoman has translated for him:

“When the sun of Servia glitters in the waters of the Danube, the river seems to roll blades of yatagans, and the dazzling muskets of the Montenegrins—it is a river of steel which defends Servia. It is sweet to sit on its banks, and look on the shivered arms of our enemies passing.

When the Albanian wind descends from the mountains, and pours upon the forests of Scumadia, it utters cries like the army of the Turks at the rout of Mosawa—this murmur is sweet to the ears of the free Servians! Dead or living, it is sweet, after the combat, to repose at the foot of that oak which echoes the song of liberty like ourselves!”

[With this account of the struggles of the Servians for liberty, the narrative of M. de Lamartine's travels in the East may be said to terminate, what follows being in a great measure episodic to the work.]

ACCOUNT OF THE RESIDENCE OF FATALLA SAYEGHIR

AMONGST THE WANDERING ARABS OF THE GREAT DESERT.

Obtained and translated by M. de Lamartine.

PREFACE.

We were encamped in the middle of the desert which extends from Tiberias to Nazareth. We were talking of the Arab tribes that we had encountered during the day, of their manners, and their relations amongst themselves, and with the nations who surround them. We were seeking to pierce the mystery of their origin, of their destiny, and of that astonishing pertinacity in the exclusiveness of race which separates these tribes from all other human communities, and keeps them, like the Jews, not beyond the pale of civilisation, but in a civilisation peculiar and unchangeable as granite. The more I have travelled, the more I am convinced that races supply the grand key to history and manners. Mankind are not so easily educated as philosophers tell us. The influence of government and laws is very far from acting so radically as is thought upon the manners and the instincts of a people, whilst the primitive constitution, the blood of the race, always acts and manifests itself, after thousands of years, in the physical forms and moral habits of the family or the tribe. The human race flows by streams in the vast ocean of humanity; but it commingles its waters very slowly, frequently never, and it comes out, like the Rhone

from the Lake of Geneva, with the flavour and tint of its own wave. There is in this a profundity of thought and meditation; and there is also an important secret for legislators. All that they do, in unison with this spirit of race, succeeds; all that they attempt, in opposition to this natural predisposition, fails. Nature is stronger than they. This idea is not that entertained by present philosophers, but it is palpable to the traveller, and there is more philosophy in 100 leagues of a caravan route, than in ten years of reading and meditation.

I felt myself happy thus wandering at hazard, without other route than my caprice might select, in the midst of deserts and unknown lands. I said to my friends, and to M. Mazolier, my dragoman, that if I were alone, and without family ties, I would lead this life for years and years. I should love never to sleep where I awoke, to move my tent from the shores of Egypt to those of the Persian Gulf, to have at evening no object but the enjoyment of evening itself; to traverse on foot, and survey with the eye and heart, all those unknown regions, and all those races of men so different from my own, and to contemplate humanity, that finest of God's creations, under all its phases. What is required to effect this? A few faithful slaves, or servants, arms, a little gold, two or three tents, and camels. The air of these countries is almost always warm and pure, subsistence easy and cheap, hospitality certain and unceremonious. I would a hundred times prefer years thus spent under different skies, with hosts and friends always new, to the sterile and noisy monotony of life in our capitals. It is certainly more difficult to lead the life of a man of the world at Paris or London, than to traverse the universe as a traveller. The result of the two labours is, however, very different. The traveller dies or returns with a treasure of thoughts and wisdom. The householder of our chief cities grows old without knowing and without seeing, and dies as clogged and obscured with false ideas as the day he came into the world.

“I should wish,” said I to my dragoman, “to pass these mountains, to descend into the great desert of Syria, to come up with some of those great unknown tribes which plough it, receive their hospitality for months, pass on to others, study resemblances and differences, follow them from the gardens of Damascus to the banks of the Euphrates and the confines of Persia, and lift up the veil which still conceals all that civilisation of the desert whence our chivalry was brought, and where we must yet find it; but time presses, and we shall only see the margin of that ocean, through whose extent no one has penetrated. No traveller has advanced among those innumerable tribes, which cover, with their tents and their flocks, the fields of the patriarchs. One man alone has attempted it, but he is no more, and the notes that he had been able to collect, during a ten years' sojourn amongst these people, have perished with him.”

I spoke of M. de Lascaris; the following is an account of who M. de Lascaris was:—

Born in Piedmont of one of those Greek families that came into Italy after the conquest of Constantinople, M. de Lascaris was a knight of Malta, when Napoleon came to conquer that island. M. de Lascaris, then very young, followed him into Egypt, and attached himself to his fortune, being fascinated by his genius. A man of genius himself, he foresaw, amongst the first, the high destinies which providence reserved for a young man tempered in the spirit of Plutarch, at an epoch when all characters were worn out, broken down, or belied. He foresaw more—he foresaw that the greatest work for his hero to accomplish was not perhaps the restoration of power in Europe, an operation that the reaction of minds rendered necessary and consequently easy, but that Asia offered a vaster field to the regenerative ambition of a hero—that he had there to conquer, found, and invigorate masses a hundred times more gigantic—that despotism, short-lived in Europe, would be long and eternal in Asia—and that the great man who should effect there orga-

nisation and union, would accomplish much more than Alexander, much more than Bonaparte was able to do in France. It appears that the young warrior of Italy, whose imagination was luminous as the East, unconfined as the desert, and grand as the world, had confidential conversations on this subject with M. de Lascaris, and threw a dart of thought towards that horizon which his destiny opened to him. It was but a dart, and I am very sorry for it; for it is evident that Bonaparte was the man for the East, and not for Europe. People will laugh on reading this, it will appear paradoxical to every one; but ask travellers. Bonaparte, whom they endeavour to represent at present as the man of the French revolution and of liberty, never had the least idea of liberty, and rendered the French revolution a mere abortion. History will prove it in all its pages, when it shall be written under other inspirations than those which dictate it now. He was the reaction which arose against the liberty of Europe embodied—a reaction glorious, terrific, startling, and that is all. What do you wish by way of proof? Ask what remains now of Bonaparte in the world, unless it be an ill-written page of battle and of restoration; but of any thing which survives a man beyond his name, there is nothing but a vast renown. In Asia, he would have moved men by millions, and, a man of simple ideas himself, he would, with two or three watchwords, have reared a monumental civilisation, which had endured a thousand years after he was gone. But the error was committed. Napoleon chose Europe; only he wished to leave an explorer behind him to observe what there was to do, and to track out the route to India, if his fortune should ever open it to him. M. de Lascaris was this man. He departed with secret instructions from Napoleon, received the money necessary for his enterprise, and established himself at Aleppo to perfect himself in the Arab language. A man of merit, talent, and information, he feigned a sort of monomania as an excuse for his sojourn in Syria, and his persevering intercourse with all the Arabs of the desert who arrived at Aleppo. At length, after some years' preparation, he attempted his grand and perilous enterprise. He visited, with various accidents and in successive disguises, all the tribes of Mesopotamia and the Euphrates, and returned to Aleppo rich in the knowledge that he had acquired, and the political relations he had prepared in advance for Napoleon. But whilst he was thus fulfilling his mission, fortune overthrew his hero; and he learnt his fall the very day that he returned, to convey to him the fruit of seven years of peril and devotedness. This unexpected blow of fate was mortal to M. de Lascaris. He went into Egypt, and died at Cairo, alone, unknown, and abandoned, leaving his notes as his only legacy. It is said that the English consul got hold of these precious documents, which might become so prejudicial to his government, and that they were destroyed or forwarded to London.

"What a pity," said I to M. Mazolier, "that the result of so many years, and of so much patient suffering, should have been lost to us!" "Something remains of it," he answered me; "I was connected at Latakia, my native place, with a young Arab who accompanied M. de Lascaris during all his travels. After his death, void of resources, and deprived even of the moderate salary, considerably in arrears, which had been promised him by M. de Lascaris, he returned, poor and forlorn, to the house of his mother. He is living at present upon a small allowance with a merchant at Latakia. I knew him there, and he has often spoken to me of a collection of notes which he wrote out, at the instance of his patron, in the course of their nomadic life." "Do you think," said I to M. Mazolier, "that this young man would consent to sell me it?" "I believe so," responded he; "and I am the more inclined to the belief, because he often testified a desire to offer it to the French government. But nothing is so easy as to ascertain the fact. I will write to Fatalla Sayeghir, for such is the name of the young Arab. The Tatar of Ibrahim Pacha will deliver him my letter, and we shall have the answer on returning to Saïde." "I

empower you," said I to him, "to negotiate this affair, and to offer him 2000 piastres for his manuscript."

Some months passed before the answer of Fatalla Sayeghir reached me. Having returned to Beirut, I sent my interpreter to Latakia to negotiate personally for the acquisition of the manuscript. The conditions being accepted, and the sum paid, M. Mazolier brought me the Arab notes. In the course of the winter, I got them translated, with infinite difficulty, into the lingua Franca, from which I afterwards translated into French; and I was thus enabled to gratify the public with the result of a ten years' journey which no traveller had before accomplished. The extreme difficulty of this triple translation must serve as an excuse for the style of these notes. The style is of little consequence in this sort of works: facts and manners are every thing. I am quite certain that the first translation is faithful; the author of it has only suppressed some amplifications and events, which were mere tedious repetitions, and afforded no information.

If this account has any interest in a scientific, geographical, and political view, I shall have a request to make: it is that the French government, which so perilous and long an exile was undertaken to enlighten and to serve, should exhibit a tardy gratitude to the unfortunate Fatalla Sayeghir, whose services might at present be so useful to it. I likewise put in a claim for the young and able interpreter, M. Mazolier, who translated these notes from the Arabic, and who accompanied me in my travels in Syria, Galilee, and Arabia, for a year. Well versed in the knowledge of Arabic, the son of an Arab mother, the nephew of one of the most powerful and revered sheikhs of Lebanon, having already traversed with me all these countries, familiar with the manners of all these tribes, a man of courage, intelligence, and probity, and devoted in his heart to France, this young man might be of the greatest utility to the government in the ports of Syria. French nationality does not terminate at our frontiers; the country has sons also on shores the names of which she scarcely knows. M. Mazolier is one of these sons. France ought not to forget him. None could better serve her than he in those countries where our civilising, protecting, and even political action, must inevitably make itself felt at no distant interval.

Here follows the recital of Fatalla Sayeghir, literally translated.

STORY OF FATALLA SAYEGHIR.

At the age of eighteen I left Aleppo, my birth place, with a stock of merchandise, to establish myself in Cyprus. Having been rather fortunate in my commercial operations during the first year, I grew attached to the pursuit, and conceived the fatal project of sending a cargo of the productions of the island to Trieste. In a short time my merchandise was embarked, consisting of cotton, silk, wine, sponges, and coloquintida. On the 18th March 1809, my vessel, under the command of Captain Cheffalinati, set sail. I was already calculating the advantages to result from my speculation, and rejoicing myself with the idea of large gains, when, in the midst of these pleasing dreams, I received the disastrous intelligence of the capture of my vessel by an English ship of war, which had carried it to Malta. In consequence of this loss, I was compelled to close my ledger, and retire from commerce. Totally ruined, I quitted Cyprus and returned to Aleppo.

A few days after my arrival, I dined at the house of one of my friends, in company with several persons, amongst whom was an ill-dressed stranger, to whom, in spite of his garb, great attention was paid. After dinner, music was introduced, and this stranger, seating himself near me, began to converse with affability. We talked upon music; and at the end of a long conversation, I got up to go and ask his name. I learnt that he was called M. Lascaris de Vintimille, and that he was a knight of Malta. On the following day he called upon me, with a violin in his hand. "My dear boy," said he to me on entering, "I remarked yester-

day how fond you were of music; I consider you already as my son, and I bring you a violin, which I beg you to accept." I received with great joy an instrument which I found exactly suited to me, and I returned my hearty acknowledgments. After two hours' animated conversation, in the course of which he questioned me upon all sorts of subjects, he retired. The next day he returned, and continued these visits for a fortnight; at length he proposed to me that I should give him lessons in Arabic, an hour each day, for which he offered me a hundred piastres a-month. I accepted this advantageous proposal with alacrity; and in six months he began to read and speak Arabic tolerably well. One day he said to me, "My dear son" (he always addressed me thus), "I see that you have a great inclination for commerce, and as I desire to remain some time with you, I will give you occupation which will be agreeable to you. Here is money; buy goods that are most in request at Homs, Hama, and the surrounding districts. We will go and trade in those countries the least frequented by merchants, and you will see that we shall make a good business of it." The desire of remaining with M. Lascaris, and the conviction that this enterprise would be advantageous to us, made me accept his proposition without hesitation, and I commenced immediately to make the purchases, according to a list which he handed me, consisting of the following articles:—red cloth, amber, coral, chaplets, cotton handkerchiefs, shawls of black and coloured silk called *caties*, Mack shifts, needles, pins, combs, rings, horse-bits, glass bracelets, and different articles of glass; we joined to these, chemical products, spices, and drugs. M. Lascaris paid for these various articles 11,000 piastres, or 2000 talaris.

All the Aleppians who saw me buying these things, told me that M. Lascaris was deranged. In fact, his dress and manners gave support to this idea. He wore a long beard uncombed, a white turban very dirty, a miserable robe or *gombaz*, with a vest above it, a leather girdle, and red shoes without stockings. When he was spoken to, he feigned not to understand what was said. He passed the greatest part of the day in the coffee-house, and ate in the bazaar, which respectable

always avoid doing. He had an object to serve by this manner of proceeding, which I learnt afterwards; but those who did not know it believed him out of his wits. As to myself, I found him full of sense and wisdom, reasoning well upon all subjects—in a word, a very superior man. One day, when all our merchandise was packed up, he called me to him to ask me what they said of him at Aleppo. "They say," answered I, "that you are mad." "And what do you think yourself?" he asked. "I think that you are quite sensible and wise," I replied. "I hope to prove to you so in time," said he; "but in the meantime you must come under an engagement to do all that I command you, without remonstrance, or asking any reasons, to obey me in all things—in a word, I require from you a blind obedience: you will have no reason to repent it."

He then told me to go and get him some mercury. I immediately did as I was ordered. He mixed it with grease and two drugs with which I was not acquainted, assuring me, that by hanging round the neck a piece of cotton steeped in this preparation, we should preserve ourselves from the bites of insects. I said to myself that there were not sufficient insects at Homs or Hama to render such a preservative necessary, and that therefore it must be destined for some other country; but as he had just interdicted me from proffering any observations, I contented myself with asking him upon what day we were to depart, in order that the *moukres* (camel-drivers) might be engaged. "I give you," answered he, "thirty days to amuse yourself. My purse is at your disposal; enjoy yourself, spend as much as you choose: spare nothing." It is a farewell to the world, thought I, that he means me to make; but the profound attachment that I already felt for him prevailed against this sentiment; I thought only upon the present, and employed the time that he had granted me in agreeable diversions. But, alas! the period of

pleasure quickly passes. I soon saw the end of it. M. Lascaris urged me to depart. I yielded to his orders, and, taking advantage of a caravan which was going to Hama, on Thursday, the 18th of February 1810, we quitted Aleppo, and arrived at the village of Saarnin, after twelve hours' march. The following day, we proceeded to Nuarat el Nahaman, a pretty small town, six hours farther. It is famed for its salubrious air and good water, and it is the birth-place of a celebrated Arab poet, named Abou el Hella el Maari, blind from the cradle. He had learned to write by a singular method. He sat in a vapour-bath, whilst they traced with ice the form of the Arab characters on his back. Several traits of an astonishing sagacity are related of him. Amongst others, the following:—Being at Bagdad, in the house of a caliph, to whom he was incessantly vaunting the air and water of his country, the caliph procured some water from the river of Nuarat, and without giving him any hint of the fact, presented it to him to drink. The poet immediately recognising it, exclaimed, "This is, indeed, its limpid water—but where is its pure air?"

To return to the caravan. It stopped two days at Nuarat, on account of a fair that was held there every Sunday. We went to take a walk through the town; and in the tumult occasioned by the fair, I lost sight of M. Lascaris, who had disappeared in the crowd. After searching for him a long time, I discovered him at last in a secluded spot, conversing apart with a ragged Arab. I asked him, with surprise, what pleasure he found in the conversation of such a personage, being unable to understand his Arabic, or to make him comprehend his. "Whenever I have the good fortune to talk with a Bedouin," answered he, "I reckon it as one of the happiest days of my life." "In that case," I observed, "you will be happy to your heart's content, for we shall continually encounter people of this description."

He told me to buy some cakes (the bread of the country) and cheese, and give them to Hettall, as the Bedouin was called, who took leave of us with thanks. On the 22d February we departed from Nuarat-el-Nahaman, and after six hours' march we reached Krau-Cheikria; and on the following day, after nine hours, Hama, a considerable town, where we were completely unknown, M. Lascaris having brought no letters of introduction. We passed the first night in a coffee-house, and the next day hired a room in the khan of Assad-Pacha. When I was commencing to open the bales and prepare the merchandise for sale, M. Lascaris said to me, with a discontented air, "You have nothing in your head but your miserable commerce! If you knew how many things there are more useful and interesting to attend to!" After which I gave up all idea of selling any thing, and went to stroll about the town.

On the fourth day M. Lascaris, walking alone, went as far as the castle, which was falling to ruin. Having examined it attentively, he was imprudent enough to commence taking its dimensions. Four vagabonds, who were loitering under a broken arch, fell upon him, threatening to denounce him as wishing to carry off the treasures, and to introduce the *giaours* into the castle. With a little money the whole affair might have been hushed; but M. Lascaris defended himself, and, escaping out of their hands with great difficulty, came to seek me. He had not had time to finish the recital of his adventure, before two officers of the government entered with one of the denouncers. They seized upon the key of our room, and marched us off, driving us before them with blows as if we had been malefactors. Being brought into the presence of the muetlim, Selim, Beik, distinguished for his cruelty, he interrogated us in the following strain:—"From what country are you?" "My companion is from Cyrus," I answered, "and I am from Aleppo." "What motive brings you here?" "We have come to sell goods." "You tell a lie; your companion has been seen in the castle taking its dimensions, and making a plan; it is to get possession of treasure, or to deliver the place to

the infidels." Then turning to the guards; "Conduct these dogs to a dungeon," he added. We were not allowed to say a word in exculpation. Being carried to prison, we were heavily chained at the feet and neck, and they shut us up in a dark cell, so narrow that we could not turn round. After some time we obtained a little light and some bread, by the application of a tallari. The prodigious quantity of fleas, and other insects, which infested the prison, effectually prevented our closing an eye during the whole night. We had scarcely courage to think of the means by which we might escape from this horrible place. At last I bethought me of a Christian writing-master, called Selim, whom I knew by reputation to be a man capable of rendering us good service. I gained one of our guards, who went to find him, and the following day Selim happily arranged the matter by a gift of sixty tallaris to the muetzim, and fifty piastres to his people. At this price we obtained our liberty. This imprisonment procured us the advantage of an acquaintance with Selim, and several other persons in Hama, with whom we passed twenty days in an agreeable manner. The town is charming; the Orontes runs through it, and renders it lively and animated, and its abundant waters render fruitful a multitude of gardens. The inhabitants are amiable, active, and intelligent; they are much attached to poetry, and cultivate it with success. They have been called the speaking birds, which epithet very forcibly characterises them. M. Lascaris having asked Selim for a letter of recommendation to a man of middling condition at Homs, who might serve us as a guide, he wrote the following epistle:—"To my friend Yakoub, salutation. Those who shall deliver this present writing into your hands are pedlars, who visit your place to sell their goods. Assist them as much as you can, your pains will not be thrown away; they are honest men. Adieu!"

M. Lascaris, well pleased with this letter, joined a caravan which was going to Homs. We left on the 25th March, and arrived, after six hours' marching, at Rastain, which is at present but the remains of a considerable town; there was nothing remarkable to be seen. We continued our route, and at the end of six days more we were at Homs. Yakoub, to whom we delivered our letter, received us favourably, and gave us supper. His trade consisted in making black mantles, called *mashlas*. After supper, some men of his own station came to pass the evening with him, to take coffee, and smoke. One of them, a locksmith, named Naufal, seemed to us an intelligent man. He spoke to us of the Bedouins, of their modes of life, and of making war. He informed us that he passed six months of the year amongst their tribes, putting their arms in order, and that he had a great many friends amongst them. When we were alone, M. Lascaris told me that he had this evening seen all his relations; and when I testified to him my astonishment at hearing that there were Vintimilles at Homs—"The falling in with Naufal," he replied to me, "is more precious in my eyes than meeting the whole body of my connections."

It was late when we retired, and the master of the domicile gave us one mattress and one blanket for us both. M. Lascaris had never slept double in his life, but, from a good disposition, he insisted upon my sharing his bed. Not wishing to contradict him, I placed myself by his side; but as soon as the light was put out, I slipped on to the floor, where, rolling myself in my mantle, I passed the night. When we arose in the morning, we found that we had both been sleeping in the same manner, M. Lascaris having laid down on the floor like myself. He embraced me, saying, "It is a good sign that we have both had the same idea, my dear son; I love to give you this title, which pleases you, I hope, as much as it does me." I thanked him for the concern he manifested towards me, and we went out together to beg Naufal to accompany us through all the town, and to point out to us such curiosities as it contained, promising to indemnify him for the loss of his day's work. The population of Homs is about 8000. The character of the inhabitants is in all respects

the opposite to that of the inhabitants of Hama. The citadel, situated in the centre of the town, is tumbling into ruins; the ramparts, well preserved, are washed by an arm of the Orontes. The atmosphere is very wholesome.

We bought, for forty piastres, two pelisses of sheepskin, similar to those of the Bedouins. These pelisses are weather proof. In order to be more at liberty, we hired a room in the khan, and requested Naufal to remain with us, we agreeing to give him what he would have gained by working in his shop, about three piastres a-day. He was extremely useful to us. M. Lascaris subjected him to an adroit interrogatory, and extracted from him all the hints that he desired; leading him into explanations of the manners, usages, and character of the Bedouins, their mode of receiving strangers, and of treating them. We staid thirty days at Homs, waiting for the period of the return of the Bedouins, who, upon ordinary occasions, quit the environs of this city in the month of October to proceed towards the south, always following the fine weather, water, and pasturage, marching one day, and resting themselves five or six. Some of them thus go as far as Bassorah and Bagdad, and others to Chatt-el-Arab, where the Tigris and Euphrates join together. In the month of February, they begin to return towards Syria, and at the end of April they are perceived in the deserts of Damascus and Aleppo. Naufal gave us all this information, and told us, furthermore, that the Bedouins used a great number of pelisses similar to ours, of black mashlas, and especially of cafés. In consequence, M. Lascaris made me buy twenty pelisses, ten mashlas, and fifty cafés, which I packed into one bale. This purchase cost 1200 piastres.

Naufal having proposed to us to pay a visit to the citadel, the recollection of our misfortune at Hama made us at first hesitate, fearing its recurrence, but on his assuring us that no mischief would happen to us, and that he would answer for our safety, we accepted the proposition, and went to see those ruins, situated on the top of a little hill in the middle of the town. This castle is better preserved than that of Hama. We remarked an obscure and deep grotto in it, from which an abundant spring of excellent water gushed, through an opening, four feet by two, and fell through bars of iron by a second opening. An old tradition was mentioned to us, which related that the passage of the waters having once been stopt up, a deputation from Persia arrived six months after, which procured the removal of the obstruction, and a stipulation that the opening should not be again interfered with, by the payment of a large sum to the government. Now, the entry to this grotto is forbidden, and it is not easy to get introduced into it.

On our return to the khan, Seheik Ibrahim asked me if I had noted down all that I had seen, all that had happened since our departure from Aleppo; and on my answering in the negative, he prayed me to do so, urging me to remember the past, and to keep an exact journal of all in Arabic, in order that he might himself translate it into French. Since that time, I took notes, which he carefully transcribed every day, and returned me in the morning. I put them together, in the hope that they may be useful to me some day, and procure me a slight compensation for my fatigues and privations.

M. Lascaris having determined on departing for the village of Sadding, I engaged Naufal to accompany us; and having joined with some other persons, we departed from Homs with all our merchandise. After a five hours' march, we crossed a wide stream which flows from the north to the south towards the castle of Hasné. This castle, commanded by an aga, serves as a place of halt to the caravan of Mecca coming from Damascus. The water of this stream is pleasant to drink, and we filled our leather bottles with it. This precaution is very necessary, for we find no more water during the seven hours' march that remains to arrive at Sadding. We got there at the going down of the sun. Naufal conducted us to the house of the scheik, Hassaf-Abou-Ibrahim, a venerable old man, the father of nine sons,

all married, and living under the same roof. He received us with cordiality, and presented all his family to us, which, to our great surprise, we found was composed of sixty-four persons. The sheik having asked us if we intended to establish ourselves in the village, or to travel into other parts, we informed him that we were merchants, that war between the great powers having interrupted the communication by sea with Cyprus, we had been desirous of setting up business in Aleppo, but having found many merchants richer than ourselves in that town, we had decided upon carrying our wares into less frequented districts, hoping thereby to drive a better trade. Having afterwards communicated to him the nature of our merchandise, he said to us, "These articles will only serve the Arabs of the desert, and I am very sorry to tell you so, but it will be impossible for you to advance amongst them. Even should you succeed in arriving, you will run the risk of losing every thing, even your lives. The Bedouins are greedy and full of audacity; they will seize upon your goods, and if you make the least resistance, they will put you to death. You are persons of honour and delicacy, and it will not be possible for you to support their grossness. I speak to you thus for your own good, I myself being a Christian. Believe my words; open your bales, sell as many articles as you can, and afterwards return with all speed to Aleppo, if you have any inclination for your possessions and your heads."

As soon as he had ceased talking, the principal inhabitants of the village, collected at his house to see us, opened up a series of dismal narrations. One of them told us that a pedlar, coming from Aleppo and going to the desert, had been stripped of all by the Arabs, and had been seen wending his way back quite naked. Another had received intelligence that a merchant from Damascus had been slaughtered. All were agreed upon the impossibility of penetrating amongst the Bedouin hordes, and strove by all the means in their power to dissuade us from so hazardous an enterprise. I saw that M. Lascaris was not very comfortable. He turned to me, and said to me in Italian, in order that the other persons might not understand him, "What do you say to this news, which discourages me much?" "I do not credit all these tales," I replied; "and even if they were true, it would still behoove us to persevere in our project. Since you proclaimed to me your intention of going amongst the Bedouins, I have given up all hope of again seeing my country. I looked upon the thirty days that you gave me at Aleppo to amuse myself, as my farewell to the world. I regard our travels as a real campaign; and he who departs to the wars, if he resolves the matter properly, will not indulge the idea of returning. Let us not lose courage; although Hassaf is a sheik,* and has some experience, although he understands how to till the ground and take part in the politics of his village, he can form no idea of the importance of our affairs. I am therefore of opinion, that we speak to him no more of our journey into the desert, but put our trust in God, the great protector of the universe." These words produced a good effect upon M. Lascaris, who embraced me tenderly, saying, "My dear son, I put all my hopes in God and you. You are a man of resolution, I can perceive; I am very well satisfied with the force of your character, and I entertain hopes of attaining my object with the assistance of your courage and constancy."

At the close of this conversation we retired to bed, much pleased with each other. We employed the following day in going through the village, which contains about 200 houses and five churches. The inhabitants, who are Christians, manufacture mashlas and black abbas, and occupy themselves very little with the cultivation of the ground, as they are grievously afflicted with a want of water. There is only one small spring in the village, and the water is distributed to each individual according to a measure regulated by a time-piece of sand. It scarcely suffices to irrigate the gardens, which in this climate, where it rarely rains, produce nothing unless well watered. Some years occur in

which not a single drop of water is seen to fall. The harvest gathered in the district lasts only six months, and the rest of the year the inhabitants are obliged to have recourse to Homs.

In the middle of the village an old tower rises to a prodigious height. It dates from the foundation of a colony whose history the sheik related to us. Its founders were originally from Tripolis in Syria, where their church still exists. In the most flourishing times of the Eastern empire, the Greeks, bloated with pride and rapacity, tyrannised over subject nations. The governor of Tripolis overwhelmed the inhabitants with exactions and cruelties; and they being too few to resist, but unable any longer to support the yoke, came to an agreement amongst themselves, to the number of three hundred families; and having secretly gathered together all the precious commodities they could carry, they departed without noise in the middle of the night to Homs, and from there turned their course towards the desert of Bagdad, but were however attacked by the Greek troops which the governor of Tripolis had sent in pursuit of them. They sustained an obstinate and bloody combat; but too inferior in numbers to vanquish, and determined at no price to again incur the tyranny of the Greeks, they entered into a negotiation, and obtained permission to build a village upon the very site of the battle, engaging to remain tributary to the governor of Tripolis. They therefore established themselves in this place, which is on the edge of the desert, and called their town Saddad (obstacle). This was all that the Syrian chronicle contained of any note.

The inhabitants of Saddad are honest and mild in character. We unpacked our wares and passed some days with them, to prove that we were in reality merchants. The women bought from us a large quantity of red cotton cloth to make shifts. The sale did not occupy us long, but we were obliged to wait for the arrival of the Bedouins in the neighbourhood. One day, having learnt that there existed, four hours from the village, a considerable and very ancient ruin, in which a natural vapour bath was found, this wonder raised our curiosity, and M. Lascaris wishing to visit it, begged the sheik to give us an escort. Having marched four hours towards the south-east, we reached the middle of a large ruin which contained only one habitable chamber. The architecture is very simple, but the stones are of a prodigious size. On penetrating into the chamber, we perceived an opening two feet square, whence came out a thick vapour. We throw a handkerchief into it, and in a minute and a half it was brought out and thrown at our feet. We tried the experiment with a shirt, which arose like the handkerchief at the end of ten minutes. Our guides assured us that a mashla, weighing ten pounds, would be cast up in the same manner.

Having undressed and placed ourselves round the opening, we were in a short time covered with a profuse perspiration, which ran down our bodies; but the stench of the vapour was so powerful, that we could not long remain exposed to it. At the end of half an hour we put on our clothes again, experiencing an inexpressible sense of enjoyment. They told us that this vapour was, in fact, very salutary, and cured a great number of invalids. On our return to the village, we supped with a hearty appetite, and I think I never enjoyed a more delightful sleep.

Having nothing more to see in Saddad or its environs, we determined upon departing for the village of Corietain. When we spoke of it to Naufal, he advised us to change our names, as our present ones might render us suspected by the Bedouins and Turks. Thenceforth, M. Lascaris took the name of Scheik Ibrahim el Cabressi (the Cyprian), and gave me that of Abdallah el Kratib, which signifies the writer.

Scheik Hassaf having given us a letter of recommendation to a Syrian priest, named Moussi, we took leave of him and our Saddad friends, and departed at an early hour. After four hours' march, we arrived between the two villages Mahin and Haourin, situated at ten minutes' distance from each other. They have each

* Scheik not only means a chief, but also an old man.

but two dozen or so of houses, the majority of them ruined by the Bedouins, who come from time to time to devastate them. In the centre of these villages, an elevated tower rises, of an ancient construction. The inhabitants, all Mahometans, speak the language of the Bedouins, and dress like them. After having breakfasted, and filled our bottles, we continued our march for six hours, and at night reached Corietain, and the house of the priest Moussi, who offered us hospitality. In the morning, he carried us to the abode of the Scheik Selim el Dahasse, a distinguished man, who gave us a cordial welcome. Having learnt the motive of our journey, he made the same observations as the Scheik of Saddad. We answered him, that, understanding all the difficulties of our enterprise, we had renounced the idea of advancing into the desert, contenting ourselves with going to Palmyra to dispose of our merchandise. "That is still more difficult," he observed, "for the Bedouins will meet and pillage you." He then commenced like the others to relate to us a thousand alarming things of the Bedouins. The priest confirming all he said, we were almost losing heart, when they brought in the breakfast, which gave a new turn to the conversation, and gave us time to collect ourselves.

The Scheik Selim is one of those who are bound to administer to the wants of the great Meccah caravan, in conjunction with the Scheik of Palmyra. His functions give him some influence amongst the Arabs. His contingent consists of 200 camels, and a supply of provisions. On returning to our lodging, Scheik Ibrahim addressed me in the following strain:—"Well! my dear son, what think you of all that the Scheik Selim has just told us?" I replied to him, "We must not give too much ear to what the inhabitants of these villages relate, as they are always at war with the Bedouins. The existence of harmony between them is out of the question. Our position is very different—we are traders—we go to sell our merchandise to the Bedouins, and not to make war upon them. By acting honestly with them, I do not see we shall run the least danger." These words gave a little courage to Scheik Ibrahim.

Some days after our arrival, in order to keep up our character of merchants, we unfolded our bales upon the square, in the middle of the village, before the door of the scheik, and I sold some articles to the women, which were paid for in money. The men, who had nothing to do, assembled around us to talk; one of them, named Hessaisoun el Kratib, a very young man, assisted me in receiving the cash, and settling the accounts with the women and children, displaying a great regard for my interests. One day, finding me alone, he asked me if I could keep a secret. "Take care," added he, "for it is an important secret, which must be trusted to no one, not even your companion." Having given him my word as he desired, he told me, that, at an hour's distance from the village, there was a cave, where a large jar full of sequins was secreted. He showed me one, assuring me that he could make no use of these coins, which were only current at Palmyra. "But you," continued he, "who go from town to town, can easily change them; you have a thousand means which I do not possess of turning this treasure to advantage. However, I do not wish to give you the whole, but I leave the partition to your own generosity. You can come with me to look at the locality, and transport the gold by little and little secretly, giving me my share in current money." Having seen and got hold of the sequin, I believed in the truth of this story, and appointed a meeting with him, out of the village, at an early hour on the following day.

The next morning, the sun had scarcely risen, before I arose and went out of our lodging, as if to take a walk. A short way out of the village, I found Hessaisoun waiting for me. He was armed with a musket, a sabre, and a brace of pistols. As for me, my only weapon was a long pipe. We proceeded for about an hour, and I felt greatly impatient to behold the cave. At length I perceived it, and we shortly after entered

into it. I looked on all sides to discover the jar, but seeing nothing, I turned to Hessaisoun, and said, "Where, then, is the jar?" I observed him change colour. "Now that we are here," he exclaimed, "learn that thy last moment is come. Thou shouldst have been already dead, if I had not feared covering thy clothes with blood. Before killing thee, I wish to despoil thee; therefore strip thyself and give me thy bag of money, which I know thou carriest with thee. It ought to contain more than 1200 piastres, which I myself have counted, as the value of the merchandise thou hast sold. Thou wilt not again behold the light of day."

"Spare my life," said I to him, with a suppliant air. "I will give thee a greater sum than is in this bag, and I swear to thee I will mention to no person what has passed between us." "That cannot be," he answered; "this cave must be thy tomb—I cannot give thee thy life without exposing my own."

I gave him a thousand oaths that I would be silent, and I proposed to him to give an acknowledgment for the sum that he himself should fix; but nothing could turn him from his terrible project. At last, wearied with my entreaties, he placed his arms against the wall, and fell upon me, like a roaring lion, to strip me before slaying me. I renewed my supplications. "What injury have I done thee?" I asked him; "what enmity exists between us?—thou knowest not that the day of judgment is nigh, that God will demand an account of innocent blood!" But his heart was hardened, and he paid no attention. I then thought of my brother, my parents, and my friends—every thing that was dear to me occurred to my recollection; driven to despair, I prayed for protection only from my Creator. "Oh, God! protector of the innocent, aid me! give me force to resist!" My assassin, impatient for his prey, tore off my clothes. Although he was much taller than I, God gave me strength to struggle with him for nearly half an hour. The blood flowed profusely from my face, and my garments fell in shreds. The wretch, seeing me in this state, resolved to strangle me, and lifted up his arms to grasp my neck. I took advantage of the momentary liberty that this movement gave me, to give him, with my two fists, a severe blow upon the belly, and, throwing him on his back, I seized upon his arms, and sprang out of the cave, running with all my might. I could scarcely believe myself in safety; in a few moments I heard some one running behind me—it was my assassin. He called to me, begging me, in the most conciliatory tone, to wait for him. As I had all his arms, I was not afraid to stop for a moment; and, returning towards him, I exclaimed, "Infamous villain! what dost thou ask?—thou hast attempted to strangle me in secret, but thou shalt thyself be strangled in public." He replied to me with an oath that all he had done was mere sport on his part, that he had only wished to try my courage, and see how I should defend myself. "But," continued he, "I see you are but a boy to take the thing so seriously." I answered, aiming at him with the gun, that, if he approached a step farther, I would fire upon him. Seeing me determined to do so, he took to his heels across the desert, and I resumed the road to the village.

In the meantime, Scheik Ibrahim, the priest, and Naufal, not seeing me return, began to be uneasy. Scheik Ibrahim especially, knowing that I never went to a distance without apprising him, after waiting two hours went to the scheik, who, participating in his fears, set the whole village to seek me. At last Naufal descrying me, shouted out, "There he is!" Selim asserted he was mistaken. I drew near them—they could scarcely recognise me. M. Lascaris ran to me and embraced me, weeping. I stood, unable to speak. They led me to the priest's, washed my wounds, and put me to bed. After some time, I regained strength to recount my adventure. Selim sent out horsemen in pursuit of the assassin, giving his negro a cord to strangle him with; but they returned without having been able to catch him; and we afterwards learnt that he had entered the service of the Pacha of Damascus. From that time he never reappeared at Corietain.

At the end of a few days, my wounds began to close, and I quickly recovered my strength. Scheik Selim, who had conceived a great friendship for me, brought me one day a telescope out of order, saying to me that I would be a clever man if I succeeded in arranging it. As there was nothing but a glass to replace, I soon put it to rights, and took it to him. He was so well pleased with my skill, that he gave me the surname of *the industrious*.

A short time after this, we heard that the Bedouins were approaching from Palmyra, and some of them were already seen near Corictain. One day there came a certain Arab, named Selame el Hassan. We were with Selim when he entered. Coffee was brought, and whilst we were drinking it, several inhabitants came in search of the scheik, and said to him, "Eight years ago, in a certain spot, Hassan killed our relation, and we have come to demand justice from you." Hassan, denying the fact, asked if they had any witnesses. "No," they replied; "but you were seen passing along that particular road alone, and shortly after we found our relation there lying dead. We know that there was a cause of hatred between you two; and it is thus certain that you are his murderer." Hassan resolutely denied the accusation. The scheik, who was fearful of irritating the Bedouins, and who, besides, had no positive proof against him, took up a piece of wood, and said, "Swear by him who created this bough that you have not killed their relation." Hassan took the stick, looked at it for some minutes, and cast his eyes upon the ground; then lifting up his head towards his accusers—"I do not wish," said he, "to have two crimes upon my conscience—the one of being the murderer of this man, the other of swearing falsely before God. It was I who killed your relation; what do you ask as the price of his blood?"*

The scheik, wishing to keep fair with the Bedouins, was solicitous to avoid acting according to the rigour of the law; and the individuals present interesting themselves in the matter, it was decided that Hassan should pay 300 piastres to the relatives of the deceased. When he was asked for the money, he replied, that he had it not with him, but would bring it in a few days; and as some difficulty was made in letting him depart without pledge—"I have no bail to give," he remarked; "but He will answer for me, whose name I would not profane by a false oath." He was suffered to go, and four days after, he came back, bringing fifteen sheep, which were worth more than twenty piastres each. This trait of good faith and generosity both charmed and surprised us. We became anxious to form his acquaintance. Scheik Ibrahim invited him to his room, made him some presents, and by these means we were soon intimate friends. He communicated to us that he was one of the tribe El-Ammour, the chief of which was called Soutanel Berak. This tribe, composed of 500 tents, is considered as inhabitants of the district, because they do not quit the banks of the Euphrates when the great tribes migrate. They sell sheep, camels, and butter, at Damascus, Homs, Ifama, &c. The natives of these different towns have often an interest in their flocks.

We mentioned to Hassan one day that we wished to go to Palmyra to dispose of the merchandise that remained, but that we had been terrified with accounts of the dangers attending the expedition. Having offered to conduct us there himself, he entered into a contract before the scheik, making himself answerable for every thing disastrous that might befall us. Being persuaded that Hassan was a man of honour, we accepted his convoy.

It was now spring; the desert, formerly so arid, was suddenly covered with verdure and flowers. This enchanting spectacle induced us to hasten our departure. In the evening we deposited with the priest, Moussi, a part of our wares, so as to avoid attracting too much attention or cupidity. Naufal, desiring to return to

Homs, M. Lascaris dismissed him with a sufficient recompense. Having engaged moulkres and camels, we took leave of the inhabitants of Corictain; and with water and provisions for two days, we departed early the following morning, carrying with us a letter of recommendation from the Scheik Selim for the Scheik of Palmyra, named Ragial-el-Orouk.

After a march of ten hours in a continually eastern direction, we halted near a square tower, of a lofty and massive construction, called Casser-el-Ourdaan, in the territory el Dawh. This tower, built in the era of the Greek empire, served as an advanced post against the Persians, who were wont to carry off the people of the country. This rampart of the desert has preserved its name down to our days. After admiring the architecture, which is of a good age, we returned to pass the night in our little khan, where we suffered greatly from cold. In the morning, as we were getting ready for a start, M. Lascaris, who was somewhat unaccustomed to the motion of camels, mounting his without sufficient care, was thrown to the ground by its suddenly rising. We ran to him, and found his foot out of joint; but as he would not stop, we dressed it as well as we could, set him on his camel, and continued the march. In two hours we saw a cloud of dust rising in the distance, and drawing towards us. We were shortly able to descry six armed horsemen, whom observing, Hassan threw off his pelisse, couched his lance, and advanced to meet them, shouting to us to remain still. When he had come up with them, he explained to them that we were merchants going to Palmyra, and that he had become bound before the Scheik Selim, and all his village, to conduct us in safety. But these Bedouins, of the tribe El-Hassné, without heeding his relation, came down upon us. Hassan rushed to block up the path; they attempted to drive him back, and the combat began. Our champion was well known for his valour, but his opponents were equally brave. He sustained their attack for half an hour, when, being wounded by the stroke of a lance which had passed through his thigh, he retired towards us, and almost immediately sank from his horse. The Bedouins were preparing to despoil us, when Hassan, stretched upon the ground, his blood flowing from his wound, apostrophised them in these terms:—"What are you doing, my friends? Will you then violate the rights of the Arabs, the usages of the Bedouins? Those whom you are robbing are my brethren; they have my word; I have become bound for all that may happen to them, and you plunder them! Is this acting according to honour?" "Wherefore have you undertaken to conduct Christians to Palmyra?" they answered; "know you not that Mehanna-el-Fadel (the scheik of their tribe) is the chief of this country? Why have you not asked his permission?" "I am well aware of it," replied Hassan; "but these merchants were pressed for time, and Mehanna is still far from here. I pledged my word to them, and they had faith in it. They are acquainted with our laws and usages, which never change. Is it then proper in you to violate them by pilfering these strangers, and leaving me in this wounded state?" Upon hearing these words, the Bedouins, ceasing from further violence, remarked, "What you have said is indeed true and just, and since it is so, we will only take from your associates what they are disposed to give."

We hastened to offer them two mashlas, a pelisse, and 100 piastres. They were satisfied, and left us free to resume our progress. Hassan suffered greatly from his wound; and as he could not remount his horse, I gave him my camel, and took his mare. We marched four hours more; but the sun having set, we were obliged to halt in a place named Waddi-el-Nahr (Valley of the River). In spite of the appellation, we did not find a drop of water, and our bottles were empty. The morning attack had delayed us three hours, and it was not possible to go on any farther that evening. Although we were exposed to much suffering, we found considerable gratification in the reflection of having escaped from the Bedouins, and of having saved our clothes,

* [According to the Arab laws, murder is expiated by money; the sum is fixed according to circumstances.]

which afforded some protection against the cold wind which blew mercilessly enough. Thus, in a midway condition between pleasure and pain, we looked forward with impatience for the first glimpse of daylight. Scheik Ibrahim complained of his foot, and Hassan of his thigh. In the morning, after doing for the sick men as well as we could, we resumed our route, still continuing towards the East. An hour and a quarter from Palmyra, we found a subterraneous rivulet, whose source is quite unknown, as well as the place to which it flows. The water is seen through openings about five feet deep, somewhat in the shape of basins. It is not necessary to describe the happiness we felt in satisfying our thirst; the water had a truly agreeable taste.

At the mouth of a defile caused by the approach of two mountains to each other, we at last perceived the celebrated Palmyra. This defile forms, for a quarter of an hour, an avenue to the town. Along the southern side of the mountain, extends, for about three hours, a very ancient rampart. On the left, in front, we perceived an old castle, called Co Lat Ebn Maâmen, built by the Turks before the invention of gunpowder. This Ebn Maâmen, governor of Damascus, in the time of the caliphs, erected this castle to prevent the Persians from penetrating into Syria. We afterwards came upon a large open space called Waddi-el-Cabour (Valley of Tombs). The sepulchres which cover it appeared from a distance like towers. When we got near them, we saw that niches had been worked in them to receive the dead. Each niche was closed by a stone, on which was cut the portrait of the occupant. The towers were three and four stories high, communicating by means of a stone staircase, in general very well preserved. From there we entered a vast enclosure inhabited by the Arabs, who call it the castle. It contains, in fact, the ruins of the Temple of the Sun. 200 families lodge in these ruins.

We went without any delay to the house of the Scheik Ragial-el-Orouk, a venerable old man, who received us very favourably, and made us take supper and sleep with him. This scheik, like that of Corietain, furnished 200 camels to the great Mecca caravan.

On the following day, having hired a house, we unpacked our merchandise. I dressed Scheik Ibrahim's foot, which was in truth put out of joint. He suffered a long time from it. Hassan found friends at Palmyra who took care of him; and being quickly restored, he came to take leave of us, and departed in great glee at the recompense we bestowed upon him.

Being obliged to keep the house for several days on account of Scheik Ibrahim's foot, we commenced selling some articles to confirm our assertion of being merchants; but as soon as M. Lascaris was in a situation to walk, we went to visit the temple, and inspect all its details. Other travellers have described these ruins, so we shall speak here only of what has escaped them, in remarks upon the country.

We saw a great number of people, one day, casing a very handsome granite column with wood. They told us that it was in order to burn it, or rather to make it fall, so as to get at the lead which was found in the crevices. Scheik Ibrahim, full of indignation, addressing himself to me, exclaimed, "What would the founders of Palmyra say, if they saw these barbarians thus destroying their work? Since chance has conducted me here, I will oppose myself to this scandalous act." And, having ascertained the value of the lead, he gave the fifty piastres they asked from him, and the column became our property. It was of the finest red granite, spotted with blue and white, sixty feet high and ten round. The Palmyrians, seeing our inclination for monuments, informed us of a curious spot, at an hour and a half's distance, where the columns were anciently cut, and where some beautiful fragments are still found. Three Arabs undertook to conduct us there for ten piastres. The road was strewn with very fine ruins, described, I presume, by other travellers. We were shown a grotto, in which there was a beautiful column of white marble, cut and chiselled, and another only half-finished. It seemed as if time, which has destroyed

so much magnificence, had been wanting to remove the first and complete the second.

After visiting several caves and their environs, we returned by another road. Our guides pointed out to us a stream encumbered by great blocks of stone, which they called *Ain Ournus*. This name struck Scheik Ibrahim, who appeared drowned in thought the rest of the way. At last, beckoning me to him, he said, "I have discovered what the name of *Ournus* means. Aurelianus, the Roman emperor, came to besiege Palmyra, and seize upon its riches. It is he, I think, who has dug this spring for the wants of his army during the siege, and it has been named after him, but changed in the course of time into *Ournus*." According to my small knowledge of history, the conjecture of Scheik Ibrahim is not without foundation.

The inhabitants of Palmyra are not much occupied with agriculture; their principal occupation is the working a salt mine, the produce of which they send to Damascus and Homs. They make also a great quantity of alkali, the plant which furnishes it being very plentiful. They burn it, and the cinders are likewise forwarded to these two towns to make soap. They send them even, upon occasions, to Tripolis in Syria, which has numerous soap works, for the supply of the Archipelago.

One day, they spoke to us of a very singular cave, the entrance to which, however, was so dark and narrow as to be scarcely practicable. As it was only three hours from Palmyra, we felt a desire to visit it, but my adventure with Hessaisoun was too recent to risk ourselves without a good escort. On this account, we begged Scheik Ragial to give us an accompaniment of some of his safest hands. He appeared astonished at our project: "You are very curious," said he to us; "what business can you have with this grotto? Instead of minding your affairs, you pass your time in similar absurdities; it never has been my lot to meet such merchants as you." I replied to him, "A man always gains by beholding what nature has created beautiful." The scheik having given us six men well armed, I provided myself with a ball of packthread, a large nail, and torches, and we set off at an early hour. After a march of two hours, we arrived at the foot of a mountain; a large hole which they showed us formed the mouth of the grotto. I stuck my nail in a secret spot, and tied the packthread to it. Holding the ball in my hand, I followed Scheik Ibrahim, and the guides, who carried the torches. We went sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, now ascending, now descending, and we found the grotto large enough to hold an entire army. There was a great deal of alum, and the top and walls were covered with sulphur, and the ground filled with nitre. We remarked a species of reddish soil, which was very fine, and of an acid taste; Scheik Ibrahim put a handful in his handkerchief. This grotto is bored by cavities, cut with the chisel, from which they had, in former times, extracted metals. Our guides informed us, that several persons having lost themselves in them, had perished. A man who had remained there two days, seeking in vain the way to get out, at last spied a wolf, and, throwing stones at this animal, he put him to flight, and, following him, he succeeded in reaching the opening. My packthread being exhausted, we would not go farther, and retraced our steps. The charm of curiosity had doubtless smoothed the way for us, as we found an excessive difficulty in regaining the mouth. As soon as we had got safely out, we quickly dispatched our breakfast, and then resumed the road to Palmyra. The scheik, who was waiting for us, asked us what we had gained by our trip. "We have discovered," I observed to him, in reply, "that the ancients were much more skilful than we, for we can see by their works that they entered and came out with facility, whilst our getting out was no easy matter."

He laughed, and we left him to go and take a little repose. In the evening, Ibrahim found the handkerchief into which he had put the red earth full of holes, and, as it were, rotted. The earth had fallen into his

pocket; and he put it in a bottle,* telling me that the ancients had probably drawn gold from this grotto, chemical experience having proved that where sulphur is found, gold is often not far off; and, furthermore, the great works that we had remarked could not have been executed simply for the extraction of sulphur and alum, but evidently for something more precious. If the Arabs had entertained any suspicion that we had gone in search of gold, our lives had been placed in great jeopardy.

From day to day, they spoke of the approach of the Bedouins; and Scheik Ibrahim was as much rejoiced at these tidings as if he were about to meet his countrymen. He was quite enchanted when I announced to him the speedy arrival of Mehanna-el-Fadel, a great Bedouin chief. He wished instantly to go and meet him; but I represented to him that it would be more prudent to wait a favourable occasion to fall in with the family of this prince. I was aware that Mehanna generally sent a messenger to the Scheik of Palmyra, to inform him of his approach. In fact, one day eleven Bedouin horsemen arrived, and I learned that the Emir Nasser, the eldest son of Mehanna, was amongst them. I hastened to impart this intelligence to Scheik Ibrahim, who was transported with joy. That very instant, we proceeded to the Scheik Ragial's house, to be presented to the Emir Nasser, who gave us a good reception. "These strangers," said Ragial, addressing him, "are honest merchants, who have wares to sell according to the usage of the Bedouins; but they are so frightened that they dare not venture into the desert, unless you take them under your protection." The Emir Nasser, turning towards us, said, "You may expect every sort of success; you will be welcome, and I promise you that nothing shall befall you but the rain which descends from the heavens." We returned him many thanks, concluding with these words: "Since we have been fortunate enough to make your acquaintance, and you have kindly undertaken to be our protector, we hope you will do us the honour to eat with us."

The Arabs in general, and especially the Bedouins, regard as an inviolable engagement to fidelity the having eaten with any one, or having only broken bread with him. We therefore invited him, with all his suite, as well as the scheik. We got a sheep killed; and our dinner, prepared after the manner of the Bedouins, seemed much relished by them. For desert, we presented them with figs, dried grapes, almonds, and nuts, which were to them a high treat. After coffee, we began to converse upon various topics; and we related to Nasser our adventure with the six horsemen of his tribe. He offered to punish them, and make them restore us our goods and money. We conjured him, however, to do nothing in the business, assuring him, with protestations, that what we had given was of no consequence to us. We wished to have departed with him the following day, but he told us to wait the arrival of his father, who was yet eight days off, with his tribe. He promised to send us an escort, and camels to carry our goods. For greater security, we begged him to get his father to write to us; which he undertook to do.

The second day thereafter, a Bedouin of the tribe El Hassné, named Bani, arrived at Palmyra, and a few hours after, seven other Bedouins, of the tribe El Daffir, which was at war with that of Hassné. These men, having learned that one of their enemies was in the town, resolved to lie in wait for him out of Palmyra, to slay him. Bani, having been apprised of the favour intended him, came to our house, attached his mare to our door, and begged us to lend him a felt-sheet. As we had several around our goods, I took him one. He steeped it in water for half an hour, and afterwards placed it, all wet, on the back of his mare, the saddle above. In two hours, she was seized with a violent diarrhoea, which continued the whole evening; and the next morning the mare seemed to have nothing left in

her body. Then Bani removed the sheet, which he returned to us, drew the girths as tight as he could, and went off.

About four in the afternoon, we saw the Bedouins of the tribe El Daffir return, with fallen crests, and without plunder. Some one having asked them what they had done with Bani's mare, they returned for answer, "We will state what has happened to us. Not wishing to commit any insult to Ragial, the tributary of Mehanna, we restrained ourselves from falling upon our enemy in the town. It is true, we might have laid in wait for him in a narrow passage, but as we were seven to one, we determined to remain in the open country. When we descried him approaching, we advanced upon him; but as soon as he found himself in the midst of us, he uttered a loud shout, saying to his mare, "Jah Hamra! to-day it is your turn;" and he darted off like a flash of lightning. We pursued him as far as his tribe, without coming up to him, astounded at the swiftness of his steed, which was like a bird cleaving the air with its wings." I communicated to them the story of the felt-sheet, which astonished them not a little, as they had not, according to their own statement, ever heard of a similar piece of witchcraft.

A week after this occurrence, three men came to us, on the part of Mehanna-el-Fadel, bringing with them camels for our use, and a letter from the chief, the contents of which were as follow:—

"Mehanna-el-Fadel, son of Melkghem, to Scheik Ibrahim and Abdallah el Kratib, safety! May the mercy of God be upon you! By the arrival of our son, Nasser, we have been informed of your desire to visit us. You are welcome. You will shed a blessing upon us. Fear nothing; you have the protection of God, and the word of Mehanna. Nothing will touch you but the rain of heaven.

(Signed) MEHANNA EL FADEL."

A seal was affixed to the signature. This letter produced great satisfaction in Scheik Ibrahim's mind. Our preparations were soon finished; and the next day, by an early hour, we were out of Palmyra. Having arrived at a village watered by an abundant spring, we filled our leathern bottles to serve for the rest of the road. This village, called Arak, is four hours from Palmyra; we met a great number of Bedouins, who, after putting certain questions to our conductors, continued on their way. After a ten hours' march, the plain before us appeared covered with several hundreds of tents, which were those of the tribe Mehanna. We entered the tent of the emir, who caused coffee to be served to us at three distinct intervals, which, amongst the Bedouins, is the greatest proof of consideration. After the third cup, supper was brought in, which we required to eat in the Turkish fashion. It was the first time we had had this necessity imposed upon us, so we did not fail to burn our fingers. Mehanna, having perceived our mishap, addressed us in the following strain: "You are not accustomed to eat like us, eh?" To which Scheik Ibrahim answered: "It is very true, but why do you not make use of spoons? It is always possible to get them, were they but of wood." The emir replied with dignity, "We are Bedouins, and we adhere to the usages of our ancestors, which in truth we find to be highly reasonable. The hand and the mouth are parts of our body, which God has given as assistants to each other; wherefore, then, should we use a strange commodity, whether of wood or metal, to get at our mouths, seeing that the hand is naturally fitted for the purpose?"

We felt these reasons to be of very great weight; and I could not avoid remarking to Scheik Ibrahim, that Mehanna was the first Bedouin philosopher whom we had met. The following day, the emir had a camel killed to regale us; and I learnt it was a great mark of consideration, the Bedouins measuring the importance of the stranger by that of the animal which they slay to feast him with. They commence by a lamb, and finish by a camel. This was the first time that we had eaten the flesh of this animal. We found it by no means dainty.

* This bottle was taken with the rest into Egypt.

The Emir Mehanna was a man in his eightieth year, short, lean, deaf, and shockingly ill dressed. His great influence with the Bedouins arises from the nobleness and generosity of his heart, and from his being the chief of a very ancient and very numerous family. He is charged by the Pacha of Damascus with the escort of the great caravan as far as Mecca, receiving on that account twenty-five purses (12,500 piastres), which are paid to him before the departure from Damascus. He has three sons, Nasser, Faress, and Hamed, all three married, and dwelling in the same tent with their father. This tent is seventy-two feet long, and as many wide, made of black horse-hair cloth, and partitioned into three divisions. At the end the provisions are kept, and the kitchen affairs managed; the slaves also sleep there. In the middle the women have their abode, to which at night the whole family retire. The front part is destined for the men, and it is there they receive strangers, it being known under the designation of *rabha*.

After the expiration of three days, spent in the enjoyment of hospitality, we opened our bales and sold a great number of articles, on the greater part of which we sustained a loss more or less considerable. I could not understand this mode of carrying on commerce, and I said as much to Scheik Ibrahim. His only reply was, "Have you then forgot our conditions?" I excused myself, and continued to sell according to his own system.

One day we perceived fifty horsemen arrive, who, stopping outside the tents, descended from horseback, and squatted themselves on the ground. The Emir Nasser, who had the chief charge of affairs since his father had become so deaf, went forth to meet them, accompanied by his cousin, Scheik Zamel, and had with them a conference of two hours, after which the horsemen remounted and rode off. Scheik Ibrahim felt uneasy at this mysterious interview, and was very anxious to ascertain its motive. Having been at various times with the women, I took a coral chaplet and entered the apartment of Naura, the wife of Nasser, to offer it to her. She accepted it, and presented me in return with dates and coffee. After these reciprocal displays of politeness, I came to the object of my visit, saying to her, "I beg you to excuse my importunity, but strangers are curious and timid. The small quantity of merchandise that we have here is the remnant of a considerable fortune that disasters have carried away. The Emir Nasser was a short while ago in conference with strangers, and as this gives us uneasiness, we would wish to know the cause." Naura answered me as follows:—"I am quite willing to satisfy your curiosity, but on condition that you preserve the secret, and appear as if you knew nothing. Learn, then, that my husband has a great many enemies amongst the Bedouins, because he humbles their national pride by extolling the power of the Turks. The alliance of Nasser with the Osmanlis is very displeasing to the Bedouins, who abhor them. It is even contrary to the counsel of his father and the chief men of the tribe, who murmur against him. The object of this meeting was to concert a plan of attack. To-morrow, they intend to assail the tribe El Daffir, to seize upon their flocks, and to inflict upon them all possible mischief. The god of battles will give the victory to which side he pleases, but for yourselves you have nothing to fear." Having returned thanks to Naura, I retired, well satisfied at having obtained her confidence.

Scheik Ibrahim, being informed by me of all that the wife of the Emir Nasser had delivered, told me that he was excessively discontented thereat, adding, "I sought to connect myself with a tribe hostile to the Osmanlis, and lo! I find myself with a chief allied to them." I did not dare to ask the meaning of these words, but they gave me something to think about.

Towards evening, three hundred horsemen assembled outside the encampment, and departed early in the morning, having at their head Nasser, Hamed, and Zamel. Three days afterwards, a messenger came to announce their return. At this intelligence a great number of

men and women went forth to meet them, and when the junction was effected, loud shouts of joy were uttered on all sides; and thus they made their triumphal entry into the camp, preceded by 180 camels taken from the enemy. As soon as they had got off horseback, every one begged them to give an account of their exploits. Nasser took up the word. "The day after our departure," said he, "we reached about noon the place where the herds were feeding the flocks of Daffir, and having fallen upon them, we carried off 180 camels. The herds, having taken to flight, gave the alarm to their tribe. I detached a part of my troop to conduct our booty to the camp by another road. Aruad-Ebn-Motlac (chief of the tribe El-Daffir), having attacked us with 300 horsemen, the fight lasted two hours, and night alone separated us. Each party then returned to his tribe, the enemy having lost one of his men, and we having two of ours wounded."

The tribe of Nasser pretended to rejoice at his triumph, whilst at bottom they were far from approving of an unjust war, made upon their natural friends to please the Osmanlis. Nasser, visiting all the chiefs to relate the details of his victory, came also to the tent of Scheik Ibrahim, and addressed him in Turkish. Scheik Ibrahim observed to him that he only spoke Greek, his mother tongue, and a little Arabic, whereupon Nasser commenced to extol the language and manners of the Turks, saying, that they could never be truly great, powerful, and respected, unless they kept upon good terms with them. "As to myself," added he, "I am more an Osmanli than a Bedouin." "Put no trust in the promises of the Turks," answered Scheik Ibrahim, "nor in their grandeur and magnificence. They flatter you to gain you to their side, and to set you in enmity to your countrymen, in order to make use of you in combating the other tribes. The interest of the Turkish government is to destroy the Bedouins; and not being strong enough to do it of itself, it wishes to divide and arm you against each other. Take care you have not cause to repent this some day. I give you this counsel, as a friend who takes a lively interest in your welfare, and because I have eaten your bread and partaken your hospitality."

Some time after these events, Nasser received from Soleyman, Pacha of Acre and Damascus, a message to come and receive the investiture of the chief command in the desert, with the title of Prince of the Bedouins. This communication intoxicated him with gladness, and he instantly set off for Damascus with ten cavaliers.

Mehanna having issued orders for the departure of the tribe, by sunrise the following morning not a single tent was to be seen pitched; the whole were folded up and placed on the backs of camels, and the march commenced in the greatest order. Twenty chosen horsemen formed the advanced guard, and served as scouts. Then came the unloaded camels and the flocks, followed by armed men on horses or camels, after whom the women, those of the chiefs, carried in *haudags* (a species of palanquin), placed on the backs of the tallest camels. These *haudags* are richly adorned, carefully enveloped with scarlet cloth, and ornamented with various-coloured fringes; they contain two females with great ease, or a woman and several children. The women and children of an inferior rank came immediately after them, seated on the tents, rolled up in the form of cushions, and placed on the camels. The loaded camels, with the baggage and provisions, were behind. The march was closed by the Emir Mehanna, mounted on a dromedary, on account of his great age, surrounded by his slaves, warriors, and servants, who marched on foot. We could not sufficiently admire the celerity and order with which the departure of 8000 or 9000 persons was thus effected. Scheik Ibrahim and I were on horseback, sometimes in front, sometimes in the centre, or near to Mehanna. We marched ten hours without intermission. At three in the afternoon the order of the march was suddenly arrested; the Bedouins dispersed into a fine plain, jumped to the ground, stuck their lances in it, and fastened their horses to them; the women ran on all sides, and pitched the tents near

their husbands' horses. Thus, as if by enchantment, we found ourselves in a sort of town, as large as Hama. The women alone had the office of fixing and taking down the tents, and they performed the matter with a surprising address and rapidity. They in general execute all the labours of the encampment, the men tending the flocks, and killing and flaying the animals for food. The costume of the woman is very simple; a large blue chemise, a black mashla, and a sort of scarf of black silk, which covers the head, is tied in two folds round the neck, and falls down the back. They have nothing in the shape of shoes, except the wives of the sheiks, who wear short yellow boots. Their ambition and luxury lie in possessing a great number of bracelets of glass, coins, coral, and amber.

The plain where we stopped was called El-Makram, and it was not far distant from Hama. It was rather an agreeable spot, the rich pasturage rendering it very fitting for the sojourn of the Arabs.

On the fourth day we had an alarm. At four in the afternoon the herds came in perfectly dismayed, crying out, "To arms! the enemy has seized upon our flocks!" It was the tribe El Daffir, which, watching the opportunity to revenge itself on Nasser, had sent a thousand horsemen to carry off the flocks at the beginning of night, so as to give no time for the pursuit. Our men, having expected an attack, were prepared; but it was first necessary to discover on which side the enemy was to be pursued. Four men got off their horses, took opposite directions, and falling flat on the ground, with their ears on the surface, thus heard at a great distance the steps of the plunderers. The night was over before they could be reached; but in the morning, the troop of Hassné* having come up with them, joined battle. After a fight of four hours, the half of the flock was retaken, but 500 camels remained in the hands of the tribe El Daffir. We had ten men killed and several wounded. Upon their return, the tribe was in a very afflicted state; the Bedouins murmured, accusing the caprice and vanity of Nasser for all that had happened. Mehanna sent a courier to his son, who immediately returned from Damascus, accompanied by a chokredar,† to impose on the minds of the Arabs. On his arrival he caused a letter from the pacha to be read, couched in these terms:—"We make known to all the emirs and sheiks of the tribes of the desert, great and small, encamped on the territory of Damascus, that we have nominated our son, Nasser Ebn Mehanna, emir of all the Anazes,‡ enjoining them to obey him. The tribe which shall be wretched enough to show itself rebellious, will be destroyed by our victorious troops, and, by way of example, its flocks will be slaughtered, and the women delivered up to the soldiers. Such is our will.

(Signed) SOLEYMAN, Pacha of Damascus and Acre."

Nasser, proud of his new dignity, was never satisfied with the reading of this ordinance, and affected to talk Turkish with the officer of the pacha, which greatly augmented the ire of the Bedouins. One day, when we were beside him, a very handsome young man arrived, named Zarrak, the chief of a neighbouring tribe. Nasser, according to custom, spoke of his nomination, vaunted the grandeur and power of the Pacha of Damascus and the Sultan of Constantinople, who has the long sabre.§ Zarrak, who listened to him with impatience, changed colour, rose up, and said, "Nasser-Aga, I learn that all the Bedouins detest thee. If thou art dazzled by the magnificence of the Turks, go to Damascus, and deck thy forehead with the caouk;¶ become minister to the pacha, dwell in his palace, and then perhaps thou wilt impress terror on the Damascenes; but as for us Bedouins, we think no more of thee, thy pacha, and thy sultan, than a ball of camel-dung. I shall proceed to the territory of Bagdad,

where I will meet the Drayhy,* Ebn Chahlan, to whom I will join myself."

Nasser, growing pale with rage in his turn, translated this speech into Turkish for the benefit of the chokredar, who thought by violent menaces to strike terror into the soul of Zarrak. But the latter, regarding him with a haughty mien, said to him, "You have said enough; although you have Nasser at your side, I could, if I were so disposed, take care that you never again ate bread." Notwithstanding these offensive expressions, all three kept their temper from any actual outbreak; and Zarrak, remounting his horse, said to Nasser, "*Las salem aleik* (I salute thee); put forth all thy power, I am ready for thee." This defiance caused Nasser considerable annoyance; but he did not the less persevere in his alliance with the Turks.

On the following day, we learnt that Zarrak had departed with his tribe for the district of Geziri, and all on sides we heard nothing but of combinations of the Bedouins against Nasser. Mehanna, being informed of what was going forward, called his son, and addressed him in these words: "Nasser, will you then break the pillars of the tent of Melkghem?"—and, grasping his beard with his hand, "Do you wish," he continued, "to make this beard be despised at the close of my days, and tarnish the reputation that I have acquired? Unfortunate youth! You have not invoked the name of God! What I foresaw, has happened. All the tribes are proceeding to unite themselves with the Drayhy. What shall become of us then? There will remain nothing for us but to humble ourselves before Ebn Sihoud,† that enemy of our race, who styles himself king of the Bedouins, for he alone can defend us from the terrible Drayhy."

Nasser endeavoured to calm his father's apprehensions, assuring him that their affairs were not so desperate as he feared. However, the Bedouins began to take part with either the one or the other, but the greatest number hearkened to the father, who was in their true interests.

Scheik Ibrahim grew very discontented. He was anxious to penetrate farther into the desert, and to advance towards Bagdad, yet he found himself fettered to a tribe which remained between Damascus and Homs. He was thus losing all the summer, being unable to remove but at the peril of his life. He instructed me to obtain information touching the Drayhy, to get a knowledge of his character, to learn the places where he passed the summer, where he retired in the winter, if he received strangers, and a thousand other particulars. He charged me to be extremely careful in gathering information.

It was difficult to get at these details without awakening suspicions. I considered it necessary to find some one who was not of the tribe El Hassné. At last I succeeded in forming an acquaintance with a person named Abdallah el Chahen (the poet). Knowing that poets were sought after by the great, I interrogated him as to all the tribes which he had visited, and I learnt with pleasure that he had been a long time at the court of the Drayhy. I obtained from him all the particulars I could desire.

One day, Nasser made me write to the Scheik of Sadding, and to that of Corietain, to demand from each a thousand piastres and six mashlas. This claim is called the claim of fraternity. It is an arrangement between the sheiks of villages and the more powerful Bedouin chiefs, to protect the former against the ravages of the other tribes. It is an annual tax. These wretched villages are ruined in contenting their two tyrants, the Bedouins and the Turks.

* The destroyer of Turks.

† Ebn Sihoud commands a million and a half of Bedouins. He reigns over the countries of Derhié, Modyde, Samarcand, Ilygins, and Zamos, or Zamen. Those people call themselves Wahabites. The Bedouins of Persia, commanded by the Emir Sahid el Fehrabl, are upwards of a million.

These, added to the tribes of Bagdad, Bassorah, Mesopotamia, and Moran, of which I have made the census, give a wandering population of four millions of souls.

* The name of the tribe of Mehanna.

† A grand officer of the pacha.

‡ Bedouins of the desert.

§ The Arab expression to designate an extended dominion.

¶ The title of a Turkish officer, and a name of derision for a Bedouin.

* The turban of ceremony worn by the Turks.

Mehanna had a fraternity with all the villages in the territories of Damascus, Homs, and Hama, which produced him a revenue of about 50,000 piastres. The Pacha of Damascus paid him 12,500, and the towns of Hama and Hama furnished him besides with a certain quantity of wheat, rice, confections, and stuffs. The small tribes brought him butter and cheese. Notwithstanding all that, he never had any money, and was generally in debt, which was a matter of surprise to us, as he had no expenses to incur. We learnt that he gave all in gifts to the most renowned warriors, whether in his own tribe or in others, and that he thus made a powerful party for himself. He was always very shabbily dressed; and when he received a fine pelisse, or any other object, as a present, he gave it to the person who was near him at the moment. The Bedouin proverb, which says that "generosity covers all faults," was found verified in Mehanna, whose liberality alone made Nasser be tolerated.

Shortly after this event, we went to encamp three hours from the Orontes, upon a territory called El Zididi, where several small springs gushed.

Mehanna, having gone one day with ten horsemen to pay a visit to the Aga of Homs, returned loaded with gifts from all the merchants, who keep on good terms with him, because, whenever he is dissatisfied with them, he intercepts their trade by plundering the caravans. Immediately after his return, Nasser departed upon an expedition against the tribe Abdelli, commanded by the Emir El Doghiani, and encamped near Palmyra on two eminences of equal dimensions, called Eldain (the bosom). He returned in three days, bringing with him 150 camels and 200 sheep. In this affair we had lost three men, and the horse of Zamel had been killed under him. In compensation we had taken three mares, slain ten men, and wounded twenty. In spite of this success, the Bedouins were indignant at the bad faith of Nasser, who had no motive for anger against that tribe.

On all sides they were concerting with the Drayhy for the destruction of the tribe El Hassné. Intelligence of this matter having come to the ears of the Emir Douhi, chief of the tribe Would Ali, a relation and intimate friend of Mehanna, and who, as well as himself, had to escort the great caravan, he arrived one day with thirty horsemen to apprise him of the danger which menaced him. The principal people of the tribe went out to meet Douhi. When he had entered the tent, Mehanna ordered coffee, but the emir stopped him, saying, "Mehanna, thy coffee is already drunk! I come here neither to eat nor to drink, but rather to notify to thee that the conduct of thy son Nasser-Pacha (he gave him this title in derision) is drawing destruction upon thee and thine. Know that all the Bedouins have formed a league, and are about to declare against thee war to the death." Mehanna, changing colour, exclaimed, "Well, art thou satisfied, Nasser?—thou wilt be the last of the race of Melkghem!"

But Nasser, far from yielding, answered that he would make head against all the Bedouins, and that he would have the aid of 20,000 Osmanlis, as well as that of Mola Ismael, chief of the Kurdish cavalry, which bears the schako. Douhi passed the night in endeavouring to turn Nasser from his projects, without succeeding in doing so. The following day he departed, uttering these words—"My conscience forbids me to unite myself with you. Relationship, and the bread that we have eaten together, prevent me from declaring war against you. Adieu! I quit you with sorrow."

From this time, we felt our residence with the Bedouins far from comfortable. We could not leave them, for every body that removed from the tents met an untimely end. There were incessant attacks on us from one side or another—continual changes of encampment without a moment's notice, to obtain a more secure position—a continued series of alarms, reprisals, and disputes between Mehanna and his son; but the old man was of so kind and credulous a disposition, that Nasser never failed to convince that he was quite right in all he did.

A thousand instances of his simplicity were related to us. Amongst others was the following:—Being at Damascus whilst Yousof Pacha, grand vizier of the Ottoman empire, held his court there on his return from Egypt after the departure of the French, Mehanna presented himself before him like all the other chiefs, but, being ill instructed in the matter of Turkish etiquette, he accosted him without any ceremony after the familiar fashion of the Bedouins, and seated himself on the divan by the side of the vizier, without being invited to that honourable proximity. Yousof, not being very learned in the usages of the Bedouins, and ignorant likewise of the station of the little shabby-looking old man who treated him so familiarly, gave orders that he should be led from the presence, and have his head chopped off. The slaves took him by the arms, and were preparing to execute upon Mehanna the measure of the command, when the Pacha of Damascus lifted up his voice aloud, exclaiming, "Stop! what are you about? If a hair of his head fall, you will never be able, with all your power, to send another caravan to Mecca." The vizier, being thus admonished, hastened to have him brought back and reinstated by his side, presented him with coffee, and had him decked out in his presence with a Cashemire turban, a rich gombaz (robe), and a pelisse of honour, bestowing on him, at the same time, 1000 piastres. Mehanna, in consequence of his deafness, and his ignorance of the Turkish language, did not understand any thing that had passed, but, taking off his fine clothes, he gave them to three of his slaves who accompanied him. The vizier caused him to be asked, through the medium of a dragoman, if he were displeased with his present. Mehanna answered—"Tell the vizier of the sultan that we Bedouins do not seek to distinguish ourselves by rich garments. I am not well dressed, but all the Bedouins know me; they are well aware that I am Mehanna el Fadel, son of Melkghem." The pacha, studious not to irritate him, affected to smile, and he much delighted with his frankness.

At length the summer was over. In the month of October the tribe was in the neighbourhood of Aleppo. My heart beat to find myself so near my birth-place, but, according to stipulation, I was debarred from giving any intelligence of myself to my relatives. Scheik Ibrahim felt desirous to pass the winter at Damascus; however, no Bedouin durst conduct us there. We succeeded, after a great deal of difficulty, in getting ourselves escorted as far as the village called Soghene (the Hot), two days' journey from Aleppo. The hospitable inhabitants disputed amongst themselves for the pleasure of entertaining us. A natural hot bath has given the name to the village; and the superior beauty of the natives is probably owing to the goodness of its mineral waters. From there we regained Palmyra with some difficulty, which was compensated by the satisfaction of seeing Scheik Ragual once more. Having passed a fortnight with our friends there, we set off for Corietain, where Scheik Selim and the priest Moussi welcomed us with real kindness. They were never weary of listening to our stories concerning the Bedouins. To their friendly questions as to the situation of our affairs, Scheik Ibrahim answered by saying that our speculation went on wonderfully well, and that we had gained more than we expected; but the fact was sadly the reverse, for, what with losses and presents, we had nothing left but the merchandise deposited with Moussi. We passed thirty days at Corietain organising our departure. The winter was rapidly advancing, and no person would provide us with beasts of burden, as it was the general opinion we should be plundered on the route. At last Scheik Ibrahim bought a miserable horse, I hired an ass, and, in detestable weather, with a chilly blast, we departed, accompanied by four men on foot, for the village of Daïr Antîé. In four hours we arrived at a defile, between two mountains, called Beni el Gebelain. At this spot twenty Bedouins on horseback pounced upon us. Our conductors, far from defending us, concealed their muskets, and remained quiet spectators of our disaster. The

Bedouins stripped us, leaving us but a shirt a-piece. We implored death at their hands, rather than to be thus laid bare to the cold. At length, touched with our lamentable state, they had generosity enough to give us each a gombaz. As to our cattle, they were animals of too sorrowful an aspect to tempt them. As, indeed, they could drag their legs but slowly onwards, they would only have impeded their progress.

We resumed our route in sadness. The night closed in upon us, the cold increased in severity, and shortly took from us the power of speech. Our teeth chattered, our eyes grew red, and our cheeks blue. After some time I fell to the ground, frozen and fainting. Scheik Ibrahim made despairing gestures to the guides, without being able to speak to them. One of them, a Syrian Christian, took pity upon me, and upon the grief of Scheik Ibrahim. He knocked down the horse, also half-dead with cold and fatigue, beat out his brains, ripped up his belly, and pushed me into it, with only my head out. At the end of half an hour I came to my senses, and was much surprised at feeling myself resuscitated, and discovering myself in such a position. The heat restored me the use of my tongue, and I returned many thanks to Ibrahim and the good Arab. I found my courage revive, and was able to walk. Shortly after our guides exclaimed, "There's the village!" and we entered the first house we came to. It was that of a blacksmith, named Hanna el Bitar. He took the most lively interest in our situation, hastened to cover us both with camel's dung, and administered to us, drop by drop, a little wine. Having thus infused some animation into our bodies, he removed us from our stove, put us to bed, and made us drink a palatable soup. After a repose that was indispensable to recruit us, we effected a loan of 200 piastres to pay our guides and proceed to Damascus, where we arrived on the 23d December 1810.

M. Chabassin, a French physician, the only Frank who was in Damascus, received us into his house; but as we had to pass the winter in that city, we afterwards took up our quarters in the Lazarist Convent, which was forsaken.

I will not describe the celebrated city of Scham,* (Damascus), that gate of glory (Babel Cahbé), as the Turks call it. Our long residence enabled us to obtain a thorough knowledge of it, but it has been too often visited by travellers to offer any thing new. I return to my recital.

One day being at the bazaar, passing the time in the Turkish fashion, a Bedouin came running up to us and embraced us, saying, "Do you not know your brother Hettall, who has eaten your bread at Nouarat el Nahman?" Delighted at the meeting, we conducted him to our abode; and having sufficiently regaled and interrogated him, we learnt that the affairs of the tribe Hassné were far from prosperous, and that the league against it was becoming every day more formidable. Hettall informed us that he was of the tribe of Would Ali, the chief of which, Douhi, was known to us. This tribe passes the winter in the districts of Sarka and Balka; it extends from the country of Ismael to the Dead Sea, and returns to Horan in the spring. He proposed that we should visit it, answering for our safety, and promising us a good market for our merchandise. Having accepted his offer, it was agreed he should come and seek us in the month of March.

Scheik Ibrahim, having received from Aleppo a remittance of a thousand tallaris, by means of M. Chabassin, instructed me to make fresh purchases. When they were effected, I showed them to him, asking him if anything would remain to us on our return. "My dear son," he replied, "the acquaintance of each chief of a tribe is worth more to me than all our wares. Be tranquil; you also shall have your reward in money and fame. You will be renowned in your age, but in the interim I must know all the tribes and their chiefs. I reckon upon your assistance in reaching the Drayhy, and to accomplish that, it is absolutely necessary that you pass for a Bedouin. Therefore let your beard

grow, get dressed like them, and practise their usages. Ask me for no explanation; recollect our stipulations." "May God give us strength!" was my only answer.

Twenty times I was on the point of abandoning an enterprise, all the perils of which I plainly perceived, without recognising the object to be gained. This forced silence and blind submission were irritating in the extreme. However, the desire to arrive at the result, and my attachment for M. Lascaris, induced me to be patient.

At the time fixed upon, Hettall arrived with two guides, and three camels, and we took our departure on the 15th March 1811, one year and twenty-eight days after our first exit from Aleppo. The tribe was in a place called Misarib, three days' journey from Damascus. Nothing remarkable happened to us on the road. We passed the nights with a brilliant starlight, and the third day at sunset we were in the middle of the encampment of Would Ali. The aspect of it was very agreeable; each tent was surrounded by horses, camels, goats, and sheep, with the lance of the cavalier fixed at the entrance. The tent of the Emir Douhi was pitched in the centre; he received us with all possible kindness, and made us take supper with him. He is a man of intellect, equally feared and loved by his people. He commands 5000 tents, and three tribes which are joined under his sway; to wit, Benin Sakhrer, El Serhanan, and El Sardic. He divides his warriors into companies or detachments, each commanded by one of his own relations.

The Bedouins are very fond of hearing tales after supper. The following is one which the Emir related to us. It is interesting, from exhibiting the extreme attachment which they have for their horses, and the pride they feel in their qualities.

A man of his tribe, named Giabal, had a very famous mare. Hassad-Pacha, then pacha of Damascus, made him at various periods all imaginable offers for it, but uselessly, for a Bedouin loves his horse as much as his wife. The pacha at last used menaces, which were equally unavailing. However, another Bedouin, named Giagar, having come to him and asked him what he would give if he produced him Giabal's mare, the pacha answered, "I will fill thy barley-poke with gold," for Hassad looked upon his ill success as a personal affront. This matter having got wind, Giabal, for greater security, fastened an iron ring round the fetlock of his horse, and attached a chain to it, which at night he fixed to a stake in the ground, underneath the felt-sheet which served him and his wife for a bed. In the dead of night, Giagar penetrated into his tent on his hands and knees, and, sliding in between Giabal and his wife, he gently pushed away, first the one and then the other; the husband, believing himself pushed by his wife, and she by her husband, each of them made room. Then Giagar, with a well-sharped knife, cut a hole in the felt, drew up the stake, loosened the mare, mounted her, and taking Giabal's lance, gave him a slight prick, crying out, "It is I, Giagar, who have taken thy fine mare—I give thee notice." And he rode off. Giabal sprang out of the tent, aroused the horsemen, jumped upon his brother's mare, and pursued Giagar for four hours. The brother's mare was of the same blood as his own, although not as good. Outstripping all the others, he was on the point of coming up to Giagar, when he cried out to him, "Pinch the right ear, and give a stroke of the spur." Giagar did so, and darted off like a thunderbolt. Further pursuit became then useless, as the distance between them grew every moment greater. The other Bedouins reproached Giabal for being himself the cause of the loss of his mare.* "I prefer," answered he, "to lose her rather than to tarnish her reputation. Do you think I would let it be said in the tribe Would Ali† that another mare

* Every Bedouin accustoms his horse to a sign, which makes him put forth all his speed. He only makes use of it in a pressing emergency, and never imparts the secret to any one, not even his son.

† The horses of this tribe have the highest reputation amongst the Bedouins.

* Scham signifies the sun.

had surpassed mine! I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that none other was ever able to compete with her." He returned home with this consolation, and Giagar received the reward of his address.

Another related to us, that in the tribe of Negde, there was a mare equally renowned as that of Giabal, and that a Bedouin of another tribe, named Daher, was incited with a desire approaching to madness to possess her. Having in vain offered for her his camels and all he possessed, he conceived the design of dyeing his face with the juice of an herb, clothing himself in rags, binding his limbs like those of a cripple, and in this plight lying in wait for Nabec, the owner of the mare, in a road which he knew he must pass. When he came near, he said to him in a feeble tone, "I am a poor stranger, and for three days I have been unable to crawl from here to seek food. I am on the point of death—succour me; God will reward you."

The Bedouin proposed to take him on his horse and carry him home with him; but the rascal answered, "I cannot get up, I have no strength to move." The other, full of compassion, descended from his mare, drew her up to him, and with great labour set him upon her. As soon as he felt himself in the saddle, he stuck his heels in her flanks, and the mare bounded off. As he went away he exclaimed, "It is Daher who has mounted and seized upon your mare."

The master of the horse entreated him to listen for a moment. Sure of not being pursued, he returned, and stopped at a little distance, for Nabec was armed with his lance. He said to him, "Thou hast taken my mare. Since it is the will of God, I wish thee prosperity; but I conjure thee never to tell any one how thou hast obtained her." "And why?" asked Daher. "Because some other might be really ill, and lying without aid," answered Nabec;—"thou wouldst be the cause of no one ever again doing a single act of charity, for fear of being duped like me." Struck with these words, Daher reflected a moment, got off the mare, restored her to her owner, and embraced him. Nabec conducted him to his tent, and they remained together three days, having sworn a mutual friendship or brotherhood.

Scheik Ibrahim was enchanted with these tales, which gave him an insight into the character and generous spirit of the Bedouins. We found the tribe of Douhi to be more wealthy and less grasping than that of Me-hanna. Their horses were infinitely superior. We remained fifteen days amongst them. Scheik Ibrahim made presents to all the chiefs, and sold some articles to the women, to keep up the character of a merchant. We afterwards departed to visit the three tributary scheiks of the Emir Douhi.

Scheik Ibrahim told me, that he had no other interest in remaining amongst these Bedouins, than that of affording me opportunities of studying more minutely their language and manners; that it behoved him, on account of *his own business*, to get to the tents of the Drayhy, but that I should take advantage of our career amongst all these tribes, to put down exact notes of their names and numbers, for these matters were important for him to know.

Their manner of speaking is very difficult to acquire, even for an Arab, although it is the same language at bottom. I applied myself to the task with success. I thus obtained, in the course of our long travels, the names of all the scheiks, and the census of all the tribes, a thing that no one had previously been able to accomplish.

When the tribes are numerous, they are frequently obliged to divide themselves into detachments of from 200 to 500 tents, and to spread over a large space, in order to procure water and pasturage for their flocks. We went through all the encampments in succession, whilst waiting to find means to get ourselves conducted to the Drayhy, who was at war with all those in the territory of Damascus. We were every where received with great cordiality.

In one of the tribes was a poor widow, who offered us hospitality. In order to regale us, she killed her

last sheep, and borrowed some bread. She informed us that her husband and her three sons had been killed in the war against the Wahabites, a very powerful tribe in the neighbourhood of Mecca. Having testified to her our astonishment that she should despoil herself on our account, she said, "He who enters the dwelling of a living person, and eats not, is as if he visited a corpse."

A tribe, already become considerable, had been formed in the following manner. A Bedouin had a very beautiful daughter, whom the chief of the tribe asked in marriage, but he would not grant her to him, and in order to escape his importunities, he secretly departed with all his family. The scheik, inquiring what had become of him, some one answered him, "*Serah*" (he has gone off). "*Serhan*"* (he is a wolf), remarked the chief, meaning by that he was a savage. From that time, the tribe of which this Bedouin became the chief, has always been called the tribe El-Serhaan.† When individual Bedouins are valiant and have good horses, they render themselves powerful in a short time.

We at length learnt the arrival of the Drayhy in Mesopotamia. At this period, Scheik Ibrahim was obliged to go to Damascus in search of goods and cash, in both of which we were woefully deficient. We there got acquainted with a Bedouin of a tribe on the borders of the Euphrates, which had preserved a neutrality in the affair of Nasser. This Bedouin, named Gazens-el-Hamad, had come to Damascus, with some others, to sell butter. He undertook to carry our merchandise upon his camels, and to conduct us to the Drayhy; but alas! we were destined not to get there so easily. We had scarcely arrived at Corietain, to recover our goods left there in deposit, when we received the news of a victory gained by Zaher, son of the Drayhy, over Nasser, so that the war was renewed with double violence. All the tribes pronounced themselves for one party or the other. That of Salkah, the tribe of our conductor, had been attacked by the Drayhy, who pursued his advantages with unrelenting fury, and no person durst venture to cross the desert. M. Lascaris was in despair. He could no longer eat or sleep, and, irritated to the last extremity at finding himself thus stopped in his projects, he became ill-humoured towards me. Then I said to him, "It is now time to come to an explanation. If you wish to reach the camp of the Drayhy for the purpose of driving trade, the enterprise is insane, and I refuse to follow you. If you have other projects and motives, sufficient to induce you to expose your life, explain them to me, and you will find me ready to sacrifice myself for your service." "Well, my dear son," he answered, "I will open myself to you. Know, then, that commerce is only a pretext to conceal a mission which has been imposed upon me at Paris. See my instructions, divided into ten heads:—

- 1st, To depart from Paris for Aleppo.
- 2d, There to seek a faithful Arab, and attach him to me as a dragoman.
- 3d, To perfect myself in the language.
- 4th, To go to Palmyra.
- 5th, To penetrate amongst the Bedouins.
- 6th, To get acquainted with all the chiefs, and gain their friendship.
- 7th, To unite them in one cause.
- 8th, To induce them to break all compact with the Osmanlis.
- 9th, To reconnoitre the whole desert, as to the halting places where water and pasturage are to be found, as far as the frontiers of India.

10th, To return into Europe, safe and sound, after having accomplished my mission."

"And what then?" I asked. But he told me to be silent. "Remember our conditions," said he; "I will inform you of all in good time. At present, it is enough for you to know that I will reach the camp of the Drayhy, if I must there lay down my life."

This half confidence troubled me, and prevented me

* This is a play on words difficult to translate. *Serah* signifies departed, *serhan* signifies a wolf.

† The tribe of the Wolf

from sleeping. To perceive almost insurmountable difficulties, and to have only a confused idea of the advantages to be produced by my devotedness, was a very painful feeling. However, I took the resolution of proceeding to the end, since I had engaged myself to do so; and I thought only of the means of succeeding. My beard had grown, I was perfectly conversant with the language of the Bedouins, so I conceived the design of going alone and on foot to the Drayhy, as it seemed the only possible chance left for us to try. I went to my friend Wardi, he who had restored me to life by thrusting me into the belly of a horse, and I communicated to him my project. He at first sought to divert me from such a design, by representing to me that the fatigues would be very great, that I would have ten nights of most painful marching, as in the day time concealment would be absolutely necessary, and that only what was strictly necessary for food could be taken on the journey; but seeing that nothing could make me flinch from my purpose, he entered into an engagement to serve as my guide, in consideration of a large sum of money. Having made M. Lascaris acquainted with my project, he likewise offered friendly objections, founded on the dangers to which I should expose myself; but, nevertheless, I saw that at bottom he was very well pleased at my zeal.

We entered into the necessary arrangements. I agreed to write to him on the return of my guide, as soon as I should be arrived at the camp of the Drayhy. The night was well advanced before we threw ourselves on our beds. I was much agitated, my sleep was disturbed, and I awakened M. Lascaris by my cries. I dreamt, that being on the summit of a steep rock, at the foot of which a rapid river flowed which I could not pass, I went to sleep on the edge of the precipice, and that a tree suddenly took root in my mouth, which grew and spread out its branches like a tent, but that in its growth it tore my throat, and its roots penetrated my bowels, upon which I uttered vehement cries. Having related my dream to the Scheik Ibrahim, he was much surprised at it, and told me that it augured most happily, and announced a grand result after many labours.

It was necessary that I should dress myself in tatters, in order to excite neither suspicion nor cupidity, if we should happen to be discovered. I adopted the following travelling garb: a shirt of coarse cotton cloth patched; a dirty and ragged gombaz; an old cafic, with a piece of cloth, once white, for a turban; a mantle of sheepskin with half the wool off; a pair of cobbled shoes weighing four pounds; a leather girdle, from which hung a knife worth two paras, a steel, a little tobacco in an old bag, and a pipe. I blacked my eyes, and daubed my face, and, presenting myself in this plight to Scheik Ibrahim, to take leave of him, he burst into tears. "May the great God," cried he, "give you strength to accomplish your generous design! I will owe every thing to your energy. May the Most High be with you, and keep you from all danger! May he put out the eyes of the wicked, and bring you back, so that I may reward you!"

I could not avoid weeping in my turn. But afterwards, the conversation becoming more gay, Scheik Ibrahim told me, jokingly, that if I went to Paris in that costume, I could easily gain money by exhibiting myself. We supped together, and at sunset I took the road. I marched without feeling fatigue until midnight; but then my feet began to swell, and as my shoes hurt me, I took them off. The prickles of the plant which the camels crop wounded my feet, and the stones bruised them. I endeavoured to resume my shoes; and thus, with a variation of suffering, I walked until morning. A small cave afforded us shelter for the day. I dressed my feet by wrapping them in a piece of my mantle, which I tore off, and I fell asleep without being able to take any food. I was still asleep, when my guide called upon me to proceed. My feet were much swollen, my heart sank, and I begged him to wait until the following day. My conductor reproached me for my weakness. "I knew very well," said he, "that you were too delicate for such a journey. I told

you so beforehand. It is impossible for us to remain here, for, if we pass the night, we must stay all to-morrow likewise; thus our provisions will be exhausted, and we shall perish of hunger in the desert. It will be better to renounce our enterprise, and return while there is still time."

These words stirred me up, and I set off. I dragged myself with a great effort till nearly midnight, when, having come to a plain where the sand rose and sank in undulations, we rested there until daylight. The first twilight enabled us to distinguish two objects at a distance, which we took for camels. My guide being alarmed, dug a hole in the sand to conceal ourselves, and we buried ourselves up to the neck, leaving only our heads above ground. We remained in this disagreeable situation, with our eyes fixed in the direction of the camels, when, towards noon, Wardi suddenly shouted out, "God be praised, they are only ostriches." We got out of our grave with great joy, and, for the first time since our departure, I ate a morsel of cake, and drank a drop of water. We remained there until evening, waiting for the darkness to resume our route. Having got upon sand, I suffered less from walking. We passed the following day in sleeping. We were opposite Palmyra at midnight. The break of day, after the fourth night, found us on the brink of a large river, named El Rcbib, flowing from the south to the north. My guide undressed himself, carried me on his back to the other side, and returned to fetch his clothes. I wished to rest myself, but he told me it was not prudent to stop in a place where the river was fordable. In fact, we had not gone above half an hour, before we perceived 500 mounted Bedouins approaching the river, going from the east to the west. Having found a thicket, we fixed our halt in it for the day.

The sixth night brought us within a few hours of the Euphrates. On the seventh day, the most difficult part was accomplished; and if I had not suffered so much from my feet, I would have forgotten all my fatigues in the spectacle of the sun rising upon the banks of this magnificent river. The hospitable Bedouins, whose occupation it is to ferry people across, invited us into their tents, where, for the first time, we made a good meal. We got information as to the Drayhy. He was at three days' distance, between Zaïte and Zauer. He had made peace with the Emir Fahed, imposing a tribute on him. They discoursed largely on his military talents and undaunted courage, and stated that it was his intention to annihilate Mehanna and Nasser, and then to return to his desert, near Bassorah and Bagdad. These were the very details that I desired; I instantly formed my plan. I asked for a guide to conduct me to the Drayhy, telling the Bedouins that I was an Aleppo merchant, having a correspondent at Bagdad, who owed me 25,000 piastres, and who had lately become bankrupt; that the war between the Bedouins having interrupted the communications, I had no other resource but to adventure alone, and put myself under the protection of the Drayhy, in order to get to Bagdad, where my whole fortune was in jeopardy. These good Bedouins invoked the name of Allah, that he might aid me in the recovery of my property; and Wardi himself exhibited proofs of greater interest in my journey than previously, when he was thus made acquainted with its importance. After passing the day in investigating the economy of the tribe Beny Tay, we departed with a good escort; and nothing occurred to us of an interesting nature during our march. By sunset of the third day, we saw the five thousand tents of the Drayhy covering the plain as far as the eye could reach. Filled with camels, horses, and flocks, concealing the ground, I never saw such a spectacle of power and wealth as this encampment displayed. The tent of the emir was in the centre, and was 160 feet long. He received me with much politeness; and, without putting any questions, he invited me to sup with him. After supper, he asked me whence I came, and whither I went. I replied to him as I had done to the Bedouins of the Euphrates. "You are welcome," said he, after my recital; "your arrival brings a thousand benedic-

tions. If it please God, you will succeed ; but, according to our custom, we cannot discourse upon business till three days are granted to hospitality and repose." I returned the usual acknowledgments, and retired. The next day I dispatched Wardi to M. Lascaris.

The Drayhy is about fifty years old, tall, and of a handsome countenance, with a short beard, completely white. His look is haughty. He is considered as the most able of the chiefs of tribes. He has two sons, Zaër and Sahdoun, who are married, and inhabit the same tent as himself. His tribe is called El Dualla, and it is numerous and wealthy.

Chance promoted my views in a wonderful manner, after the few first days of my arrival. The emir was in want of a secretary. I offered to serve him for the moment ; and I soon gained his confidence by the advice and information I was enabled to give him, as to the tribes which I had visited. When I spoke to him of my affair, he said to me, "If you will remain with me, you shall be as a son ; all that you say shall be done." I took advantage of this confidence to induce him to pass the Euphrates, in order to bring him nearer Scheik Ibrahim. I pointed out to him all that he might gain in influence over the tribes of the country, by detaching them from Nasser ; and I held up to his view the multitude of presents they would be compelled to offer him, the terror he would strike into the Osmanlis, and the injury he would perpetrate on his foes by consuming their pasturage. As it was the first time that he had quitted the desert of Bagdad to come into Mesopotamia, my counsels and knowledge were of great assistance to him ; and he did as I advised him. The break-up of the camp was a superb sight. The horsemen went in front upon their thorough-bred horses, and the women, in haudags with magnificent draperies, were seated on dromedaries, encompassed by negress slaves. Men, bearing provisions, went up and down the caravan, crying, "Who is hungry ?" and distributing bread, dates, &c. Every three hours, a halt was made to take coffee ; and in the evening, the tents were pitched, as if by enchantment. We followed the banks of the Euphrates, the transparent waters of which shone like silver. I was mounted on a full-blood mare, and the whole progress seemed to me like a triumphal march, forming a considerable contrast to the mode in which I had recently journeyed, whilst toiling over the same district in rags and with bleeding feet.

On the fourth day, the Emir Zahed came to meet us with a thousand horse. They gave themselves up to all sorts of equestrian games. In the evening, the Drayhy, his sons, and I, went to sup with the tribe of Zahed. On the following day we crossed the river, and encamped on the territory of Damascus. Always marching to the west, we pitched our tents at El Jaffet, in the pachalik of Aleppo. The report of the Drayhy's arrival was quickly spread abroad, and Mehanna forwarded to him a letter, commencing with their respective titles, and thus continuing :—

"In the name of the all-merciful God !—we have learnt with surprise that you have passed the Euphrates, and that you have advanced into the provinces which our ancestors have transmitted to us. Do you then think that you should alone devour the food of all the birds of heaven ! Know that we have so many warriors that we cannot reckon their number ; and, furthermore, we shall be supported by the valiant Osmanlis, whom none can resist. We therefore admonish you to go back the road you have come ; otherwise, all conceivable misfortunes will fall upon you, and you will repent when it is too late."

During the reading of this letter, I saw the Drayhy grow livid with rage. His eyes darted sparks of fire. After a momentary silence, he exclaimed, in a voice of terrific compass, "Kratib, take your pen, and write to this dog !"

His reply was couched in the following strain :—"I have read your threats, which are less heeded than a grain of mustard. I will drag down your flag, and purify the earth of you and your renegade son, Nasser. As to the territory you claim, the sabre will decide the

question. I shall shortly be on the march to exterminate you. You had better make haste, for war is proclaimed."

I afterwards addressed myself to the Drayhy, in these words :—"I have a piece of advice to give you. You are a stranger in this quarter, and you are ignorant what part the tribes of the country will take. Mehanna is beloved by the Bedouins and aided by the Turks, and you are commencing war with him, without knowing the number of the enemies you have to encounter. If you should suffer the first defeat, all will unite in league against you, and you will not be strong enough to withstand them. Send, therefore, an embassy to the scheiks of the surrounding districts, to announce to them that you are come to destroy the tents of Melkghem, in order to free them from the yoke of the Osmanlis, and to ask from them a declaration on which side they range themselves : thus you will be enabled to compare his forces with your own, and take your measures accordingly." "You are really a man of good counsel," replied the Drayhy, transported with my idea. "I am nothing of myself," I remarked ; "if I know any thing it is owing to my master, for it is he who is the man full of wisdom and knowledge, and well versed in affairs. He alone is able to direct your counsels. You would be delighted with him if you knew him. I feel convinced, that if he were with you, and you had the benefit of his sagacity, you would become the chief of all the Bedouins of the desert." "I will dispatch a hundred horsemen to fetch him this very instant," exclaimed the Drayhy with energy. "We are still too far off," I replied ; "the journey would be too fatiguing. When we shall be nearer Corietain, I will introduce him to you."

I was afraid that something evil might fall foul of Scheik Ibrahim, and I was anxious to be near him to guide his steps. I was so much attached to him, that I would have laid down a thousand lives to serve him.

But to return to the council of war. The Drayhy gave me a list of ten of the principal scheiks to whom to write. His letter was as follows :—"I have left my country to deliver you from the tyranny of Nasser, who wishes to become your master by means of the Turks, to subvert your usages, destroy your manners, and subject you to the Osmanlis. I have declared war against him, therefore say with candour if you are for him or for me, and let those who are my allies come and join me. Safety !"

Having dispatched ten horsemen with these letters, on the following day we advanced as far as the vast and beautiful territory of Chaumerie, thirty hours from Hama. After a short absence our messengers returned. The Emir Douli and the Scheik Sellame answered, that they would preserve neutrality ; the Scheik Cassem, a relation of Mehanna, declared for him ; the other seven tribes came and encamped round us, their scheiks promising the Drayhy to partake his perils through life and death. However, our spies reported to us, that Mehanna being alarmed, had sent Nasser to Hama to demand aid from the Turks. The Drayhy immediately assembled his army of 8000 strong, composed of 6000 troopers and 1000 *deloumardoufs*, that is to say, camels, each bestrode by two men, armed with muskets lighted by matches ;* and departed on the fourth day, giving orders to the rest of the tribes to follow the second day after, in order to raise the courage of his warriors in the combat, by the vicinity of their wives and children. I remained with these last, and we went to encamp at El Jamie, an hour's distance from the tribe El Haasné, and two days from Hama. On the fifth day, the Drayhy announced to us a brilliant victory, and shortly after the camels, sheep, horses, and weapons, taken from the enemy, arrived. The men, who had been ordered to remain with the tents to guard the baggage, went to meet the conquerors to demand their part of the spoil,

* Muskets with triggers are not used by the Bedouins, because their ancestors did not use them, and also because they would be more dangerous in the hands of the women and children. The women twist the matches, which are of cotton.

to which they are entitled, and we shortly saw the triumphant army draw nigh.

The Drayhy had surprised Mehanna by a sudden attack in the absence of Nasser; but the tribe of Hassné having shouted its war-cry, the combatants were nearly equal in numbers. The battle lasted until evening. Our warriors, after losing twenty-two of their number, and slaying twice as many of the enemy, had seized upon its flocks. Zaher had captured the mare of Fares, son of Mehanna, which is reckoned a glorious exploit amongst the Bedouins.

After his defeat, Mehanna crossed the Orontes to the north of Hama, and encamped near Homs to wait for the Osmanlis, and obtain with them his revenge. In fact, on the fifth day thereafter, the herds ran into the camp, crying out, that the Turks, led by Nasser, had fallen on the flocks. All our warriors immediately rushed to the pursuit, and a more terrible combat than the first ensued, during which the enemy drove off a great part of our flocks towards his own camp. The advantage was on our side, and much spoil was taken from the Turks, but the loss of our flocks was considerable. We lost only twelve men, but amongst them was the nephew of the Drayhy, Ali, whose death was universally regretted. His uncle remained three days without food, and swore, by the all-powerful God, that he would slay Nasser, to avenge the death of Ali.

The attacks were renewed every day. The Osmanlis of Damascus, Homs, and Hama, were in consternation, and sought to assemble all the Arabs of Horam and Idumaa. Several desert tribes arrived, some to reinforce the Drayhy, and others Mehanna. No caravan could pass from one town to another. The advantages were almost always on the side of the Drayhy. One day, by a singular coincidence, Fares carried off from us 120 camels, which were two leagues from the tents, whilst at the same moment Zaher seized upon the same number of theirs. This simultaneous expedition was the cause that neither the one nor the other was pursued, and each had time to secure the capture. But this war of reprisals for booty and flocks, was soon to assume a character of ferociousness and extermination. The first occasion of it was given by the Turks, under the conduct of Nasser, who having taken from the tribe Beny-Kraleb two women and a girl, conducted them to the village Zany el Abedin. Nasser delivered the women to the soldiers, and presented the young girl to the aga, whom she poignarded during the night to revenge her honour. Her vigorous arm pierced him to the heart, and left him dead on the spot; then going out without noise, she rejoined her tribe, and spread indignation and fury amongst the Bedouins, who swore to die or to kill Nasser, and to fill pitchers with his blood, to distribute amongst the tribes as a memento of their vengeance.

The punishment was not long in coming. An engagement having taken place between a party commanded by Zaher, and another commanded by Nasser, these two chiefs, who cordially detested each other, sought out and attacked each other with fury. The Bedouins remained spectators of the combat between these two warriors, equal in valour and address. The strife was long and terrible. At last, their exhausted horses no longer obeying so promptly the directions of the riders, Nasser failed to escape a blow from Zaher's lance, which passed right through him. He fell, his troop fled or gave up their horses,* and Zaher cut into pieces Nasser's body, put it into a *couffe* (a sort of rush basket), and forwarded it to the camp of Mehanna by a prisoner, whose nose he first sliced off. He afterwards returned to his tribe, exulting in his vengeance.

Mehanna sent to ask assistance from the Bedouins of Chamma (Samarcand), of Negde, and the Wahabites. They promised to come to his aid in the following year, as the season for retiring to the East was then come. As we were encamped near Corietain, I proposed to go and fetch Scheik Ibrahim. The Drayhy accepted my

offer with ardour, and he gave me a strong escort. I cannot describe the happiness I felt in again beholding M. Lascaris, who received me with an overflowing heart. As for me, I embraced him as a father, for I had never known one, as mine died in my early infancy. I took the whole night to relate to him all that had passed. The next day, having taken leave of our friends, the Priest Moussi and the Scheik Selim, I conducted Ibrahim to the camp, where he was received with great distinction by the Drayhy. He gave us a grand feast of camels' flesh, which I found less insipid than the first time I had tasted it, for I began to get inured to the food of the Bedouins. The camels destined to be slaughtered are white as snow, and are never loaded or hard-riden. Their flesh is red, and very fat. The she-camels yield a great quantity of milk, of which the Bedouins are continually drinking, and they give the surplus to their full-blood horses, which are amazingly strengthened thereby. They thus consume all the milk, because it is not fit to make butter. By degrees, we came to prefer its flavour to the milk of goats or ewes.

An attack of the Wahabites, a short time after the arrival of M. Lascaris, caused a loss to the Drayhy of several troopers, and a great number of beasts. On the following day, Scheik Ibrahim took me aside, and said to me, "I am much pleased with the Drayhy. He is a man after my own heart. It is indispensable that he should become the general chief of all the Bedouins, from Aleppo to the frontiers of India. It is for you to accomplish this matter by negotiation, using friendship, menaces, or artifice, as your instruments."

"You give me a very difficult task," I answered. "Each tribe has its chief. The Bedouins are opposed to all dependence; they have never submitted to any yoke. I fear, if you engage in such a business, that something disastrous will happen to you."

"It is, nevertheless, absolutely essential," replied M. Lascaris; "apply to it all your capacity, for without that we can have no success."

I reflected for a long time on the proper mode of setting about this affair. The first great point was to inspire the Bedouins with a high idea of Scheik Ibrahim; and to produce this feeling in an eminent degree, as they are superstitious and credulous to excess, we prepared some chemical experiments with phosphorus and detonating powder, hoping to astonish them. So, in the evening, when the chief men of the tribe were collected in the Drayhy's tent, Scheik Ibrahim, with a majestic air and great dexterity, produced effects which struck them with admiration and awe. From that moment he was in their eyes a sorcerer, a magician, or rather a divinity.

The next day the Drayhy called me to him, and said, "Oh, Abdallah! your master is a god." "No," I replied, "but rather a prophet. What you saw last night is nothing to the power which he has acquired by his profound science; there is no man like him in this age. Know, that if he chooses, he is able to make you king of all the Bedouins. He has discovered that the comet which appeared some time ago was your star, that it is superior to those of the other Arabs, and that, if you follow his counsels in all particulars, you will become all-powerful." This idea gave him extreme satisfaction. The passion for command and glory was energetically aroused in his soul, and, by a truly surprising coincidence, I had hit upon the exact object of his superstition, for he exclaimed, "Oh, Abdallah! I see that you speak the truth, and that your master is really a prophet. I had a dream some time ago, in which fire, falling from the comet, came upon my tent and consumed it, and I took this fire in my hand, without its scorching me. This comet was assuredly my star." He thereupon called his wife, and begged her to tell me this dream, such as he had related it to her when he awoke. I availed myself of this circumstance to establish yet more decidedly the idea of Scheik Ibrahim's superiority, and the Drayhy promised me for the future to follow all his counsels. M. Lascaris, feeling much pleasure at this happy beginning, selected from

* When a Bedouin voluntarily abandons his horse to his enemy, he can be neither killed nor made a prisoner.

is merchandise a very handsome present for the Drayhy, who accepted it with the greatest contentment, as he thereby perceived it was not to enrich ourselves that we sought to captivate him. Thenceforth, he made us at with his wife and daughters-in-law in the interior of the tent, instead of eating with strangers in the abba. His wife, who was of a high family, and sister of a minister of Ebn Sihoud, was called Sugar. She enjoyed a great reputation for courage and generosity.

Whilst we were strengthening our influence with the Drayhy, an obscure enemy was at work in the dark, to verthrow our hopes, and lead us to destruction. In every tribe there is a pedlar who sells the women wares which he brings from Damascus. The one attached to his tribe, who was named Absi, filled, in addition, the post of secretary to the Drayhy; but since our arrival he had lost, at one swoop, both his office and his traffic. He naturally took a prodigious antipathy to us, and seized every possible opportunity to blacken our characters to the Arabs. He began his intrigues with the women, to whom he represented that we were magicians, who were bent on carrying off the young girls to a distant land, and throwing a spell over the women to prevent them having children, so that the race of Bedouins might be extinguished, and thus give room to Frank conquerors to take possession of the country. We soon perceived the effect of these calumnies, without knowing the cause. The girls fled at our approach, the women loaded us with abuse, and the more aged females used even threats. Amongst such ignorant and credulous people, with whom the women have great influence, the danger became imminent. We at length discovered the intrigues of Absi, and informed the Drayhy of them, who wished to put him to death upon the spot. We had great difficulty in obtaining his expulsion from the tribe instead, which, however, only gave him an opportunity of spreading his malicious reports. A village called Mohadan, which had been tributary to Mchanna, was now become so to the Drayhy since his victories. Having sent to demand a thousand piastres which were due to him, the inhabitants, at the instigation of Absi, maltreated the messenger of the emir, who took vengeance by seizing their flocks. Absi persuaded the chiefs of the village to accompany him to Damascus, to declare to the *capidgi-bashi* that two Frank spies had wormed themselves into the confidence of the Drayhy, and were urging him to commit all sorts of iniquities, as well as labouring to divert the Bedouins from their alliance with the Osmanlis. This denunciation was conveyed to Soleyman-Pacha, who sent a chokredar to the Drayhy, with a threatening letter, ending by ordering him to deliver the two infidels to his officer, who would bring them in chains to Damascus, where their public execution would serve as an example.

The Drayhy, furious at the insolence of this letter, said to the Mussulman officer, "By him who has raised the heavens and lowered the earth, if you were not under my tent, I would chop off your head, and tie it to my horse's tail; it is thus it should carry my answer to your pacha. As to the two strangers who are with me, I will give them up only with my life. If he wishes to have them, let him come and take them with the sword."

However, I took the Drayhy apart, and succeeded in calming him, and getting his permission to settle the matter. I knew that M. Lascaris was connected by friendship with Soleyman-Pacha, and that a letter from him would have an effect quite unexpected by the Drayhy. M. Lascaris, whilst in Egypt with the French expedition, had married a Georgian female, brought up by the wives of Murad-Bey, who was found to be Soleyman-Pacha's cousin. He afterwards had occasion to go to Acre; and his wife having made known her relationship to the pacha, was received by him with great kindness, which he extended likewise to her husband.

M. Lascaris therefore wrote to Soleyman-Pacha, explaining to him that the pretended spies were no other than he and his dragoman, Fatalla Sayeghir; that all that had been told him against the Drayhy was false;

and that, on the contrary, it was for the interest of the Porte to have him as a friend, and to promote his preponderance over the other Bedouins. The chokredar, who was trembling for his life, hastened to carry this letter to Damascus, and returned in two days with a most friendly reply for the Scheik Ibrahim, and a second letter for the Drayhy, to the following purport. After many compliments to the emir, it proceeded: "We have received a letter from our dear friend, the great Scheik Ibrahim, which puts an end to the calumnies of your enemies, and renders the highest testimony in your favour. Your sagacity is well known to us. Henceforth we authorise you to command in the desert, according to your own pleasure. You will receive from us only the offices of a friend. We esteem you above your equals. We recommend to you our well-beloved scheiks, Ibrahim and Abdallah. Their good opinion will augment our friendship for you," &c. The Drayhy and the other chiefs were greatly astonished at the high credit in which Scheik Ibrahim stood with the pacha. This incident carried their respect for us to its height.

I have said that the Drayhy was surnamed the exterminator of the Turks. I obtained an account of the origin of this epithet from the Scheik Abdallah. One day the Drayhy having plundered a caravan, which was going from Damascus to Bagdad, the pacha was excessively enraged; but not venturing to revenge himself openly, he dissembled, according to the custom of the Turks, and induced him by fair promises to come to Bagdad. The Drayhy, frank and unsuspicious, visited the pacha with his ordinary suite of ten men. He was instantly seized, bound with cords, thrown into a dungeon, and menaced with the loss of his head if he did not furnish as a ransom, 1000 purses (a million of piastres), 5000 sheep, 20 mares of the breed *kahillan*, and 20 dromedaries. The Drayhy, leaving his son as a hostage, went to gather this enormous ransom; and as soon as he had paid it, he bent his whole thoughts upon vengeance. The caravans and villages were plundered in all directions, and Bagdad itself was blockaded. The pacha having assembled his troops, issued forth with an army of 30,000 men and some pieces of cannon against the Drayhy, who, reinforced by the allied tribes, gave battle for three days; but seeing that he gained no decisive advantage, he withdrew in silence at night, doubled upon the army of the pacha, placing himself between it and Bagdad, and attacked it on a sudden upon several points at once. Surprised upon the defenceless side in the dead of night, the enemy's camp was overwhelmed with terror. The Osmanlis were thrown into confusion, and the Drayhy made a great slaughter of them, remaining master of an immense booty. The pacha escaped with difficulty without a follower, and shut himself up in Bagdad. This exploit had spread such terror amongst the inhabitants, that even after peace was made, his name remained an object of dread amongst them. Abdallah related to me several other feats of the Drayhy, and concluded by assuring me that he loved greatness and difficult enterprises, and was every way disposed to subject all things to his own dominion.

These were precisely the qualities that Scheik Ibrahim desired to find in him, so he devoted himself more and more to the project of rendering him master of all the other tribes. The Wahabites were his most formidable adversaries. A few days after these events, they fell upon the tribe Woud Ali, and spread themselves over the desert to compel all the Bedouins to pay them tithe. Scared at the approach of these terrible warriors, several of the tribes were about to submit without a struggle, when Scheik Ibrahim persuaded the Drayhy that it was for his honour to take arms, and to proclaim himself the protector of the oppressed. Emboldened by his example, all the tribes, except those of El Hassné and Beni-Sakrer, made an alliance with him to resist the Wahabites. The Drayhy departed with an army of 5000 horse, and 2000 mardouffs. We remained ten days without hearing any intelligence from him. The uneasiness of the camp became extreme.

Symptoms of hatred were exhibited towards us, as the instigators of so perilous an expedition. Our lives had in all probability paid for our temerity, if the uncertainty had continued much longer. On the eleventh day, a horseman came galloping in at full speed, his white sash streaming at the point of his lance, exclaiming, "God has given us the victory!" Scheik Ibrahim made magnificent presents to the bearer of these happy tidings, which freed the tribe from a mortal fear, and us from a great peril. All the women imitated his example according to their means, and afterwards abandoned themselves to uproarious rejoicings, shouting and dancing around the fires, which were kindled in all directions. The slaughtering of beasts, and other preparations for feasting the warriors on their return, put the camp into an unusual bustle; and all being executed by women, offered a very original spectacle. In the evening every one went out to meet the victorious army, the dust of which was perceived in the distance. As soon as we met them, the shouts were redoubled; tiltings, races, musket-shots, and other demonstrations of joy, ushered them into the camp. After supper, we got an account of the exploits of the army.

The Wahabites were commanded by a fearful negro, half a savage, named Abou-Nocta. When he prepares himself for a fight, he takes off his turban and boots, turns up his sleeves to his shoulders, and leaves almost his whole body naked, it being of a prodigious size and muscular force. His head and chin, never having been shaved, are covered with hair, which completely hides his face; his eyes glitter from under this veil; and all his body, being equally shaggy, renders his appearance as strange as it is terrible. The Drayhy joined battle with him, upon a territory called Herouahna, three days from Palmyra. The fight was obstinate on both sides, but it terminated by the flight of Abou-Nocta, who went off to the country of Negde, leaving 200 of his people on the field. The Drayhy caused to be sought out of the spoils all that had been taken from the tribe of Wouli Ali, which he restored to it. This generous action endeared him more and more to the tribes, which flocked daily to place themselves under his protection. The fame of this victory, gained over the terrible Abou-Nocta, spread far and wide. Soleyman-Pacha sent the conqueror a pelisse of honour and a magnificent sabre, with many compliments on his valour. Shortly after this exploit, we went to encamp on the frontier of Horam.

One day a Turkish *moullah* arrived at the Drayhy's camp. He wore the large green turban which distinguishes the descendants of Mahomet, and a white robe trailing on the ground. His eyes were blackened, and he had a prodigious beard. He had about him several rows of chaplets, and an ink-stand, in the form of a pignone, in his girdle. He was seated on an ass, and bore an arrow in his hand. He came to fanaticise the Bedouins, and excite them to a great zeal for the religion of the prophet, in order to attach them to the cause of the Turks. The Bedouins have great simplicity of character and remarkable frankness. They understand nothing about religious differences, and are unwilling to hear about them. They are deists; they invoke the protection of God in all the circumstances of life, and attribute to him their successes or reverses, with pious submission; but they have no assigned rites of creed, nor do they pronounce between the sects of Omar and of Ali, which divide the orientals. They never inquired of us of what religion we were. We told them that we were Christians, and they remarked to us—"All men are the creatures of God, and are equal before him; we have no right to concern ourselves about the faith of other people." This moderation on their part suited our projects much better than the bigotry of the Turks; thus, the arrival of the *moullah* caused some uneasiness in the mind of Scheik Ibrahim, who accordingly went to the tent of the Drayhy, where the conference was already opened, or rather the preaching commenced, to which the chiefs were listening with a discontented air. As they rose up to give us salutation on our entrance, the *moullah* asked

who we were, and, having learnt that we were Christians—"It is forbidden by the laws of God," he cried out, "to rise to infidels. You will all be cursed for holding commerce with them, your wives will be strumpets, and your children bastards. Thus has our lord Mahomet decreed, whose name be for ever venerated."

The Drayhy, without waiting for the conclusion of his discourse, jumped up in a rage, caught him by the beard, and, hurling him to the ground, drew out his sabre; Scheik Ibrahim ran forward and arrested his arm, conjuring him to moderate his anger. The emir, moved by his entreaties, consented to cut off his beard instead of his head; and thus shorn, the descendant of the prophet was ignominiously expelled.

The tribe of Beni-Sakrer, the only one that still opposed him in this district, was next attacked by the Drayhy, and completely subdued.

The autumn being now come, we began to move towards the east. On approaching Homs, the governor sent the Drayhy forty camels loaded with wheat, ten *maslilas*, and a pelisse of honour. Scheik Ibrahim, taking me aside, thus spoke:—"We are going into the desert, and we have exhausted our merchandise—what is to be done?" I replied, "Give me your orders; I will go secretly to Aleppo and fetch what is needful, and I engage not to go near my family." We agreed that I should rejoin the tribe at Zour, and I went to Aleppo. I lodged in a khan not much frequented, and at a distance from all my acquaintances. I sent a stranger to receive 500 *tallaris* from M. Lascaris' correspondent. This was rather an excess of caution, for, with my long beard, my Bedouin costume and language, I ran no risk of being recognised. This was proved when I went to buy the merchandise at the bazaar; I there met several of my friends, and I amused myself by treating them with rudeness. But these moments of careless fun were succeeded by others of a very painful nature; I continually passed and repassed the door of my house, hoping to see my brother or my poor mother. The desire to behold her was so strong, that I was twenty times on the point of breaking my word; but the conviction that she would not permit me to return to M. Lascaris braced up my resolution, and, after spending six days at Aleppo, I was compelled to leave, without gaining any intelligence of my relations.

I rejoined the tribe on the banks of the Euphrates, opposite Daival-Chahar, where there still exist the ruins of an ancient town. I found the Bedouins occupied in selling their cattle, or bartering them for merchandise with the pedlars of Aleppo, before crossing the river. They had no idea of the value of specie, and refused to receive gold in payment, being acquainted only with the silver *tallaris*. They always prefer paying too much or receiving too little, to troubling themselves with fractions. The merchants, who are aware of this foible, take advantage of it with great skill. Besides the bartering, the tribe disposed of produce for 25,000 *tallaris*, and each Bedouin put his money in his meal-poke, so that it might not cliuk in mounting or dismounting.

A tragical event occurred in passing the Euphrates. A woman and two children, mounted on a camel, were borne away by the current, without its being possible to render them assistance. We found Mesopotamia strewed with the tribes of Bassorah and Bagdad. Their chiefs came daily to compliment the Drayhy on his victory, and to get acquainted with us, for the fame of Scheik Ibrahim had already reached them. They were much pleased with his having advised the war against the Wahabites, whose cupidity and ravages were intolerable. The king of the Wahabites, Ebn Sihoud, was accustomed to send a *mezakie* to number the flock of each individual, and extract the tenth, always selecting the best; he afterwards made a thorough rummage of the tents, from the scheik's down to that of the most poverty-stricken wretch, to find the concealed money, of which he insisted upon having likewise the tithe. This king was especially odious to the Bedouins, because, being extremely bigoted, he

insisted upon their performing ablutions, and saying prayers five times a-day, and inflicted death upon those who failed in these observances. When he compelled a tribe to make war on his account, he was very far from dividing the spoils with it, but took possession of the whole booty, and left to his allies only their dead to mourn. It was after this mode that the Bedouins were becoming by degrees the slaves of the Wahabites, for want of a chief capable of making head against Ebn Sihoud.

We encamped in a district called Nain el Raz, three days' journey from the Euphrates. There the emir, Fares el Harba, chief of the tribe El Harba in the Bassorah country, came to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the Drayhy. When chiefs have an important affair to negotiate, they go out of the camp and hold their conference in secret; this is called *dahra* (a secret meeting). Scheik Ibrahim being called to the *dahra*, showed some distrust of Fares, believing that he was a spy of the Wahabites. But the Drayhy said to him, "You judge of the Bedouins as of the Osmanlis; know that the character of the two people is completely different. Treachery is unknown amongst us." After this declaration, all the scheiks present at the council mutually pledged their words. Scheik Ibrahim took advantage of this disposition of their minds, to propose to them that a treaty should be concluded in writing, which should be signed and sealed by all those who might hereafter enter into the alliance against Ebn Sihoud. This was a great stroke of policy on the part of Scheik Ibrahim for the promotion of his views; and I drew up the engagement in these terms:—

"In the name of the God of Mercy, who will aid us with his power against traitors. We return him thanks for all his benefits; for teaching us the knowledge of good and evil; for making us love liberty and hate slavery. We acknowledge that he is the all-powerful and only God, and that he alone is to be adored.

We declare that we are united together of our own free will and without constraint; that we are all sound in body and mind, and that we have resolved to follow the counsels of Scheik Ibrahim and Abdallah el Kratib, for the advancement of our prosperity, our glory, and our liberty. The articles of our treaty are—

- 1st, To separate ourselves from the Osmanlis.
- 2d, To make war to the death against the Wahabites.
- 3d, Never to speak of religion.
- 4th, To obey the orders which shall be given by our brother, the illustrious Drayhy, Ebn Chahlau.
- 5th, To bind every scheik to answer for his tribe, and to preserve secrecy as to this engagement.
- 6th, To unite against the tribes which do not subscribe.
- 7th, To assist those who sign the present treaty, and to coalesce against their enemies.
- 8th, To punish with death those who break this alliance.
- 9th, To listen to no calumny against Scheik Ibrahim and Abdallah.

We, the undersigned, accept all the articles of this treaty. We will maintain them in the name of the all-powerful God, and of his prophets Mahomet and Ali, declaring, by these presents, that we are determined to live and die in this holy union.

Dated, signed, sealed.

Done on the 12th November 1811."

All those who were present approved and affixed their names.

Some time after that, being encamped on the fine extensive plain of El Rand, the Drayhy sent couriers to the other tribes, to invite them to sign this treaty. Several chiefs came and set their seals, and those who had none, attached thereunto the marks of their fingers. Among these chiefs, I remarked a young man, who from the age of fifteen had governed the tribe El Ollama. Those who compose it are much superior to the other Bedouins. They cultivate poetry, are well

informed, and many of them possess great eloquence. This young scheik related to us the origin of his tribe.

A Bagdad Bedouin enjoyed a high reputation for sagacity. One day, a man came to him, and said, "Four days ago my wife disappeared, and I have sought for her in vain. I have three children, who are weeping for her; I am in despair; assist me with your advice." Aliouy consoled the unfortunate man, told him to remain with his children, and promised to seek out his wife, and bring her, dead or alive. Whilst making the necessary inquiries respecting her person, he learnt that the woman possessed remarkable beauty. He had himself a libertine son, who had been absent some days; suspicion darted across his brain like lightning: he mounted his dromedary, and scoured the desert. He perceived at a distance a flock of eagles; he galloped towards them, and found, at the mouth of a cave, a woman's corpse. He examined the locality, and perceived the footsteps of a camel. At his feet lay a part of a wallet, which mute evidence he picked up, and returned back. When he reached his tent, he saw his son enter, whose torn wallet wanted the very piece he had found. Overwhelmed with the reproaches of his father, the youth avowed his crime. Aliouy cut off his head, sent for the husband, and said to him, "It is my son who has killed your wife: I have punished him, and you are revenged. I have a daughter, whom I give you in marriage." This action of barbarous justice raised still more the reputation of Aliouy. He was chosen chief of his tribe, and from his name came that of El Ollama, which signifies learned, an appellation that the tribe still justifies.

As we advanced towards Bagdad, our treaty was day by day covered with additional signatures. On quitting El Rand, we went to pitch our tents at Ain el Oussada, near the river El Cabour. During our residence there, a courier, who had been dispatched by the Drayhy to the Scheik Giaudal, chief of the tribe El Wuaidi, having met with a very bad reception, returned, bearing an offensive message to the Drayhy. His sons wished to take instant vengeance; but Scheik Ibrahim opposed them, representing that there was always time enough for war, and that it was advisable first to attempt persuasion. I proposed to the emir to go myself to Giaudal, to explain the affair to him. He was not inclined to follow this suggestion, saying, "Why should you take the trouble of going to him? Let him come himself, or my sword will compel him!" But at last he yielded to my arguments, and I set off with an escort of two Bedouins. Giaudal received me with expressions of anger; and when he knew who I was, he said to me, "If I had met you anywhere else than in my tent, you would have eaten no more bread. You may be thankful to our customs, which prevent me from slaying you." To which salutation I replied, "Words do not kill. I am your friend, wishing nothing but your welfare, and I come to ask a secret interview. If what I have to say be displeasing to you, I will go back the road I have come." Seeing me thus cool, he got off his seat, called his eldest son, and conducted me out of the tent. We sat down on the ground in a circle, and I thus opened out:—

"Which do you prefer, liberty or slavery? Liberty, without doubt!

Union or discord? Union!

Greatness or degradation? Greatness!

Riches or poverty? Riches!

Conquest or defeat? Conquest!

Good or evil? Good!

All these advantages we seek to secure to you; we wish to enfranchise you from the slavery of the Wahabites, and the tyranny of the Osmanlis, by uniting ourselves together, so as to render us strong and free. Why do you refuse?" He answered—"What you say is plausible, but we will never be strong enough to resist Ebn Sihoud!" "Ebn Sihoud is a man like ourselves," I remarked;—"furthermore, he is a great tyrant, and God never favours oppressors. It is not numbers, but skill, which gives the superiority; it is not the sword which severs the head, but the will which

directs it." Our conference lasted a long time; but I finished by convincing him, and inducing him to accompany me to the Drayhy, who was much pleased with the issue of my negotiation.

We subsequently proceeded to encamp near the mountains of Sangiar, which are inhabited by the worshippers of the evil spirit. The principal tribe of the country, under the command of Hammoud el Tammer, is fixed near the river Sagour, and does not move about like the others. Hammoud refused for a long time to accede to the alliance. I had a long negotiation with him on the subject; but being at last persuaded to join us, there were many rejoicings and festivals on both sides. Hammoud invited the Drayhy to his tent, and received him with great magnificence. Five camels and thirty sheep were slaughtered for the banquet, which was served on the ground out of the tents. The pewter trays shone as if of silver; each tray was borne by four men, and contained a mountain of rice six feet high, surmounted by an entire sheep, or a quarter of camel. In others of a less size was placed a roasted sheep, or leg of camel. A multitude of small plates, garnished with dates, and other dried fruits, filled up the intervals. Their bread was excellent. They got their wheat from Diarbekir, and their rice from Marhach and Mallatie. When we were seated, or rather squatted, around this feast, we could not distinguish the persons opposite us. The Bedouins of this tribe were much more richly dressed than any we had seen. Their women were very pretty; they wore silk garments, several bracelets and ear-rings of gold and silver, and a ring of gold in the nose.

After consuming a few days in these rejoicings, we continued our journey, and drew towards a river, or rather an arm of the Euphrates, which joins the Tigris. A courier reached us at this place. Mounted on a dromedary, he had cleared in five days a distance which requires thirty in a caravan. He came from the district of Negle, and was sent by a friendly sheik to apprise the Drayhy of the fury of Ebn Sihoud, at the projects and alliances he was forming against him. He despaired of ever seeing the Drayhy in a condition to make head against the storm, and strongly counselled him to conclude peace with the Wahabites. I wrote, in the name of the Drayhy, that he cared no more for Ebn Sihoud than for a grain of mustard-seed, placing his trust in God, who alone disposes of victory. Then, by a diplomatic trick, I gave him to understand that the armies of the Grand Seigneur would support the Drayhy, who was mainly bent on opening the road for the caravans, and delivering Mecca from the dominion of the Wahabites.

On the following day, we crossed the arm of the river in boats, and encamped on the other side, in the vicinity of the tribe El Cherarah, famed for its courage, but also for its ignorance and stubbornness. We had foreseen the extreme difficulty there would be in gaining it, not only on account of its defects, but also on account of the friendship that existed between its chief Abedd, and Abdallah, chief minister of the king Ebn Sihoud. In fact, he refused to enter into the alliance: in this state of matters, the Drayhy judged all negotiation useless, saying, that the sabre would decide between them. The next day, Sahed went to attack Abedd with 500 horsemen. He returned at the end of three days, having taken 140 camels and two valuable mares; there were only eight men killed, but the number of wounded on both sides was great. I was a witness on this occasion to an extraordinary cure. A young man, a relation of Sahed, was brought in, having his head cleaved by the blow of a djerid, seven sabre wounds on the body, and a lance remaining in his side. They proceeded immediately to get the lance out, which was drawn from the opposite side; during the operation, he turned to me, and said, "Don't be alarmed for me, Abdallah, I shall not die this time." And stretching out his hand, he took my pipe, and commenced smoking as tranquilly as if the nine wounds were in some other body.

At the end of twenty days he was completely cured, and got on horseback as before. The whole treatment

to which he had been subjected, was drinking camel's milk, mixed with fresh butter, and eating some dates, likewise prepared with butter. Every three days his wounds were washed with camel's urine. I doubt whether a European surgeon would have effected so complete a cure, in an equally short space of time, with all his apparatus.

The war was becoming every day more serious. Abedd collected together his allies to surround us, which manoeuvre compelled us to go and encamp on the sands of Caffarid, where there was no water. The women were obliged to fetch it from the river in skins, carried on the camels' backs. The prodigious quantity required for watering the flocks rendered this an extremely painful labour. On the third day, the affrighted herds came flying to inform us that 800 camels had been carried off by Abedd's warriors, whilst they were conducting them to the river. The Drayhy, eager to take vengeance for this outrage, ordered the camp to be raised, and a rapid advance made upon the tribe El Chararah, resolved to fall upon it with all his united forces. We marched a day and a night without stopping, and fixed our ten thousand tents half a league from Abedd's camp. A general and murderous battle was inevitable; I ventured to make a last attempt to avert it, if there were yet time.

The Bedouins have a great respect for women, whom they consult in all their proceedings. In the tribe El Cherarah their influence was very extensive, insomuch, that they in truth ruled all matters, for they have generally much more spirit than their husbands. Arquie, the wife of the Scheik Abedd, was everywhere known as a superior woman, and I determined to go and see her, carrying with me ear-rings, bracelets, necklaces, and other trilles, as presents for her, and attempt to gain her thereby to our interests. Having obtained some secret information essential for my guidance, I reached her tent during the absence of her husband, who was holding a council of war in the camp of an ally. After many compliments and presents, I drew her to speak of the war, the real object of my visit, which I took care, however, not to publish. I expatiated upon the advantages of an alliance with the Drayhy, merely as if it were a common topic of conversation, and in no degree as if I had been authorised to speak to her concerning it; I told her, besides, that the cause of my visit was a very natural curiosity to become acquainted with a female so celebrated, who commanded warriors formidable from their courage, but whose brute force would avail little, if deprived of her superior sagacity. During our conference, her husband returned to the camp; and having learnt my presence, sent to tell Arquie that she should chase away with ignominy the spy who was with her; that the duties of hospitality restraining his arm and preventing him from taking vengeance on the threshold of his own tent, he would not enter until my person was ejected thereout. Arquie gave for answer, with much haughtiness, that I was her guest, and that she would not be dictated to. I arose, and wished to take leave of her, craving her pardon for the embarrassment I had caused her; but she, to all appearance, was disposed to give me good proof that I had not attributed to her an influence which she did not possess, for she forcibly retained me, whilst she went out to have an interview with her husband. She soon returned, followed by Abedd, who treated me with politeness, and invited me to explain to him the intentions of the Drayhy. With the assistance of his wife, I succeeded in gaining his confidence, and before the day was over, it was he who was soliciting me to permit him to accompany me to the Drayhy. But I excused myself from that, intimating to him that I dared not present him to the emir, without preparing him beforehand, as he was much exasperated against him, but that I would go and plead his cause, and shortly transmit him an answer. I thus quitted him, even as eager to enter into the alliance as I myself was to draw him thereto.

In consequence of an invitation from the Drayhy, Abedd came in a few days to attach his seal at the foot

of the treaty, and to exchange the camels which had been reciprocally taken during the war. This entangled business being thus brought to an agreeable termination, we left the sands to proceed to the territory of Atteric, three hours from the Tigris, near the ruins of the castle El Attera, where we encamped for eight days, the pasturages being very abundant. Having refreshed our flocks, we resumed our route towards the East.

One day we met a Bedouin mounted on a fine black dromedary. The scheiks saluted him with an air of interest, and asked him what had been the issue of his melancholy business of the preceding year. I got an account of his history, which I found sufficiently interesting to insert in my journal. Aloyan (such was the name of the Bedouin), when hunting gazelles, came to a piece of ground, where broken lances, bloody sabres, and extended corpses, gave indications of a recent fray. A plaintive sound, which fell faintly on his ear, drew him towards a heap of bodies, amidst which a young Arab still breathed. Aloyan hastened to afford him succour, hoisted him on his dromedary, conducted him to his tent, and, by his affectionate care, restored him to life. After four months' convalescence, Faress (thus was the wounded man designated) spoke of his departure, but Aloyan said to him, "If we must really part, I will conduct thee to thy tribe, and will leave thee there with sorrow; but if thou wilt stay with me, thou shalt be as my brother; my mother shall be thy mother, and my wife thy sister. Reflect upon my proposal, and give me thy calm decision." "Oh! my benefactor," answered Faress, "where shall I find words like those that you address to me! Without you, I should not be amongst the living at this hour; my flesh would be in the entrails of birds of prey, and my bones ground in the jaws of ferocious beasts; since you indeed wish it, therefore, I will remain with you, but it shall be to serve you all my life." A motive of a very different nature, which he did not feel bold enough to avow, decided Faress in this resolution, to wit, the love which he was beginning to entertain for Hafza, the wife of Aloyan, who had attended him. This love was reciprocal.

One day, Aloyan, who had no suspicion, left Faress to escort his mother, wife, and two children, to a new encampment, whilst he himself proceeded to the chase. Faress had not strength enough to resist this disastrous opportunity. He placed the tent upon a camel, and therewith the mother and children, telling them to proceed onwards, and he would follow shortly with Hafza on horseback. But the old woman looked long in vain; Hafza came not; Faress had gone off with her, on a mare of singular swiftness, to his own tribe. In the evening Aloyan arrived, wearied with his hunt; he sought for his tent amongst those of the tribe, but saw it not. The old mother had been unable to pitch it alone, and he found her seated on the ground with the two children. "And where is Hafza?" said he. "I have not seen either Hafza or Faress," she replied; "I have waited for them since the morning." Then for the first time the truth flashed across his mind; and having assisted his mother to set the tent, he went off on his black dromedary, and continued on for two days until he came to the tribe of Faress. He stopped at the entrance to the camp, with an old woman who lived alone. "Why don't you go to the scheik?" said she; "there is a festival to-day; Faress Ebn Mehidi, who had been left for dead on the field of battle, is returned, having brought with him a beautiful woman, and this evening the marriage is to be celebrated." Aloyan dissembled, and waited until night. When all were buried in sleep, he crept into the tent of Faress, cut off his head by a blow of his sabre, and carried the trunk out of the camp; then returning to the tent, he found his wife asleep, whom he awakened, saying to her, "It is Aloyan who calls thee; follow me." She arose in alarm and said to him, "Dost thou art! Faress and his brothers will slay thee; fly!" "Traitor!" cried Aloyan, "what have I done that thou thus treatest me? Have I ever contradicted thee? Have I ever addressed to thee the slightest reproach? Hast thou for-

gotten all the affection I have exhibited for thee! Hast thou forgotten thy children? Come, arise, invoke God, follow me, and curse the devil who has made thee commit this folly." But Hafza, far from being moved by the softness of Aloyan, repeated to him, "Get out, fly, or I will give thee the alarm, and call Faress to slay thee." Thereupon, seeing all was in vain, he seized upon her, gagged her mouth, and, in spite of all resistance, dragged her on his dromedary, and tarried not until he was beyond the reach of the voice. Then, placing her behind him, he continued his journey at a slower pace.

At day-break the corpse of Faress, and the disappearance of the woman, put the camp into a tumult; the father and brothers of Faress pursued and overtook Aloyan, who defended himself against them with heroic courage. Hafza, getting free from her bonds, joined the assailants, and cast stones at her husband, one of which struck him on the head, and made him stagger; but although covered with wounds, Aloyan succeeded in beating down his foes. He killed the two brothers and disarmed the father, saying that it would be disgraceful for him to kill an old man; so, returning him his horse, he told him to get home as fast as he could. He then once more seized upon his wife, and proceeded to his tribe without exchanging a single word with her. He called together all his relations, and, placing Hafza in the midst, he said to her, "Give thyself an account of all that has passed; I will be guided by the judgment of thy father and thy brother." Hafza told the truth; and her father, full of indignation, drew his sabre, and laid her prostrate at his feet.

Having now arrived within four hours of Bagdad, M. Lascaris secretly resorted there to see the French consul, M. Adrien de Correnec, and to negotiate with him for the advance of a large sum of money.

On the following day, after passing the Tigris, at Machad, we fixed our quarters near the river El Ca-haun, when we learnt that a fierce war had sprung up between the Bedouins who took part for or against our alliance. Scheik Ibrahim urged the Drayhy not to linger, but to join our allies as quickly as possible. Consequently, we proceeded to encamp near several small springs at El Darghouan, twenty hours from Bagdad, and the following day we traversed a high chain of mountains. We had filled our skins, which was a necessary precaution, as we had a march of twelve hours to make over burning sands, where neither water nor pasturage was to be found. When we reached the frontiers of Persia, we met a messenger from the tribe El Achgaha, who bore a letter from the chief Dehass, who claimed the assistance "of the father of heroes, the chief of most redoubtable warriors, the puissant Drayhy," against his enemies, who were 15,000 tents strong. We were six days from this tribe. The Drayhy, issuing his orders to continue the march, cleared the distance in three days, giving us no interval of rest, not even for meals. The chief part of the fatigue, in this forced march, fell upon the women, who had to make bread and milk the camels without halting.

The arrangement of their locomotive cookery was curious enough. At fixed distances were women occupied upon it without intermission; the first, mounted on a camel loaded with wheat, had in front of her a hand-mill. The wheat once ground, she passed the meal to her neighbour, who was occupied in kneading it with water, contained in leathern bottles suspended down the sides of the camel. The paste was passed to a third female, who baked it in thin slices on a chafing-dish, with wood and straw. These slices were distributed by her to the division of warriors whom it was her province to feed, and who came every minute to secure their portions. Other women walked by the side of the she-camels to draw the milk into *cadahs* (wooden bowls holding four quarts). These were handed about from mouth to mouth to satisfy thirst. The horses fed as they went, having sacks hung to their backs. When any one wished to sleep, he stretched his full length on his camel, his feet fixed in the bags for fear of falling. The slow and even movement of the camel induces sleep, like the rocking of a cradle, and I never slept better

than in this journey. The wife of the Emir Fares gave birth to a son in her *haudag*, who was called Harma, after the place we were passing when he came into the world. Harma is the point of junction of the Euphrates and Tigris. We shortly afterwards joined three tribes; El Harba, El Suallemé, and El Abdellé. We had 7000 tents when Dehass came to meet us. This imposing array infused fresh courage into us; we gave him a magnificent supper, after which he put his seal to our treaty.

The enemy was still at a day's distance from us. Our horses and men having great occasion for rest, the Drayhy ordered a halt of two days; but our foes were not disposed to accord us so desirable a truce. As soon as they heard of our arrival, they put themselves in marching order, and the next day 30,000 men were encamped at an hour's space from us. The Drayhy caused his army to make an instant advance to the banks of the river, in the fear that they purposed to intercept us from water, and we took up a position near the village of El Hutta.

On the following day, the Drayhy sent a conciliatory letter to the chiefs of the five tribes* which had come to attack us, but this manœuvre was attended with no success; their reply was a declaration of war, the style of which proved clearly that our intentions had been misrepresented, and that these chiefs acted upon some extraordinary impulse.

Scheik Ibrahim proposed to send me to them, with presents, to endeavour to come to an explanation. My embassies had succeeded so well previously, that I accepted the mission with pleasure, and departed with a solitary guide; but we had scarcely reached the tent of Malidi, who was in the van, than the advanced guard of the Bedouins fell upon us like wild beasts, plundered us of our presents and clothes, clapped irons on our feet, and left us naked on the burning sand. It was in vain that I supplicated for permission to explain my mission; they threatened me with immediate death if I did not hold my tongue. In a few minutes I saw the perfidious Absi, the pedlar, coming towards me. I then understood the cause of the unheard-of treatment with which I had been visited; he had travelled from tribe to tribe to raise up enemies against us. The sight of him roused me to such a pitch of anger that I felt my prostrated courage revive, and found myself in a state to die bravely, if I could not live to avenge myself. He came up to me, and, spitting on my face, cried out, "Infidel dog!—in what manner dost thou wish me to separate thy soul from thy body?" "My soul," I observed in reply, "is not in thy power; my days are numbered by the great God; if they are now to finish, it is a small matter how, but if I have still to live, thou hast no power to make me die." He retired in order to irritate the Bedouins against me, and with such effect that they all, men and women, came to look at and ill use me; some spat on my face, others threw sand in my eyes, and several pricked me with their djerids—in a word, I remained twenty-four hours without eating or drinking, enduring a martyrdom impossible to describe. Towards the evening of the second day, a young man, named Jahour, came up to me, and drove off the children who were tormenting me. I had already taken notice of him; for amongst all those whom I had seen that day, he alone had not maltreated me. He offered to bring me some bread and water at the fall of night. "Hunger and thirst are of little moment to me," I answered him, with thanks; "but if you can extricate me from this condition, I will reward you generously." He promised to attempt it; and, in fact, in the middle of the night, he came back with the key of my irons, which he had had address enough to procure whilst the chiefs were at supper. He unlocked them without noise; and, not allowing myself time to dress, I regained our camp as fast as I could run. Every

body was asleep in the camp, with the exception of the four negroes on guard at the entrance to the Drayhy's tent. They uttered a loud shout when they saw me, and hastened to awake their master, who came out with Scheik Ibrahim. They embraced me with tears, and liberally recompensed my deliverer. The Drayhy was grievously afflicted at the treatment I had suffered; and so gross a violation of the public law excited his indignation. He gave immediate orders for preparations for the fight; and at the rising of the sun we saw that our enemies were as ready as ourselves. During the first day, there was no decided advantage on either side. Auad, chief of the tribe Suallemé, lost his mare, for which he had refused 25,000 piastres. All the Bedouins participated in his affliction, and the Drayhy gave him one of his best horses, which, however, was far inferior to the filly he had lost. The next day, the battle raged with more virulence than the preceding one, and our loss was greater than the enemy's. We were obliged to act with extreme caution, having only 15,000 men to oppose to them. Forty of our party fell into the power of the enemy, whilst we made only fifteen prisoners; but Hamed, the son of the chief Saker, was amongst them. The captives were put in irons on both sides.

After these two days' fighting, there was a tacit truce for three days, during which the armies remained in presence of each other, without any hostile demonstration. On the third day, the Scheik Saker, accompanied by a single follower, came to our camp. He was uneasy as to the fate of his son, a courageous youth, who was adored by his father and the Bedouins of his tribe; he came to offer a ransom for him. Hamed had been very well treated by us, and I had myself dressed his wounds. The Drayhy received Saker with great distinction. After the usual compliments, the latter spoke of the war, expressing his astonishment at the ardour of the Drayhy for this coalition against the Wahabites, and intimating that he could not credit such disinterestedness, but that there must be secret motives or personal views. "You cannot take it amiss," he added, "if I do not join you, without knowing the object proposed. Put me in your confidence, and I will second you with all my power." We replied to him, that we were not in the habit of admitting to our secrets those of whose friendship we were not well assured, but that if he would sign our treaty, nothing would be concealed from him. He then asked to be informed touching the terms thereof; and, after hearing the different articles read, he appeared well contented with them, assuring us that matters had been represented in a very contrary light; and he then related to us the calumnies that Absi had spread concerning us. He concluded by affixing his seal to the foot of the treaty, and afterwards pressed us to communicate to him the end that we designed to attain. Scheik Ibrahim informed him, that our intention was to open a passage from the coasts of Syria to the frontiers of India, for an army of 100,000 men, under the command of a potent conqueror, who would enfranchise the Bedouins from the yoke of the Turks, restore to them the sovereignty over the whole country, and hand over to them the treasures of India. He assured him that there was nothing to lose, but every thing to gain, by the execution of this project, the success of which depended on the union of forces, and unanimity of will. He undertook that their camels would be hired, at a very high price, for the carrying supplies for this huge army, and opened to his view the commerce of these vast countries, as inevitably leading to an inexhaustible source of wealth.

Saker entered completely into our views, but it behoved us further to explain to him, that the Wahabite* might render our plans abortive, as his religious fanaticism would unquestionably oppose the passage of a Christian army, and his ambition for dominion, which had already rendered him master of Yemen, Mecca, and Medina, would inflame him with a desire for Syria, where the Turks were unable to offer any serious re-

* The tribes were El Fedhay, chief Douackry; El Modiaann, chief Saker Ebn Hamed; El Sabha, chief Mohdi Ebn Hamed; Mouayéé, chief Barglass; and Mehayedé, chief Amer Ebn Noggiés.

* Ebn Siloud, the King of the Wahabites, is often thus called.

distance; besides, there was another consideration, that a great maritime power, the foe of that which we favoured, would undoubtedly form an alliance with him, and send troops by sea, to cut us off from the road through the desert. After much argument, in which Saker exhibited an equal portion of judgment and sagacity, he gave in entirely to our propositions, and pledged himself to use all his influence over the other tribes. It was settled that he should be the chief of the Arabs in the country we now occupied, as the Drayhy was of those of Syria and Mesopotamia, and he bound himself to unite, under his orders, the different tribes in the course of the next year, whilst we pursued our route; and he promised, that, upon our return, every thing would be arranged. We then separated, delighted with each other, and we loaded his son with presents, and set the other prisoners at liberty. On his side, he sent back our forty horsemen. The next day, Saker wrote to us that Mohdi and Douackry would no longer oppose our designs, and that they were going to confer with Bargiass, three hours from the camp. Accordingly, they struck their tents, and we did the same; for the congregating of so great a number of people and animals had covered the earth with filth, and rendered our sojourn in that spot quite intolerable.

We proceeded to encamp six hours off at Maytal el Ebbid, where we remained eight days. Saker came to visit us, and it was agreed that he alone should take charge of the union of the Bedouins in these districts, whilst we returned into Syria, lest that, by abandoning our first conquest for too long a time, our enemies should take advantage of our absence to embroil our affairs, and detach the tribes from our alliance. Besides, spring was already advanced, and it behoved us to make haste, for fear the pasturages of Syria and Mesopotamia should be occupied by others. We therefore deferred to the following year the project of pushing our progress to the frontiers of India. By that time Saker would have an opportunity of preparing the people to second our exertions, for, as he said, "we uproot a tree by one of its branches."

A few days' march reconducted us through Mesopotamia. We took two days to pass the Euphrates, near Mansouri, and clear the desert called El Hannad. We encamped in a place where there was no water fit to drink. It is got only by making deep holes, but when obtained it can be used only by the beasts, for men cannot drink it. This spot is called Halib el Dow, because there is nothing but milk to satisfy thirst.

From there we went to El Sarlin, which was abundantly provided with water and pasturage. We hoped to make amends for our late privation, but a singular circumstance gave us a very speedy disgust. The soil there is covered with an herb named *el khraffour*, which the camels eat with avidity, and which possesses the property of inebriating them to such an extent as to render them mad. They run to the right and left, crushing all that they encounter, overturning the tents, and pursuing the men. During forty-eight hours no person could close an eye; the Bedouins were incessantly employed in calming the fury of the camels, and getting the mastery over them. An actual war would have been preferable to this continual strife with animals, whose prodigious strength, increased by delirium, exposed us to incalculable dangers. But it seemed that the triumph of skill over force had great charms for these children of nature; for when I went to the Drayhy to deplore the state of confusion in which this novel revolution kept us, he did nothing but laugh, and assured me that it was one of the greatest amusements of the Bedouins. Whilst we were speaking, a camel of astonishing height advanced right upon us, its head aloft, and tossing up the dust with its broad hoofs. The Drayhy, seizing one of the stakes of his tent, waited for the furious animal, and lent it a violent blow on the skull. The wood broke, and the camel turned away to exercise its ravages elsewhere. A dispute thereupon arose as to which was the strongest, the camel or the sheikh. The latter argued that if the stake had not snapped, he would have broken his adversary's head;

but the witnesses asserted the superiority of the animal, because it had shivered the obstacle which was opposed to it. As for me, I decided that they were both of equal strength, since neither had been vanquished. This judgment excited the laughter of the whole auditory.

The next day we raised the camp. A messenger from Saker overtook us on the road, bringing us an account of his bad success in the negotiation with Bargiass. Absi, the pedlar, engrossed all his favour, and animated him more and more against us. He had decided upon joining Mehanna, and uniting himself with the Wahabites, who were to send an army to destroy us. The Drayhy returned for answer, that he need not trouble himself, for God was stronger than they, and would cause the righteous side to triumph. After this interruption, we continued our journey.

Shortly afterwards, we learnt that the tribe El Calfa was encamped at Zualma. The Drayhy judged it of importance to be assured of the co-operation of that powerful and courageous tribe. Its sheikh, Giassem, was an old friend of the Drayhy; but he could neither read nor write, and therefore it was dangerous to address a letter to him which might be read by a Turk, which circumstance would give an essential derangement to our affairs, as we had learnt to our cost by the example of the writer Absi. It was therefore I once more who was dispatched to visit him. I went off with an escort of six men, all mounted on dromedaries. At the end of two days we arrived at the place designated; but, to our great disgust, we found that the camp had been broken up, and left no trace whither it had gone. We passed the night without eating or drinking, and held a consultation on the following day as to what was to be done. The most pressing emergency was to supply the want of water, for, as is well known, thirst is far more insupportable than hunger, and it was absurd to imagine that we should fall in with a spring and the tribe at the same time. We wandered three entire days, without finding either water or food. My palate was so parched, that I could no longer move my tongue, or utter an articulate sound. I had exhausted all the means of cheating thirst, by putting pebbles and leaden balls into my mouth, and my face became black, and my strength altogether forsook me. Suddenly my companions shouted out with ecstacy, "Gioub el Ghamin!" and rushed forward. These men, hardened to fatigue, sustain privations in a manner perfectly inconceivable, and they were far from the deplorable state to which I was reduced. Seeing them go off, the irritability of my nerves, produced by extreme exhaustion, made me despair of ever reaching the well, in which it occurred to me they would not leave a single drop, and I threw myself on the ground, and wept. Seeing me in this state, they came back, and encouraged me to make an effort to follow them. When arrived at the brink of the well, one of them, leaning on the parapet, drew out his sabre, saying, that he would strike off the head of any one who ventured to come nearer. "Be guided by my experience," he added, "or you will perish." His authoritative tone awed us, and we obeyed in silence. He called us one by one, and made us bend over the edge of the well, to breathe the first of all the humid air. Then he drew a small quantity of water, and touched our lips with his fingers dipped in it, beginning with me. By degrees he allowed us to drink half a cup, then a whole cup, and thus continued for three hours administering it to us in rations, at the end of which time he addressed us as follows:—"Now, you may drink away, you run no risk; but if you had not followed my directions, you would have been all dead, as it usually happens to those who, after suffering thirst a long time, slake it without caution."

We passed the night in this place continually drinking, as much in the way of a substitute for food as to appease our thirst; and the more we poured down our throats, the more we wished to pour down. The next day we mounted on a height to have a more extended

* The name of a well-known well in the desert.

view, but, alas! no object presented itself to our vision in this immense desert. At last, however, one of the Bedouins thought he descried something in the distance, and declared that it was a *haudag*, covered with scarlet cloth, and borne on a very lofty camel. His comrades saw nothing; but having no more flattering symptom to look after, we turned our eyes in the direction he pointed out, and, in fact, shortly afterwards we perceived a great tribe, and had a distinct view of the *haudag*, which had served us as a beacon. Very fortunately, it was the tribe we were in search of.

Giassem gave us a civil reception, and endeavoured to make us forget our fatigues. Having finished matters with him, he dictated a letter for the Drayhy, in which he bound himself to place his men and goods at his disposal, saying, that the alliance between them should be one of the very closest, on account of their old friendship. I departed, guarding well this important document, but much disturbed at the news he gave me of the arrival of a princess, the daughter of the king of England, in Syria, where she displayed a regal luxury, and where she had been received with the highest honours by the Turks. She had loaded Mehanna el Fadel with magnificent presents, and had been escorted by him to Palmyra, where she had distributed her largesses with profusion, and secured a formidable party amongst the Bedouins, who had proclaimed her their queen.* Scheik Ibrahim, to whom I communicated this intelligence, was struck dumb with dismay, as he doubted not it was an intrigue which would blast all his projects.

The Drayhy, taking notice of our chagrin, told us not to be cast down, as sacks of gold might be scattered from Hama to the portals of India, without detaching any friendly tribe from the solemn alliance which it had contracted. "The word of a Bedouin," he subjoined, "is sacred; so pursue your designs, without disturbing yourselves about any reports. As for myself, I have fixed my plan for the campaign; I shall depart for the Horan, in order to keep an eye over the proceedings of Ebn Sihoud, for he alone is to be feared by us; I will afterwards return, and encamp in the neighbourhood of Homs."

Scheik Ibrahim, having no money or goods, decided upon sending me without delay to Corietain, whence I should dispatch a messenger to Aleppo to bring a *heap of tallaris*. I set off in a joyous mood, enchanted with the idea of seeing my friends, and of taking some repose amongst them for a short time. The first day of my journey passed over without any occurrence worthy to be recorded; but the next day, about four in the afternoon, when at a place called Cankoum, I fell into the midst of a tribe which I believed our friends, but which I found to be that of Bargiass. It was too late to go back; so putting the best face on the matter I could, I went straight up to the tent of the scheik, preceded by my negro Fodda; but scarcely had he put his foot on the ground, than he was massacred before my eyes, and I perceived with alarm that all their swords were raised above me. My affright was so great, that I know not what followed. I only recollect having cried out, "Hold! I claim the protection of the daughter of Hedai;" after which I fell down in a swoon. When I opened my eyes, I was lying in a tent, surrounded by a score of women, who were striving to restore me, by holding burnt hair, vinegar, and onions, to my nostrils, whilst others were deluging me with water, and besmearing my parched and contracted lips with melted butter. As soon as I had come to my senses, the wife of Bargiass took hold of my hand, and said, "Never fear, Abdallah; you are with the daughter of Hedai; no one can injure you."

Shortly afterwards, Bargiass having presented himself at the door of the tent, to make, as he said, his peace with me, she exclaimed, "By the head of my father, you shall not come in until Abdallah is completely cured!"

I remained three days under the tent of Bargiass, tended in the most affectionate manner by his wife, who in the meantime negotiated for a reconciliation with her husband. I was so enraged at his brutality, that I had great difficulty in pardoning him. However, after some delay, I consented to forget the past, on condition that he signed the treaty with the Drayhy. We then embraced and swore fraternity. Bargiass gave me a negro, saying at the same time, "I have sacrificed your silver, and I give you a jewel in return." This was a pun on the names of the two negroes, *Fodda*, silver, and *Giauhar*, a jewel. He afterwards made ready a feast, in honour of our reconciliation. In the midst of the repast, a courier from the Drayhy arrived at full gallop, bearing to Bargiass a declaration of war, in terms by no means flattering. It ran thus: "Oh! thou traitor, who violatest the sacred law of the Bedouins; thou infamous fellow, who slayest thy guests; thou black-faced Osmanli; learn that all the blood of thy tribe will be an insufficient sacrifice for that of my dear Abdallah! Prepare for the combat; my steed shall enjoy no rest until I have destroyed the last of thy race!" I instantly departed, to prevent bloodshed, and to inform Scheik Ibrahim and the Drayhy of the true state of the case. I cannot describe the joy with which I was received; they could not believe their eyes, so miraculous did they conceive my safety. I gave them an account of all that had passed.

On the following day I resumed the route to Corietain, in which place I remained twenty days, waiting the return of the messenger I had sent to Aleppo. I had great need of this repose, and of the opportunity it afforded of getting my clothes renewed, as they were all hanging in rags. I was compelled to tarry longer than I wished, for news came that an army of Wahabites had burst into the desert of Damascus, and plundered several villages, massacring the men and children, and sparing nothing but the women. The Scheik of Corietain, in no condition to make active resistance, shut the gates of the town, forbade any one leaving, and awaited the course of events in fear and trembling. We soon learnt that the enemy had attacked Palmyra, and that the inhabitants, having retired into the enclosure of the temple, had defended themselves with success, inasmuch that the Wahabites, being unable to force their defenses, had contented themselves with killing the camel-herds and carrying off the flocks. From there they had gone to pillage the village of Arack, and had spread themselves in the neighbouring district. This disastrous intelligence gave me much alarm for the fate of my messenger, who, nevertheless, arrived safe and sound with Scheik Ibrahim's money. He had taken refuge for some time in Sadding, whose inhabitants, having just paid a heavy contribution, had nothing to fear for the moment. I availed myself of this circumstance; and putting off my Bedouin dress, I attired myself as a Christian of Sadding, and gained that village, where I obtained tidings of the Drayhy, who was encamped at Ghaudat el Cham with the tribe of Bargiass. I joined him as quickly as possible; and I learnt with much vexation that a formidable coalition had been formed between Mehanna el Fadel and the tribe of the Samarcand country. They had entered into plots with the governors of Homs and Hama, thus uniting both Turks and Bedouins against us. In this critical situation I called to mind our friend Soleyman Pacha, and I induced Scheik Ibrahim to go to Damascus and hold a conference with him. We immediately departed, and stopped at the house of the pacha's primo minister, Hagim, who told us the name of the pretended English princess, and also that it was by means of Lady Stanhope's presents that Mehanna had secured a powerful party amongst the Turks. These details confirmed our suspicion that England, being apprised of our projects, had subsidised the Wahabites in one quarter, whilst in another she strove to unite the Syrian Bedouins with the Turks, by the influence of Lady Stanhope. Our meeting with an Englishman, who took the name of Scheik Ibrahim, at the house of M. Chabassan, strengthened these conjectures. He endeavoured to question

* This pretended princess was no other than Lady Hester Stanhope.

us, but we were too much on our guard. Having obtained from Soleyman-Pacha what we desired, we hastened to regain our tribe.

The courage of the Drayhy did not slacken, for he assured us he would make head against the strongest party. The *bouyouirdi* which Soleyman-Pacha had granted us, imported that the governors of Homs and Hama were to respect his faithful friend and well-beloved son, the Drayhy Ebn Challan, who was to be strictly obeyed in his character of supreme chief of the desert of Damascus, and that all alliances against him were contrary to the wish of the Sublime Porte. Fortified with this document, we advanced towards Hama; and a few days afterwards, Scheik Ibrahim received an invitation from Lady Hester Stanhope to pay a visit to her, as well as his wife, Madame Lascaris, who had remained at Acre. This invitation vexed him the more, that he had for three years shunned letting his wife know any thing about him, in order that she might not learn the place of his abode, or his intimacy with the Bedouins. As it was, however, necessary to give some answer to Lady Stanhope, he wrote to her, that he would do himself the honour of waiting upon her, as soon as circumstances permitted; and at the same time he dispatched a courier to his wife, to instruct her to decline the invitation on her part; but in this latter step he was too late. Madame Lascaris, being uneasy as to the safety of her husband, had immediately proceeded to Hama to visit Lady Stanhope, hoping through her to get some trace of him. M. Lascaris thus found himself compelled to go and join her.

During these transactions, Mehanna came nearer and nearer, believing himself sure of the co-operation of the Osmanlis. The Drayhy, judging that the proper time was come to produce the pacha's *bouyouirdi*, sent his son Saher to Homs and Hama, where he was received with the greatest distinction. On seeing the order which he bore with him, the two governors placed their troops at his disposal, declaring Mehanna a traitor, for having called the Wahabites, the most bitter enemies of the Turks.

Lady Hester Stanhope having invited Saher to visit her, loaded him with presents, both for himself and his wife and mother, presented each horseman in his suite with a *masliah* and a pair of boots, and announced her intention of shortly visiting his tribe. M. Lascaris did not derive so agreeable a return from his residence under her roof. Lady Stanhope having vainly tried, by adroit cross-questioning, to get from him some information as to his relations with the Bedouins, assumed at last an imperious tone, which gave M. Lascaris a pretext to break with her. He sent back his wife to Acre, and quitted Lady Stanhope in complete enmity.

Mehanna prepared to commence the struggle; but perceiving that the Drayhy gave no symptoms of fear at his approach, he judged it prudent to be assured of a reinforcement of Osmanlis, and therefore sent his son Faress to Homs, to claim the execution of the governor's promise; but he, instead of investing Faress with the command of a body of troops, had him well ironed and thrown into prison. Mehanna, dismayed at this disastrous state of things, saw himself fall in one moment from the supreme command, to the doleful and humiliating necessity, not only of submitting himself to the Drayhy, but also of soliciting his protection against the Turks. The poor old man, dumbfounded at this unexpected stroke, was compelled to implore the mediation of Assaf, Scheik of Saddad, who promised him to negotiate a peace. Accordingly, he accompanied him with 100 troopers; and leaving him with his escort, at some distance from the camp, he advanced alone to the tent of the Drayhy, who received him as a friend, but refused for some time to entertain the submission of Mehanna. We then interposed in his favour, Scheik Ibrahim thus repaying him the hospitality with which he had received us on our first arrival in the desert. Saher, also, kissing his father's hand twice, joined his solicitations to ours. The Drayhy having at last yielded, the chief men of the tribe put themselves in order to proceed and meet Mehanna, according to the respect due to his age

and rank. When he had dismounted, the Drayhy made him sit in the place of honour, in the corner of the tent, and ordered coffee to be brought. Then Mehanna, rising up, said, "I will not drink thy coffee until we shall be completely reconciled, and have buried the seven stones." At these words, the Drayhy also rose; they both drew their sabres, and gave them to each other to kiss, after which they embraced, as well as all the spectators. Mehanna then made a hole about a foot deep in the ground with his lance; and selecting seven small stones, he addressed himself to the Drayhy thus: "In the name of the God of peace, for thy guarantee and mine, we will thus bury our discord for ever." As they threw the stones into the hole, the two scheiks covered them up by pushing in the earth with their feet, whilst the women uttered deafening shouts of joy. This ceremony (which is called *hasnat*) being finished, they resumed their seats, and coffee was served. From that moment it was not permitted to recall the past, or to speak of the war. I was assured that a reconciliation, to be regular, should always be made in this manner. After a plentiful repast, I read over the treaty, to which Mehanna, and four other chiefs of tribes, appended their seals.* Their united forces amounted to 7600 tents, and, what was much more important, the Drayhy became, by this junction, the chief of all the Syrian Bedouins, amongst whom there did not remain a single enemy. Saher went to Homs to solicit the freedom of Faress, whom he brought with him, decked in a pelisse of honour, to take part in the general rejoicings; after which the tribes separated, and occupied the whole country from the Horan to Aleppo.

We now only waited for the end of summer to take our departure for the East, so as to bring the affairs we had commenced in the preceding year, with the tribes of Bagdad and Bassorah, to a successful issue. This interval of calm and leisure was taken up with preparations for the marriage between Giarah, son of Faress, chief of the tribe El Iarba, and Sabha, daughter of Bargiass, the most beautiful maid in the desert. I took an especial interest in the affair, as I had known the bride whilst residing in her mother's tent. Faress begged the Drayhy to accompany him to the camp of Bargiass, to make the demand of marriage. The chief men of the tribe, in their richest clothes, escorted them. We arrived at the tent of Bargiass without any one coming to meet us. Bargiass did not even rise to receive us, such being the usage in similar circumstances, as the least appearance of eagerness would be looked upon as improper. After some moments of silence, the Drayhy, opening his mouth, said, "Why do you give us so poor a welcome? If you will not give us any thing to eat, we will return home." During this period, Sabha, having withdrawn into the part of the tent reserved to the women, scrutinised her admirer through an opening in the cloth. Before entering upon the negotiation, the young girl is called upon to give a sign that she likes the man who aspires to her hand; for if, after the secret survey of which I have spoken, she makes known to her mother that he does not please her, things go no farther. But on this occasion, it was a handsome young man, of noble and haughty mien, who presented himself, and Sabha made the signal of consent to her mother, who then answered the Drayhy, "You are very welcome! Not only will we give you to eat most cheerfully, but we will also grant whatever you ask." To which gracious announcement the Drayhy replied, "We are come to ask your daughter in marriage for the son of our friend; what do you wish for her dowry?" Bargiass replied, "100 nakas,† five horses of the Negde breed, 500 ewes, three negroes, and three negroresses to wait upon Sabha; and for the bridal wardrobe, a *masliah* embroidered with gold, a robe of Damascus silk, ten bracelets of amber and coral, and a pair of yellow boots." The Drayhy made some obser-

* These chiefs were, Zarack Ebn Fahrer, chief of the tribe El Gioullan; Giarah Ebn Meghieh, chief of the tribe El Giahma; Ghaleb Ebn Ramboun, chief of the tribe El Ballahiss; and Faress Ebn Nedged, chief of the tribe El Maslekher.

† She camels of the best breed.

ventions upon the exorbitancy of this demand, saying, "Thou wishest surely to prove the Arab proverb, *If you are not willing to marry your daughter, demand a high price for her.* Be more reasonable, if thou desirest this marriage to take place."

After a discussion, the dowry was fixed at fifty nakas, two horses, 200 ewes, a negro, and a negress. The wardrobe remained such as Bargiass had demanded; and they even added to it by giving mashlas and yellow boots to the mother and several others in the family. After having written down the terms of the convention, I read them aloud. Afterwards the assistants recited the prayer *Fatiha*, the *pater noster* of the Moslems, which imparts, as it were, a sanction to the contract, and then they served round camel's milk, as they would have served lemonade in a town of Syria. After the collation, the young men mounted on horseback to pursue the games of the djerid* and other sports. Giarah distinguished himself, in order to gratify his bride, who observed, with great satisfaction, his agility and gracefulness. We separated at the fall of night, every one having his mind full of the preparations for the nuptials.

At the end of three days, the dowry, or rather the price, of Sabha, was in readiness. An immense concourse went forth in the following order:—At the head marched a horseman, with a white flag at the end of his lance, who cried out, "I bear the stainless honour of Bargiass." After him were camels, adorned with garlands of flowers and leaves, accompanied by their conductors; then the negro on horseback, richly dressed, surrounded by men on foot, singing popular airs. Behind them rode a troop of warriors, armed with muskets, which they kept constantly discharging. A woman followed, carrying a large dish of fire, into which she threw incense. Then came the milk ewes, conducted by shepherds, singing as Chibouk, the brother of Antar, did nearly 2000 years before; for the manners of the Bedouins never alter. After them appeared the negress on horseback, surrounded by 200 women on foot; this group was not the least noisy, for the shouts of joy, and the marriage songs of the Arab females, are more shrill than can be imagined. The cavalcade was closed by a camel, bearing the bridal wardrobe; the mashlas, embroidered with gold, were extended on all sides, and completely covered the animal; the yellow boots hung around his flanks, and the jewels, arranged in festoons, and displayed with art, formed a most brilliant spectacle. A youth, of the most distinguished family, was seated on the camel, crying out, with a loud voice, "May we always be victorious! May the fire of our enemies be for ever extinguished!" Other boys accompanied him, chanting, "Amen." As for myself, I ran from one spot to another to enjoy the sight more fully.

On this occasion Bargiass came to meet us, with the horsemen and women of his tribe. On the junction of the two cavalcades, the shouts and songs became absolutely deafening, and the horses, darting on all sides, shortly enveloped us in a cloud of dust. When the presents were displayed, and ranged in order around the tent of Bargiass, coffee was made in a huge cauldron, and each took some, whilst waiting for the feast.

Ten camels, thirty sheep, and a prodigious quantity of rice, formed the groundwork of the repast, after which a second cauldron of coffee was emptied. The dowry being approved of, the ceremony was concluded by a fresh recital of the prayer, and it was agreed that Giarah should come and take his bride in three days. Before departing, I went to the women's apartment to introduce Scheik Ibrahim to a more particular acquaintance with the wife of Bargiass, and to again thank her for the care she had taken of me. She replied that she was disposed to increase my obligations to her, by giving me her niece in marriage; but Scheik Ibrahim deferred to the next year my profiting by her good wishes in this respect.

On the eve of the day fixed for the nuptials, a report

came that a formidable army of Wahabites had appeared in the desert. Couriers were dispatched to all the tribes to order three or four of them to join together, so that they might be ready to receive the enemy at all points. Little was now wanting for the nuptials to be ushered by a fight to the death, instead of the mock battle, which is usual on such events.

The Drayhy and the other chiefs went forth, at an early hour, with 1000 horsemen and 500 women, to proceed to the conquest of the beautiful Sabha. When at a short distance from the camp, the cavalcade halted; the old men and women got off their horses, and awaited the issue of a combat between the young men who strove to carry off the bride, and those of her tribe who opposed their design. This fight is sometimes attended with fatal consequences, but the bridegroom is not permitted to take part in it, as his life might be exposed to the plots of his rivals. This time, the combatants got off with a score or so of wounds, and the victory, according to reason, was with our champions, who bore away the bride, and consigned her to the females of our tribe. Sabha was accompanied by twenty young maidens, and followed by three loaded camels. The first carried her *haudag*, covered with scarlet cloth, trimmed with fringes and knobs of various-coloured worsted, and ornamented with ostrich-plumes. Festoons of shells, and little fillets of coloured glass, adorned the interior, and formed the frame-work of small mirrors, which, placed at intervals, reflected the scene on all sides; silken cushions were also prepared to receive the bride. The second camel was loaded with her tent, and the third with her carpets and cooking utensils. The bride being seated in her *haudag*, and surrounded by the wives of the chiefs, likewise mounted on their camels, and other women on foot, the march commenced. Horsemen, cantering in front, announced our approach to the tribes who were to meet us; and they came forward, sprinkling incense, and slaughtering sheep, at the feet of the bride's camels. No description can give an exact idea of this scene, nor of that which continued all the day and all the night. It would be impossible to depict the dances, songs, firing of muskets, banquets, shouts of all sorts, or the tumult, which followed our arrival. Two thousand pounds of rice, twenty camels, and fifty sheep, were consumed at the table of the chiefs. Eight entire tribes were fed by the hospitality of Faress, and they still kept shouting in the middle of the night, "Let any one who is hungry come and eat." My reputation was so great amongst them, that Giarah asked me for a talisman to assure the happiness of his marriage. I accordingly wrote his cypher and that of his wife in European letters, and delivered him the same with much solemnity. No one could have doubted the efficacy of this charm, on beholding the satisfaction of the newly-married pair.

Some days after this solemnisation, having been apprised that the Wahabites, with a force of 10,000 fighting men, were besieging Palmyra, the Drayhy issued orders to proceed to their encounter, and we came up with them at El Dauh. A few shots were exchanged to the fall of night, but without coming to any serious combat. I had an opportunity of appreciating the benefits of the mardouffs in these desert wars, where the supplies for the army must be carried with it for a lengthened period. These camels, each bearing two men, are like locomotive fortresses, and are provided with all that is necessary for the nourishment and defence of their riders. A leather jar of water, a sack of meal, another of dried dates, a jug of butter, and munitions of war, form a sort of square tower on the back of the animal. The men, comfortably perched on rope seats on each side, need no assistance from any one. When they are hungry, they knead a little meal with some butter, and eat it without being baked; a few dates, and a mouthful of water, completing the repast of these moderate men. They do not quit the camel to sleep, but stretch themselves out as I have already explained.

There was a more serious fight the following day. Our Bedouins fought with more energy than their foes,

* An equestrian exercise with staves, which are thrown like iron balls. These staves are called djerids.

because they had behind them their women and children; whilst the Wahabites, far from their homes, and in search of nothing but plunder, were not anxious to risk their lives when there was nothing to gain. Night parted the combatants, but at the dawn of day the battle recommenced with fury. At last, victory declared in our favour towards evening; we slew sixty of their warriors, took twenty-two prisoners, fourteen fine mares, and sixty camels. The rest fled, and left us masters of the field of battle. This victory considerably increased the renown of the Drayhy, and Scheik Ibrahim was beside himself with joy, crying out, at repeated intervals, "Thanks be to God, our business prospers!"

Having no more enemies to fear in the desert of Syria, Scheik Ibrahim separated for some time from the Drayhy, and went to Homs to buy merchandise, and to write to Europe. During our sojourn in this town, he gave me full liberty to amuse and solace myself after all my fatigues. I made excursions into the country every day with my young friends, and I felt a double enjoyment in this life, by the contrast which it afforded to that I had led amongst the Arabs. But, alas! my joy was destined to be of short duration, and to be quickly changed into bitter sadness! A messenger, who had been to Aleppo bringing money for M. Lascaris, handed me a letter from my mother, who was plunged into the depths of affliction by the death of my elder brother, carried off by the plague. Her letter was quite incoherent on account of her grief. She was ignorant what had become of me for nearly three years; and she conjured me, if I were still in the land of the living, to come and see her. This dismal intelligence took away my senses, and I remained three days unconscious where I was, and without taking any nourishment. Owing to the attentions of M. Lascaris, I recovered from my swoon by degrees, but all the favour I could obtain from him was liberty to write my poor mother, and send her my letter only the day before our departure lest she should herself come in search of me. But I pass over the details of my personal feelings, which cannot interest the reader, to return to our journey. The Drayhy having given us to understand that he would soon depart for the East, we hastened to get on the road to join him. He had placed at our disposal three camels, two mares, and four guides. The day of our departure from Homs, I felt so extraordinary an oppression on my heart, that I was disposed to regard it as a presentiment of misfortune. It seemed to me that I was marching to a premature death. However, I reasoned as well as I could upon the matter, and at length persuaded myself, that the heaviness I experienced was occasioned by the depression into which my mother's pitiable letter had plunged me. So we set off; and after marching the whole day, our guides induced us to continue the journey by night, as we had only a twenty hours' distance to clear. Nothing of moment occurred to us until midnight. The monotonous motion of the march was setting us a-dozing, when the guide in front exclaimed, "Keep your eyes wide awake, and take care of yourselves, for we are on the brink of a deep precipice."

The path was only a foot broad; on one side we had a perpendicular mountain, and on the other the precipice called Wadi-el-Hail. I awoke with a start, rubbed my eyes, and seized hold of the bridle, which I had let fall on the neck of my mare; but this precaution, which was intended for safety, was precisely what endangered my life, for the horse, having stumbled against a stone, fear made me jerk the reins with too much force; the animal reared, and, in coming to the earth again, it got off the track, and tumbled headlong down the precipice, carrying me with it. What followed the first moments of agony I know not, but Scheik Ibrahim favoured me afterwards with the account, which I here give. Trembling with alarm, he descended from horseback, and attempted to pry into the gulf down which I had disappeared; but the night was too dark, the noise of my horse alone giving any token of the disaster, and he could see nothing but a black abyss beneath his feet. Then he began to weep, and to conjure the guides to

descend the precipice, but they pronounced it impracticable in the deep gloom, assuring him, besides, that it was quite useless, as I must, of necessity, not only be dead, but brayed to atoms by the projections of the rocks. He thereupon declared he would not stir from the spot until the daylight permitted a search to be made; and he promised 100 tallaris to him who should bring up my body, however mutilated it might be, as he could not consent to leave it a prey to wild beasts. He therefore seated himself on the edge of the gulf, awaiting, in mournful despair, the first glimmerings of the dawn.

As soon as it was light, all the four men descended with difficulty, and found me without consciousness, hanging by my belt, head downwards. The mare, quite dead, was lying a few fathoms lower down, at the bottom of the ravine. I had ten wounds on my head, my left arm was completely unfleshed, my ribs crushed, and my legs lacerated even to the bone. When they laid me at the feet of Scheik Ibrahim, I gave no sign of life; he threw himself upon me weeping; but having some surgical knowledge, and never travelling without a small medicine chest, he gave not himself up long to a barren grief. He, first of all, convinced himself, by applying spirits to the nostrils, that I was not quite dead, so he carefully placed me on a camel, and returned to the village El Habedin. During this short passage, my body swelled prodigiously, but gave no other sign of life. The scheik of the village had me laid on a mattress, and sent to fetch a surgeon from Homs. I remained nine whole hours, without evincing the least sensibility. At the end of that time I opened my eyes, without having any perception of what was going on around me, or the least recollection of what had befallen me. I felt myself as if under the influence of a dream, experiencing no pain. In this lethargic state I continued twenty-four hours, and came out of it only to be tortured by inconceivable agonies. It would have been a hundred times better that I had remained at the bottom of the precipice.

Scheik Ibrahim never left me for an instant, and was incessant in his promises of recompense to the surgeon, if he succeeded in saving my life. This latter was full of zeal and good wishes for my recovery; but his ability was not of the first order, and at the end of thirty days I was in a state so deplorable that gangrene was feared. The Drayhy had come to see me, as soon as he heard of my accident; he also shed tears over my shattered person, and stimulated the activity of my professional attendant by bribes to his cupidity. In the midst of his acute sensibility, however, he could not avoid an occasional lamentation for the loss of his mare Abaige, which was of the pure breed, and worth 10,000 piastres. But both he and Ibrahim were truly chagrined, for they were apprehensive not only of losing me, to whom, indeed, they were sincerely attached, but, still more, of seeing all their operations overthrown in consequence of my death. I endeavoured to re-assure them, by telling them that I did not believe I should die; but there was no expectation to be indulged that I should be in a fit state to travel for a very long time, if I did not finally succumb.

The Drayhy was obliged to take leave of us, to continue his migration to the east, where he was to pass the winter. Scheik Ibrahim was in utter despair, when he saw my condition become daily worse. At last, having been informed that a more skilful surgeon than the first one lived at El Daïr Attié, he sent for him; but he refused to come, requiring that the invalid should be brought to him. Consequently, they made ready a species of litter as well as they could, and carried me to him, at the risk of witnessing my dissolution on the road. This new surgeon entirely changed the dressing of my wounds, and washed them with hot wine. I staid three months with him, suffering a pure martyrdom, and a thousand times regretting the death I had escaped from. I was subsequently transported to the village of Nabek, where I was confined to bed for other five months. It was only then that a state of convalescence really commenced, although it was often interrupted

by relapses: when I saw a horse, for instance, I grew pale, and fell off in a fit. This nervous state continued for nearly a month longer. By degrees I succeeded in overcoming this feeling; but I must confess that a disagreeable thrill always seizes me when I see that animal, and I swore at that time never to mount one, without an absolute necessity.

My illness cost nearly 500 tallaris to Scheik Ibrahim—but what valuation shall I affix to his paternal care and solicitude! I surely owe my life to him.

During my state of convalescence, we learnt that our friend, the Pacha of Damascus, was displaced for another, Soleyman Selim. This intelligence annoyed us very much, as we feared we might thereby endanger our influence with the Turks.

Ten months were elapsed, a second spring had come, and we were impatiently awaiting the arrival of our friends the Bedouins, when a courier fortunately reached us, with the happy tidings of their approach. We hastened to send him back to the Drayhy, who gave him a large reward for the good news he brought of my recovery; it caused a general joy in the camp, where I had been long regarded as a dead man. We waited for a few days more, until the tribe had come nearer to us. In this interval a singular story came to my ears, which I think worthy of being related as a picture of manners.

An Anatolian merchant, with an escort of 50 men, was driving 10,000 sheep to sell at Damascus. On the road he got acquainted with three Bedouins, and formed a friendship with one of them; at the moment of separating from them, his friend proposed to unite in a fraternity with him. The merchant saw no great purpose to be served by his having a brother among the beggarly Bedouins, he being a man of ten thousand sheep, and escorted by fifty soldiers; but the Bedouin, by name Chatti, insisting upon the matter, to get rid of his importunity he consented to give him two piastres and a handful of tobacco, as pledges of fraternity. Chatti divided the two piastres between his comrades, saying to them, "Be witnesses that this man has become my brother."

They then separated, and the merchant thought no more about it. When he had arrived at a spot called Ain el Alak, a party of Bedouins, superior in number, attacked his escort, put it to flight, seized upon his sheep, and completely despoiled him, leaving him nothing but the shirt on his back. In this denuded plight he reached Damascus, cursing the Bedouins and his pretended brother, Chatti, whom he accused of betraying and selling him.

The news of so rich a capture soon spread throughout the desert, and came to the ears of Chatti, who, seeking out his two witnesses, came with them before Soultan el Berak, chief of the tribe El Ammour, announced to him that he was the brother of the merchant who had been plundered, and summoned him to get justice executed, so that he might fulfil the duties of his fraternity. Soultan, having heard the evidence of the two witnesses, was obliged to accompany Chatti to the scheik of the tribe El Nahimen, who had got possession of the sheep, and demand their restitution according to the Bedouin laws. The scheik felt himself constrained to restore them; and Chatti, being well assured that not one was wanting, set off for Damascus with the herds and flocks.

Leaving them outside the city, he entered alone to seek out his brother, whom he found seated, in doleful mood, before a café in the bazaar. He went straight to him with a joyous air; but the merchant averted his face in a rage, and Chatti had great difficulty in getting him to listen to him, and still more in convincing him that his sheep were waiting for him beyond the walls. He feared a fresh snare, and consented, most reluctantly, to follow the Bedouin. When the sight of his flock assured him of the truth, he fell upon the neck of Chatti, and expressing to him the fulness of his gratitude, he urged him to accept a recompense proportioned to so great a service. But the Bedouin would only

at the most a tallari, and after eating with his friend, he set off to rejoin his tribe.

Our first interview with the Drayhy was truly touching. He came himself, with the chief men of his tribe, to seek us at the village of Nabek, and carried us, as it were, in triumph to the camp. On the road he told us of the wars he had sustained in the territory of Samar-cand, and the success he had had in conquering four of the principal tribes,* and afterwards inducing them to sign the treaty. It was of great importance to have detached in time these tribes from the alliance of the Wahabites, whose tributaries they had formerly been; for rumour ran that our enemies were preparing a formidable army, and flattering themselves with the prospect of becoming masters of all Syria. We shortly afterwards had authentic intelligence that this army was on the march, spreading everywhere on its passage terror and devastation.

The Pacha of Damascus sent orders to the governors of Homs and Hama to mount guard night and day, and to keep their troops ready for battle. The inhabitants fled to the coast, to get out of the way of the Wahabites, whose name alone was sufficient to scare them from their hearths.

The Drayhy was honoured with an invitation from the pacha to come to Damascus, and hold a conference with him. Fearing some treachery, he excused himself, under the pretext of being unable to quit his post at this critical juncture. He demanded some auxiliary troops from him, hoping with them to make head against the enemy. Whilst waiting for this reinforcement, the Drayhy caused a solemn declaration of war to be made, according to the custom of the Bedouins on grand occasions, in the following manner:—A white she-camel was selected, which they completely blackened with smoko and oil; they put a halter of black hair upon her, and set on her back a young maiden dressed in black, her face and hands being likewise painted black. Ten men conducted her from tribe to tribe; and upon arriving at each, she cried out three times—

"Recruit! recruit! recruit! Who will whiten this camel for you? See a piece of the Drayhy's tent, which threatens ruin! Hasten, hasten, great and generous champions! The Wahabite comes, he will carry away your allies and brethren. All you who hear me, add to your prayers to the prophets Mahomet and Ali, the first and the last!"

On uttering these words, she distributed handfuls of black hair, and letters from the Drayhy, indicating the place of rendezvous on the banks of the Oronte. In a short time our camp was swelled with thirty tribes united upon one plain, the ropes of the tents touching each other.

The Pacha of Damascus sent 6000 men to Hama, commanded by his nephew, Ibrahim Pacha, to wait there for other troops, which the pachas of Aleppo and Acre had to furnish. They had scarcely effected a junction, when the arrival of the Wahabites at Palmyra was announced by the inhabitants, who fled for refuge to Hama. Ibrahim Pacha wrote to the Drayhy, who shortly visited him, and they arranged in concert their plan of defence. The Drayhy, who had taken me with him as his counsellor, informed me of his agreement; and I observed to him, that the stipulation, fixing the union of the Bedouins and Turks in the same camp, was very dangerous, as the latter, during the tumult of battle, had no means of distinguishing their friends from their enemies. In fact, as the Bedouins are all dressed alike, they only recognise each other in the fray by their war-cries, each tribe continually repeating its own, as Khraïl el Allia Doualli; Khraïl el Biouda Hassany; Khraïl el Hamra Daffiry; &c. Khraïl signifies cavaliers; Allia, Biouda, Hamra, indicate the colour of some favourite mare; Doualli, Hassany, Daffiry, are the names of tribes; it is as if we said, *Cavalier of the red mare of Daffir, &c.* Others invoke their

* The tribe El Krassa, chief Tadauran Ebn Houad; the tribe El Mahlac, chief Nabao Ebn Habed; the tribe El Meraikrat, chief Koudan Ebn Abed; and the tribe El Zeker, chief Matlao Ebn Payhan.

sisters, or some other beauties; thus the war-cry of the Drayhy is, *Anna akhron Rabda*—"I, the brother of Rabda;" that of Mehamma, "I, the brother of Fodda;" both of these chiefs had sisters renowned for their beauty. The Bedouins are very proud of their war-cries, and treat him as a coward who dares not pronounce his own in the moment of danger. The Drayhy gave ear to my arguments, and got Ibrahim Pacha to consent, though with much difficulty, to a division of their forces.

The next day we returned to the camp, followed by the Mussulman army, composed of Dalatis, Albanians, Mogrebins, Houaras, and Arabs; in all 15,000 men. They had with them some pieces of ordnance, some mortars, and bombs. They pitched their tents half an hour's distance from ours. Their haughty mien, the variety and richness of their costumes, and their banners, formed an imposing prospect; but, in spite of their fine appearance, the Bedouins ridiculed them, and said they would be the first to fly.

On the afternoon of the second day, we descried a thick cloud towards the desert, stretching out like a black mist as far as the eye could reach; by degrees this cloud dispersed, and we had a view of the opposing army.

This time they had with them their wives, children, and flocks. They fixed their camp an hour from us. Their army was composed of fifty tribes, forming in the whole 75,000 tents. Around each tent were camels and several sheep, which, joined to the horses and warriors, presented a formidable concourse to the eye. Ibrahim Pacha was terrified at it, and sent in all haste for the Drayhy, who, after instilling a little courage into him, returned to the camp to get the necessary entrenchments made. For this purpose they collected all the camels, bound them together by the knees, and placed them in a double row before the tents. To complete this rampart, a trench was dug behind them. The enemy did the same on his side. The Drayhy afterwards ordered the *Hatfé* to be prepared. This singular ceremony consists of the following particulars:—They choose the most beautiful of the Bedouin maidens, and place her in a *haudag* richly decorated, borne by a large white she-camel. The selection of the maiden who is to occupy this honourable and glorious post, is of the highest importance, as the issue of the battle almost always depends upon her. She is in front of the enemy, and surrounded by picked warriors, her province is to excite them to the combat; her principal strife always rages around her, and prodigies of valour are exhibited in her defence. All would be lost if the *Hatfé* fell into the power of the enemy; to avoid that misfortune, half the army must always compass her. The combatants succeed each other at this station where the fight is thickest, and every one seeks enthusiasm from her looks. A young girl, named *Arkié*, who joined the highest degree of courage to eloquence and beauty, was chosen for the *Hatfé*. The enemy prepared his also, and shortly afterwards the battle began. The Wahabites were divided into two bodies; the first, and the most considerable, was commanded by Abdallah el Hedal, the generalissimo, and was in front of us; the second, under the command of Abou-Nocta, was before the Turks. The character of the Turks, and their manner of fighting, are diametrically opposed to those of the Bedouins. The Arab, prudent and cool, commences at first with calmness; then becoming animated by degrees, at last grows furious and irresistible. The Turk, on the contrary, proud and self-sufficient, falls impetuously on the enemy, thinking he has only to appear to conquer; he thus throws all his energy into the first shock.

Ibrahim Pacha, seeing the Wahabites attacking leisurely, believed himself strong enough to disperse their whole army by his own force alone; but before the day was over, he was after a costly fashion learnt to respect his adversary. His troops were compelled to fall back, and leave us the whole weight of the action. The setting of the sun suspended the fight, a great many being killed on both sides.

The next day we received a reinforcement; the tribe El Hadida arrived. It was 4000 strong, all mounted on jackasses and armed with muskets. We numbered our forces, and found them amount to 80,000 men; the Wahabites had 150,000, so the battle on the following day was to their advantage; and the noise of our defeat, exaggerated as always happens in such cases, reached Hama, and threw the inhabitants into consternation. The second day more accurate intelligence calmed their fears. For twenty days, an alternation of good and bad fortune put our constancy to the proof. The fighting became every day more terrible. On the fifteenth, we had to resist a new enemy more formidable than the Wahabites—famine. The town of Hama, which alone could furnish subsistence to the two armies, exhausted or concealed its supplies. The Turks took to flight, and our allies dispersed to avoid dying of hunger. The camels, forming the ramparts of the camp, gnawed each other. In the midst of these frightful calamities, the courage of *Arkié* wined not for a moment. The bravest of our warriors were slain by her side. She never ceased encouraging, exciting, and applauding them. She animated the old men, by praising their valour and experience, and the young men by promising to marry him who should bring her the head of Abdallah el Hedal. I kept constantly near her *haudag*, and I saw the warriors present themselves to her, to hear her words of encouragement, and then rush into the thickest of the fight, roused to enthusiasm by her eloquence. I confess that I felt more comfortable in listening to than receiving her eulogies, for they were almost the invariable precursors of death.

I was near one day when a handsome young man, one of our bravest warriors, presented himself before her *haudag*. "*Arkié*," said he, "oh, thou, the most beautiful amongst the beautiful! allow me to see thy visage, I am going to fight for thee." *Arkié*, showing herself, answered, "Behold me! oh thou most valiant of men! thou knowest my price, the head of Abdallah!" The young man brandished his lance, gave spurs to his charger, and dashed amongst the enemy. In less than two hours he was dead, covered with wounds. "God preserve you," said I to *Arkié*, "the noble youth is killed." "He is not the only one who has not returned," she replied mournfully.

At this moment appeared a warrior cased in a cuirass from head to foot; his boots even were plated with steel, and his horse covered with a coat of mail. The Wahabites had twenty of these invulnerable soldiers in their ranks, and we had twelve. He advanced towards our camp, summoning the Drayhy to single combat. This usage is of high antiquity amongst the Bedouins; he who is challenged cannot refuse the combat without dishonour. The Drayhy hearing his name, prepared to answer the appeal, but his relations joined with us in preventing him. His life was of too much importance to risk it in this manner; his death would have involved with it the total ruin of our cause, and the destruction of the two allied armies. But persuasion was useless, and we were compelled to use force. We bound him with cords, hand and foot, to the stakes in the ground, in the middle of his tent, whilst the most influential chiefs soothed him, and strove to calm him, by pointing out to him the absurdity of exposing the safety of the army, by answering the insolent bravado of a savage Wahabite. This latter, however, continually shouted out, "Let the Drayhy come out! his last day is arrived; I am the man to cut short his career."

The Drayhy heard him, and grew completely furious; he foamed with rage, and roared like a wild beast; his eyes, red with blood, started out of his head, and he strove against his bonds with a fearful force. The tumult he made drew a considerable assembly round his tent. Suddenly a Bedouin, making his way through the crowd, presented himself before the Drayhy. A shirt gird about his loins by a leather belt, and a *café* upon his head, were his sole garments. Mounted upon an Azean horse, and with no other weapon than a lance, he demanded leave to fight the Wahabite, instead of the sheik, reciting the following verses:—

● "This day, I, Tehaïsson, have become master of the horse Hadidi; I have long desired him. I wish to receive on his back the praises due to my valour. I go to fight and conquer the Wahabite, for the bright eyes of my bride, and to render myself worthy the daughter of him who has always vanquished his foe."

He said, and sprang to the combat against the antagonist champion. No one imagined that he could resist for the space of half an hour his powerful adversary, whom his armour rendered invulnerable; but if he did not deal out very murderous blows, he contrived with marvellous address to escape those directed against himself, for the two hours that the combat continued. All was in suspense, and the most intense interest was manifested on both sides. At last our champion turned his horse, and seemed to fly. All hope was extinguished; the enemy was about to proclaim his triumph. The Wahabite pursued him, and with a hand invigorated by the confidence of victory, threw his lance at him; but Tehaïsson, foreseeing his intention, bent down to the bow of his saddle, and the weapon passed whistling over his head: then turning suddenly round, he dug the iron into his adversary's throat, seizing the instant when he raised his head to rein in his horse. This motion leaving an interval between the helmet and cuirass, below the chin, the lance passed right through and killed him on the spot; but the corpse, sustained in the saddle by its armour, was borne by the horse to the midst of the enemy, and Tehaïsson returned in triumph to the tent of the Drayhy, where he was received with enthusiasm. All the chiefs embraced him, and loaded him with praises and presents, nor was Scheik Ibrahim the last to make him feel the weight of his gratitude.

But the famine still continued as well as the war; we remained two days in the tent of the Drayhy without eating any thing. On the third, he received three *couffes* of rice, which Mola Ismael, chief of the Dallatis, sent him as a present. Instead of husbanding it as a last resource, he gave orders for the whole of it to be baked, and invited to supper all those who were present. His son Sahey would not sit down to table; but being urged by his father, he demanded that his portion should be given him, and he carried it to his mare, saying, that he preferred suffering himself to seeing her want food.

It was now the thirty-seventh day since the commencement of the war; on the thirty-eighth there was most terrible fighting. The camp of the Osmanlis was taken and plundered. The pacha had scarcely time to save himself in Hama, where he was pursued by the Wahabites, who laid siege to the place.

The defeat of the Turks was the more disastrous to us, as it left the second division of the enemy, commanded by the famous negro Abou-Necta, at liberty to join Abdallah, and attack us in concert. The next day a frightful encounter took place; the Bedouins were so mingled together, that the two parties could no longer be distinguished. They fought, man to man, with the sabre; the whole plain flowed with blood; the colour of the soil was changed from the saturation; never perhaps was such a bloody strife. It lasted eight days without intermission. The inhabitants of Hama, persuaded that we were all exterminated, no longer sent us those rare supplies, which from time to time had saved us from perishing of hunger. At last the Drayhy, seeing the evil at its height, assembled the chiefs, and thus addressed them:—

"My friends, we must make a last attempt. To-morrow, we must die or vanquish. To-morrow, if God permits it, I will destroy the enemy's camp, and we will gorge ourselves with his spoils."

An incredulous smile greeted his harangue; but some of the more courageous answered, "Say on, we will obey you." He continued—"This night you must pass over, without noise, your tents, women, and children, to the other side of the Orontes. Let all have disappeared before the rising of the sun, without the enemy having any inkling of the matter. Then, having nothing more to care about, we will fall upon him with desperation, and exterminate him, or perish ourselves. God will be with us—we will be victorious!"

Every thing was executed as he had commanded, with an incredible order, silence, and dispatch. The next morning only the warriors remained. The Drayhy divided them into four troops, ordering them to attack the enemy's camp on four sides at the same time. They threw themselves on their prey like famished lions. This impetuous and simultaneous charge was attended with all the success that could be desired. Confusion and disorder ensued amongst the Wahabites, who took to flight, abandoning women, children, tents, and baggage. The Drayhy, without giving his soldiers time to seize the booty, forced them to pursue the fugitives even to Palmyra, and allowed them no repose until the enemy was utterly dispersed.

When the victory was secured for us, I departed with Scheik Ibrahim to announce the happy news at Hama; but no one would give credit to our tale, and they were inclined to treat us ourselves as fugitives. The inhabitants were in a most excited state; some were running to the walls, whence they could see nothing but clouds of dust; others were getting ready their mules to fly to the coast; but the defeat of the Wahabites being shortly placed beyond doubt, the most extravagant demonstrations of joy succeeded their excessive terror. A Tatar was dispatched to Damascus, who returned with forty loads of wheat, 25,000 piastres, a sabre and pelisse of honour for the Drayhy, who made his triumphal entry into Hama, escorted by all the chiefs of the allied tribes. He was received by the governor, the agas, the pacha, and all his court, in magnificent style.

After four days spent in rejoicings, we quitted Hama, to rejoin the tribes, and conduct them to the east on the approach of winter. The Drayhy took his departure with twelve of them; the remainder, in clusters of five or six together, spread themselves over the desert of Damascus. Our first halt was at Tall el Dehab, in the territory of Aleppo, where we found four tribes that had taken no part in the war. The chiefs came to pay their respects to the Drayhy, impressed with a due awe for his recent exploits, and soliciting the favour of being permitted to sign our treaty of alliance.* From there we marched, without stopping, to join our friend the Emir Faher, who received us with the most lively symptoms of joy. We crossed the Euphrates with him and several other tribes, who were going, like us, into Mesopotamia, some towards Hamad, and others to the desert of Bassorah.

We received on the road a letter from Fares el Harba, announcing to us that six of the great tribes who had fought against us with the Wahabites, were encamped in the Héhassie, near to Mecladali; that they were well disposed to make peace with us; and that if the Drayhy would send me to him, with full powers to treat, he believed success was inevitable. I lost not a moment in availing myself of his invitation, and, after a six days' march, I arrived at his camp without accident. Fares el Harba, having immediately struck his tents, conducted me to a day's journey from these tribes.† Then I wrote in his name to the Emir Douackry, the chief of the tribe El Fedhay, to invite him to form an alliance with the Drayhy, promising him a complete oblivion of the past. Douackry came in person to the camp of Fares el Harba, and we soon struck an agreement; but he told us he could only answer for his own tribe, and considered it a very difficult matter to succeed with the other five. He proposed to me, however, that I should accompany him home, offering to invite the chiefs to his tent, and use all his influence with them. Accepting his proposal, I departed with him. When we arrived in the midst of what ought to have been an encampment, I was much concerned to perceive countless crowds of Bedouins squatted in the open

* Fares Ebn Aggid, chief of the tribe El Bochake, 500 tents; Cassan Ebn Unkban, chief of El Chiamel, 1000 tents; Selamé Ebn Nahasan, chief of El Fuaher, 600 tents; Mchanna el Saneh, chief of El Salba, 800 tents.

† The tribe El Fedhan, composed of 5000 tents; El Sabha, 4000 tents; El Fekaka, 1500; El Messahid, 3500; El Salca, 3000; and Benni Dehab, 5000 tents.

air. Having lost their tents and baggage in battle, they had no bed but the earth, and no covering but the sky. A few rags, hung here and there upon stakes, gave a little shade to these miserable people, who had taken off their only garment to procure a feeble shelter against the burning heat of the sun, and who were lying quite naked, exposed to the bites of insects, and the prickly points of the plant which the camels crop. Several had no defence whatever against the heat of the day and the chillness of night, the contrast between which, at this season, is quite murderous, when the winter is beginning to be felt.

I had never conceived the idea of so perfect a misery. The sad spectacle oppressed my heart, and drew tears from my eyes; I was some time in recovering from the emotion it occasioned.

The following day, Douackry assembled the chiefs and old men, to the number of 500. Alohe, in the midst of such a concourse, I despaired of making myself heard, and, above all, of drawing them to one opinion. These men, of different characters and manners, and soured by misfortune, had all their own ideas to propound; and if none had any hope of rendering his own counsel predominant, he at least stuck to it obstinately as a point of honour, leaving each at perfect freedom to do the same. Some voted for going to the country of Negde, others for retiring to Samarcand; some vociferated imprecations on the head of Abdallah, general of the Wahabite army, and others denounced the Drayhy as the author of all their ills. Amid this din, I armed myself with courage, and endeavoured to refute all their arguments. I first of all began by shaking their confidence in the Wahabites, telling them that Abdallah had necessarily become their enemy, since they had abandoned him on the day of the concluding engagement, and that he would do all in his power to revenge himself upon them; that, by going into the Negde, they voluntarily precipitated themselves into the yoke of Ebu Sihoud, who would crush them with contributions, and make them support the whole weight of a disastrous war; and that, having once deserted his cause, and escaped from his fangs, it was better not to follow the example of the bird, which, avoiding the gun of the shooter, flew to the net of the fowler. Finally, I called to mind the fable of the bundle of sticks; and conceiving that such a practical illustration would have an effect upon their simple minds, I determined to make the application of it before them. Therefore, after setting forth the advantages of union as a resistance to oppression, I took from the hands of the sheiks thirty djerids, and I presented one to the Emir Fares, begging him to break it, which he did with great ease. I presented to him, in succession, two and three together, which he likewise broke, for he was a man of great muscular power. At last I presented to him the whole bundle, which he could neither break nor bend. "Machalla," said I to him, "thou hast no strength," and I passed the staves to another, who had no better success. Then a general murmur arose in the assembly. "What man is there who could break such a mass?" they exclaimed with one accord.

"I take you upon your own words," I answered; and in the most energetic language, I explained the apologue to them, adding, that I had been so painfully affected at seeing them without shelter or clothes, that I bound myself to solicit from the Drayhy the restitution of their baggage and tents, and that I was sufficiently acquainted with his magnanimity to answer for the success of my request, if they frankly entered into the alliance, the advantages resulting from which I was come to explain to them. Then all with one voice shouted out, "Thou hast prevailed, Abdallah; we are thine in life and death!" and they came and clasped me in their arms. In conclusion, it was agreed that they should give a meeting to the Drayhy, in the plain of Halla, to affix their seals to the treaty.

The next day I again crossed the Euphrates, and rejoined our tribe upon the fifth day. My friends were troubled at my long absence, and the recital of my fortunate negotiation filled them with rapture. I have so

often described meetings, repasts, and rejoicings of all sorts, that I will pass over those that took place at the signing of the treaty of peace. The Emir Douackry buried the seven stones, and thus consummated the alliance. After dinner there was a ceremony performed, which I had never previously witnessed, that of taking the oath of fidelity upon bread and salt. The Drayhy ultimately declared, that he was ready to fulfil the engagement I had taken in his name, by restoring the booty taken from the six tribes, who had just become his allies. But it was not sufficient to have this generous disposition; the difficulty was to find means to execute it. In the pillage of the camp of the Wahabites and their allies, the spoils of fifty tribes had been confounded together, and to distinguish the property of each was no easy task. It was agreed that the women alone could manage it; and it would be impossible to give an idea of the fatigue and tiresomeness of the five days which were employed in selecting the animals, tents, and baggage of the different tribes. Every camel and every sheep has two ciphers marked on its thigh by a hot iron, that of the tribe, and that of the owner. But as these letters resembled each other, or were half effaced, as constantly happens, the difficulty became extreme, and it needed more than generosity to arrange the disputes, and tire one's self to death, in attempting to harmonise the opposing pretensions. I was indeed tempted to repent my emotion of compassion and my imprudent promise.

At this period a large caravan, going from Bagdad to Aleppo, passed, and was plundered by the Fedans and Sabhas. It was very richly loaded with indigo, coffee, spices, Persian carpets, Cashemire stuffs, pearls, and other precious objects; we valued it at ten millions of piastres. As soon as this capture was known, merchants came, some of them from a great distance, to get by purchase or barter these rich possessions of the Bedouins, who sold them, or rather gave them away, for nothing. Thus they exchanged a measure of spices for a measure of dates, a Cashemiro worth 1000 francs for a black mashla, a chest of indigo for a cotton robe, and entire pieces of Indian fabrics for a pair of boots. A merchant from Moussoul bought for a chemise, a mashlah, and a pair of boots, merchandise worth more than 15,000 piastres, and a ring of diamonds was given for a *rotah* of tobacco. I could have made my fortune on this occasion; but M. Lascaris forbade me to buy any thing, or accept a present, and I scrupulously obeyed his orders.

Every day tribes came to us from the country of Negde, abandoning the Wahabites to join us; some being attracted by the great reputation of the Drayhy, and others impelled by quarrels with King Ebu Sihoud. An event of this sort brought us five tribes all at once. The emir of the tribe Beny Tay had a very beautiful daughter named Camare (the moon). Febrab, the son of the chief of a neighbouring tribe, and a relation of the Wahabite, became enamoured of her, and contrived to inspire her with a passion for him. The father of the maiden having perceived what was going on, forbade her to speak to the prince, and he himself refused to receive him, or listen to his proposals, as Camare was destined for her cousin Tamer. It is a usage amongst the Bedouins, which is similar to one related in the Bible, that the nearest relation is preferred to every other, when a maiden is given in marriage. But Camare paid no attention to this custom of her country, or to the threats of her father, as she refused most positively to espouse her cousin; and her love augmenting in proportion to the obstacles which were opposed to its gratification, she ceased not to profit, by every opportunity, to hold correspondence with her lover. However, the latter, despairing of obtaining her by the consent of her parents, resolved to carry her off, and submitted the scheme to her by means of an old woman, whom he had gained to his interests. Her consent being given, he introduced himself into the tribe of Beny Tay disguised as a mendicant, and arranged with her the hour and place of elopement. In the dead of night, the young maid crept noiselessly

out of her father's tent, and threw herself into the arms of the prince, who was waiting for her at the gate of the camp. He placed her behind him on his mare, and darted over the plain; but the secrecy and dispatch with which the affair had been managed, failed to shield it from the jealous eyes of Tamer. Ho, loving his cousin, and a maintainer of his rights according to law, had been watching the manoeuvres of his rival for some time, and he himself mounted guard every night near the tent of Camare. He was making his round when the lovers went off; but he perceived them, and put himself in pursuit. Fehrab's mare, which possessed all the swiftness natural to the breed of Negde, put forth all its speed, urged by the impatience of its master; but having the weight of two persons to bear, she had at last no strength left, and the redoubled blows of the spur could only induce a languid start, the sure symptom of complete exhaustion; the poor beast fell to the ground. Fehrab saw that Tamer was close upon him, so he seated his mistress on the ground, and made ready his defences. The combat was terrible, and its issue tragical. Tamer prevailed, slew Fehrab, and seized upon his cousin; but exhausted with fatigue, and lulled with a sense of security, he fell into a short slumber at her side. When Camare perceived that he was dozing, she snatched the sabre reeking with her lover's blood, severed her cousin's head from his body, and then threw herself upon the point of his lance, and dug it into her heart. All three were found in this condition when the people came who were in search of them. A murderous war between the two tribes followed this unpleasant event: that of Fehrab, supported by the Wahabites, forced Beny Tay to retreat, and it, accompanied by four allied tribes,* came to ask protection from the Drayhy, whose power was thenceforth without a rival. Five hundred thousand Bedouins, all ranged under our standard, formed but one camp, and covered Mesopotamia as if with a cloud of locusts.

Whilst we were in the vicinity of Bagdad, another caravan, coming from Aleppo, was plundered by our allies. It was loaded with European manufactures; cloths, velvets, satins, amber, coral, &c. Although the Drayhy took no part in this spoliation, it was too much after the fashion of the Bedouins for him to think of opposing it. The Pacha of Bagdad demanded satisfaction, but obtained it not. Seeing that he would need an army of at least 50,000 men to procure justice, he gave up his claims, too happy to remain the friend of the Bedouins at any price.

Scheik Ibrahim thus saw his hopes realised far beyond his most sanguine anticipations; but so long as any thing remained to be done, he would take no repose. Therefore, crossing the Tigris at Abou el Ali, we pursued our march, and entered Persia. The renown of the Drayhy had preceded him, and the tribes of the country came continually to unite in fraternity with us; but in our vast plan of operations, these partial alliances were not sufficient: it behoved us, above all things, to be assured of the co-operation of the great prince, the Emir Sahid el Bokhrari, chief of all the Persian tribes, whose sway extends to the frontiers of India. The family of this prince has possessed for many ages the sovereignty over the wandering tribes of Persia, and pretends to be descended from the kings Beni el Abass, who conquered Spain, and whose descendants still style themselves Bokhranis. We were informed that he was in a far distant province. The Drayhy, having convoked a general council of all the chiefs, it was determined to traverse Persia, keeping as near as possible to the sea coast, in order to avoid the mountains with which the interior of the country is bristled, and to have better pasturage, although water was not plentiful on that route. On the march of a tribe, grass is of more importance than water, for the latter can be transported; but nothing can supply the want of grazing for the flocks, upon which the existence of the tribe itself depends.

* The tribe Beny Tay, composed of 4000 tents; El Hamarnid, 1500 tents; El Daffir, 2500 tents; El Hagliger, 800 tents; and Khresahel, 500 tents.

The journey lasted fifty-one days. During all this time we met with no obstruction on the part of the inhabitants; but our march was often very painful, principally on account of the scarcity of water. On one occasion Scheik Ibrahim, taking notice of the nature of the soil, and the rankness of the grass, advised the Drayhy to dig in search of it. The Bedouins of the district treated this attempt as a piece of pure folly, saying that water had never been found in that place, and that it was necessary to send a distance of six hours to fetch it. But the Drayhy was not easily turned from his purpose: "Scheik Ibrahim is a prophet," said he; "he must be obeyed in all things."

They dug in consequence at several points, and in truth, four feet down, excellent water was found. On beholding this happy result, the Bedouins proclaimed with loud shouts Scheik Ibrahim to be a true prophet, and his discovery a miracle. Little was wanting in the excess of their gratitude for his being worshipped by them as a god.

After passing the mountains and valleys of Karman, which took several days, we arrived at the river of Karassan, a deep and rapid stream; having crossed it, we proceeded towards the coast, where the road was less difficult. We made acquaintance with the Bedouins of Agiam Estan, who received us with cordiality; and on the forty-second day's march from our entry into Persia, we reached El Hendouan, where one of their most considerable tribes was encamped, under the chieftainship of Hebiek el Mahdan. We hoped that our journey was near its close, but this scheik gave us to understand that the Emir Sahid was still nine days' march from there, to wit, at Merah-Fumes, upon the Indian frontier. He offered us guides to conduct us there, and to point out the places where a stock of water was required to be laid in. Without this precaution, we had probably perished in this last passage.

Couriers were sent in advance to apprise the great prince of our approach, and to assure him of our pacific intentions. On the ninth day he appeared in front of us, at the head of an army of most formidable aspect. At first, we were not over and above certain whether this display of force was intended to do us honour or to intimidate us. The Drayhy began to repent of having adventured so far from his allies. However, he put a good face on the matter, placed the women and baggage in the rear, and went forward with some picked warriors, and accompanied by his friend the Scheik Saker. (This was he, to whom, in the preceding year, he had delegated the command in the desert of Bassorah, and who had laid the train for all our alliances during our sojourn in Syria.)

The friendly intentions of the prince were quickly declared; for he, separating from his troops, advanced with some horsemen into the middle of the plain which separated the two armies. The Drayhy did the like, and the two chiefs met midway, descended from their horses, and embraced each other with marks of the most perfect cordiality.

If I had not so frequently described the hospitality of the desert, I would have had many things to say upon the reception given us by the Emir Sahid, and the three days of festival which were passed with him; but in order to avoid repetitions I will not speak of them, and will merely remark that the Persian Bedouins, being more pacific than those of Araby, easily entered into our views, and had a surprising conception of the value of the commercial intercourse we wished to establish with India. This was all that we needed to make them understand touching the object of our enterprise. The emir promised the co-operation of all the Persian tribes under his dominion, and volunteered his influence to win those of India, who have a high regard for him on account of the antiquity of his race, and his personal reputation for wisdom and generosity. He made a separate treaty with us, conceived in these terms:

"In the name of the beneficent and merciful God, I, Sahid, son of Bader, son of Abdalla, son of Barakat, son of Ali, son of Bokhrani, of happy memory, declare I have given my sacred word to the puissant Drayhy

Ebn Chahlan, Scheik Ibrahim, and Abdallah el Kratih. I pronounce myself their faithful ally; I accept all the conditions which are specified in the general treaty which is lodged in their hands. I engage myself to aid and support them in all their projects, and to guard an inviolable secrecy touching the same. Their enemies shall be my enemies; their friends my friends. I invoke the name of Ali, the first amongst men, and the well-beloved of God, in testimony of my word."

(Signed and sealed.)

We remained yet six days with the tribe of Sahid, and had an opportunity of remarking the difference between the manners of those Bedouins and our own. They are milder, and more moderate and patient, but less brave and generous, and much less respectful to the women. They have a considerable share of religious prejudice, and follow the precepts of the sect of Ali. Besides the lance, sabre, and musket, they have also battle-axes.

Prince Sahid sent the Drayhy two fine Persian mares, led by two negroes, and he in return made the prince a present of a black mare, of the breed of Negle, called Houban Heggin, of great value. He likewise added some ornaments for the women.

Our camp was fixed not far from Menouna, the last town of Persia, twenty leagues from the frontier of the East Indies, on the banks of a river called by the Bedouins El Gitan.

On the seventh day, after taking leave of Sahid, we commenced our retrograde march, in order to reach Syria before the heats of summer. We journeyed rapidly and without caution, when one day, being in the province of Karman, our cattle were forayed, and on the morrow we ourselves were attacked by a powerful tribe, commanded by the Emir Redaini, who is the self-constituted guardian of the caliphate of Persia—an imperious man, and one jealous of his authority. These Bedouins, although much superior to us in number, were far below us in the essentials of courage and discipline; besides, our troops were under a more experienced general. But the position of the Drayhy was extremely critical; we were lost if the enemy gained the least advantage, as all the Karman Bedouins would have encompassed us, as if with a net, from which it had been impossible to break loose. We therefore perceived the necessity of impressing respect by a decisive victory, which would take from them for the future any desire to enter the lists with him. He made the most skilful dispositions and combinations to secure the triumph of courage over numbers; he displayed all the resources of his military genius and his long experience, and performed in his own person prodigies of valour. Never had he evinced more calmness in command, or impetuosity in the fight. Thus was the enemy compelled to beat a retreat, and leave us alone. However, the Drayhy, thinking that it would be imprudent to leave behind a hostile tribe, though beaten, stopt the march, and sent back a courier to the Emir Sahid to inform him of what had come to pass. This messenger returned at the end of some days, charged with a very friendly letter for the Drayhy, and enclosing one addressed to Redaini, couched in these terms:

"In the name of God, the supreme Creator. Let homage and prayer be addressed to the greatest, most potent, most honourable, most learned, and most beautiful, of the prophets; the bravest of the brave, the greatest of the great, the caliph of the caliphs, the lord of the sabre, the red ruby, the converter of souls, the Imaun Ali! This letter is from Sahid el Bokhrari, the master of the two seas, and the two Persias, to his brother, the Emir Redaini, son of Kroukiar. We make known to you that our brother, the Emir Drayhy Ebn Chahlan, of the country of Bagdad and Damascus, is come from afar to visit us, and make our alliance. He has marched upon our land, and eaten of our bread; we have accorded to him our friendship, and, furthermore, we have entered into particular engagements with him, from which a great good and general tranquillity will result. We desire that you will do as much on your

part; be careful not to fail herein, for otherwise you will lose our esteem, and act contrary to the will of God, and the glorious Imaun Ali!"

To this were appended several citations from their holy books, the Giaffer el Giamch, and the usual salutations.

We sent this letter to the Emir Redaini, who came to visit us, accompanied by 500 horsemen, all very richly clad in stuffs, worked with gold; their weapons were mounted with chased silver, and the blades of their sabres of the pure Damascus temper. Amicable explanations having been entered into, Redaini copied, with his own hand, the particular treaty of the Emir Sahid, and subscribed it; he afterwards took coffee, but refused to dine with us, the fanatics of the sect of Ali not being allowed to eat either with Christians or Turks. To ratify the contract, he took an oath upon bread and salt, and then embraced the Drayhy with great protestations of brotherly love. His tribe, which is called El Mehaziz, contains 10,000 tents. Having taken leave of him, we continued our march by forced journeys, making fifteen leagues a-day without any stoppages.

At last we arrived before Bagdad; and Scheik Ibrahim entered the city to take up money, but the season pressing on us, we tarried as short a time as possible. In Mesopotamia we had news of the Wahabites. Ebn Sihoud had given a very unfavourable reception to his general Hedai, after his discomfiture, and had taken an oath to dispatch a more powerful army than the last, under the command of his son, to wreak his vengeance on the Drayhy, and exterminate the Bedouins of Syria; but that, after being better informed of the resources which the Drayhy could deploy against him, and especially of his personal reputation, he had altered his language, and determined to draw him into an alliance. The foreign relations, which were becoming complicated, gave much probability to this report, for the Pacha of Egypt, Mahomet-Ali, was preparing an expedition to invade Arabia Petrea, and seize upon the riches of Mecca, which were in the hands of Ebn Sihoud. We rejoiced with great glee at the prospect either of making peace with him, or of seeing him weakened by a foreign power. We continually encountered tribes which had not had a previous opportunity of signing the treaty, and now did so with alacrity.* On arriving in Syria, we received a courier from the King of the Wahabites, who brought us a small piece of paper, three finger-breadths broad, and nearly six long. These people affect the usage of the most diminutive forms, in order to present as striking a contrast as possible to the Turks, who write their firmans on very large sheets. The Arab characters take up such little room, that on this pitiful clout a very long and imperious letter was indited. It commenced by an act of faith or declaration, that God is alone, and without an equal—that he is *one*, universal, and has no likeness; then came all the titles of the king, whom God has invested with his sabre, to maintain his unity against the idolaters (Christians), who say the contrary. It continued thus—

"We, Abdallah, son of Abdel Aziz, son of Abdel Wahabs, son of Sihoud;—we make known to you, oh son of Chahlan (may the only adorable God direct you in the right path!) that if you believe in God, you will obey his slave Abdallah, to whom he has delegated his power, and come to us without fear. You will be our well-beloved son, we will pardon the past, and treat you like one of us. But avoid stubbornness and resistance to our summons; for he who listens to our voice is numbered with the inmates of paradise.

We salute thee!

(Signed) EL MANHOUD MENALLA EBN
SIHOUD ABDALLAH."

* At Maktal el Abed we met two tribes, that of Berkajé, commanded by Sahdoun Ebn Wual, 1300 tents strong, and that of Mahimen, commanded by Fahed Ebn Salcho, of 300 tents. On crossing the Euphrates before Haff, we also made alliance with Alayan Ebn Nadjed, chief of the tribe Bouharba, composed of 300 tents.

Upon receipt of this letter, we held a grand council of war; and after maturely weighing all the perils of the expedition against the advantages to be gained from an alliance with Ebn Sihoud, the Drayhy resolved to accede to his invitation. Scheik Ibrahim thereupon asked me if I had courage enough to face this fanatic, to whom I replied, "I am well aware that I risk more than any other, on account of his hatred to the Christians; but I put my trust in God. Having to die some time, and having already offered up my life as a sacrifice, I am ready to do it once again, to conduct to an issue the enterprise which I have commenced." The desire of seeing a country so interesting, and the extraordinary man himself, roused my spirit of daring; therefore, after recommending to M. Lascaris the care of my poor mother, in case I should meet an untimely end, I set off with the Drayhy, his second son Sahdoun, his nephew, his cousin, two of the principal chiefs, and five negroes, all mounted on dromedaries. During the absence of his father, Saher was nominated to command the tribe, and to conduct it to Horan, to meet the Drayhy, who reckoned upon returning by Hegiaz.

We made our first halt among the Bedouins of Beny Toulab, whose entire possessions consist of a few jackasses, and who live by the hunting of gazelles and ostriches. They clothe themselves with the gazelle-skins, rudely stitched together, in the form of a long robe, with very wide sleeves. The fur is on the outside, which gives them the appearance of fallow-deer. I have seldom seen any thing so perfectly uncouth as the appearance of these people. They favoured us with the diversion of an ostrich hunt, which was extremely interesting to me. The female ostrich lays her eggs in the sand, and fixes herself at some distance, keeping her eyes fixed upon them; she hatches them, as it were, with those organs, for she never averts them from the nest. She thus remains motionless half the day, until the male comes to relieve her; she then proceeds in search of food, whilst he stands sentry in his turn. The hunter, after discovering the eggs, forms a sort of stone screen, behind which he conceals himself, and awaits the favourable moment. When the female is alone, and the male at a sufficient distance not to be alarmed at the sound of a gun, he fires with ball, runs and picks up the bird mortally wounded, stanches the blood, and replaces it in the same position near the eggs. When the male returns, he approaches, without suspicion, to assume his station. The hunter, still in ambush, shoots him, and thus secures a double prey. If the male bird has been at all alarmed, it goes off at a rapid pace, and they then pursue it; but he defends himself by throwing stones behind him, as far as a gun will carry, and with great force. He is a dangerous animal to approach too nearly when he is roused to anger, for his prodigious strength and height render an encounter perilous, especially for the eyes of the pursuer. When the season for the chase of ostriches is over, the Bedouins bestride their asses, and proceed to Damascus, and even Bagdad, to sell their plumes.

When one of them is wishful to marry, he secures the half of his hunting produce to the father of his bride, to pay her dowry. These Bedouins have a great veneration for the memory of Antar, whose descendants they claim to be; but I know not how far such pretensions are warranted by the fact. They recited to us several fragments of his poems.

After bidding this tribe adieu, we pursued our route with the huge strides of the dromedaries, and encamped on the borders of a lake of great extent, called Raam Beni Hellal. It receives its waters from a hill we had skirted on the way.

The next day, when we had arrived in the middle of a dry desert, we perceived a small oasis, formed by shrubs called *jorfe*. Having approached within a few paces of it, our dromedaries suddenly stopped short. We thought at first that they wished to rest in a place where a degree of vegetation seemed to assure them of water, but we soon found that their stand-still proceeded from an instinctive horror, which displayed itself in all the symptoms of uncontrollable alarm; neither by coax-

ing them nor belabouring them could they be induced to move. My curiosity was roused to the highest pitch, so I got off to ascertain the cause of their terror; but scarcely had I set my foot in the thicket, than I recoiled with an involuntary start. The earth was strewed with the skins of serpents, of all sizes and species. There were myriads of them, some as thick as the cable of a ship, others slim as needles. We retreated precipitately from this spot, returning thanks to God that it was only the skins of these detestable reptiles that we had found. In the evening, being unable to discover any shelter, we were obliged to pass the night in the midst of the desert, and I confess that my imagination, haunted by the horrible spectacle of the thicket, prevented my closing an eye; I expected every instant to see some huge serpent glide stealthily into the tent, and lay its disgusting head upon my pillow.

On the morrow we came up with a considerable tribe, tributary to the Wahabites, which hailed from Samarcand. We carefully concealed our pipes, for Ebn Sihoud rigorously forbids smoking, and inflicts death upon the least disregard of his fulmination against tobacco. The Emir Medjoun afforded us hospitality, but was unable to restrain his surprise at our boldness in thus putting ourselves at the mercy of the Wahabite, whose ferocity he depicted in truly startling terms. He did not conceal from us that we ran great danger, Ebn Sihoud making little scruple to use false promises to decoy the unwary, and treat them with infamous treachery. The Drayhy, being himself a man full of good faith, had proceeded upon the invitation of the king, without imagining the possibility of his breaking his word, and he began to feel uneasy at his too credulous reliance; but his pride prevented him from turning back, and we therefore continued our journey. We soon reached the country of Negde, a district intersected by valleys and mountains, and strewed with towns and villages, as well as a multitude of wandering tribes. The towns had a very ancient aspect, and bespoke a population formerly more numerous and rich than that which then occupied them. The villages are peopled by Bedouin husbandmen; the land produces wheat, vegetables, and especially dates, in abundance. They related to us, that the first inhabitants of that country abandoned it for an establishment in Africa, going forth under the leadership of one of their princes, by name Beni Hetal.

We everywhere experienced a cordial hospitality, but everywhere, also, our ears were stunned with interminable complaints of the tyranny of Ebn Sihoud. Terror alone seemed to retain these people in subjection to his sway. At last, after a march of fourteen days, at dromedary pace, which supposes a distance triple what a caravan would cover in the same time, we arrived at the capital of the Wahabites. The town is surrounded with a wood of date trees; the trees touch each other, and scarcely leave room for a horseman to pass between their trunks. The town is completely hid behind this natural rampart, which is styled the date forest of Darkisch. After traversing this wood, we found a second entrenchment of hillocks, formed by the heaped-up kernels of dates, resembling a dyke of small stones, and behind them was the wall of the town, which we skirted to get to a gate which conducted us to the palace of the king. This is a large two-storied building, constructed of white hewn stone. Ebn Sihoud, being made acquainted with our arrival, ordered us to be conducted into an elegant and well-furnished apartment, where they served us with a plentiful repast. This beginning augured well, and we gave ourselves credit for not yielding to the suspicions with which they had wished to inspire us. In the evening, having put our dress in order, we proceeded to present ourselves to the king. We found him to be a man of about forty-five, with a harsh eye, a bronzed complexion, and a very black beard. He was attired in a gombaz, tied round his loins with a white sash, a turban, with red and white streaks, on his head, and a black mashla thrown over his left shoulder; and he held in his right hand the wand of the king of Mahlab, the insignia of his authority. He was seated at the end

of a large hall of audience, rather richly furnished with mats, carpets, and cushions. The lords of his court were grouped around him. The furniture and garments were all of cotton or worsted, silk being prohibited in his dominions, as well as every thing that recalls the luxury and usages of the Turks. I enjoyed sufficient leisure to make my observations, for Ebn Sihoud, having answered rudely and with an icy aspect to the compliments of the Drayhy, we sat down, and waited in silence until it pleased him to open a conversation. However, after an interval of half an hour, the Drayhy, perceiving that he neither ordered us coffee, nor relaxed the muscles of his face, raised his voice and said—

"I see, oh son of Sihoud, that you do not receive us as we had reason to expect. We have toiled over your territories, and have entered your dwelling, upon your own invitation; if you have any thing to allege against us, let us know what it is without concealment."

Ebn Sihoud, darting a fiery glance upon him, replied,

"Of a verity I have many things to say against you; your crimes are unpardonable! You have revolted against me, and have refused to obey me; you have laid waste the tribe of Sachrer, in Galilee, well knowing that it belonged to me.

"You have corrupted the Bedouins, and drawn them into a league against my authority. You have destroyed my armies, pillaged my camps, and aided my mortal enemies, the Turks, those idolaters, profaners, scoundrels!

Growing more and more inflamed, and heaping invective upon invective, his rage at last knew no bounds, and he ordered us to instantly quit his presence, and wait his further pleasure.

I saw the eyes of the Drayhy gathering flame, and his nostrils puffing; I feared every instant an explosion of impotent fury, which would have only served to push the king to the last extremities; but feeling himself entirely defenceless, he curbed his passion, and raising himself with dignity, he slowly retired to reflect upon what was to be done. All trembled before the rage of Ebn Sihoud; none dared to thwart his will. We remained two days and nights in our apartment, without hearing any intelligence; no one cared to come near us, and those who had appeared the most eager in our service on our arrival, now fled from us, or mocked our credulous confidence in the faith of a man so well known for his perfidious and bloody character. We expected every instant to see the satellites of the tyrant arrive to take our lives, and we vainly sought to discover some means of extricating ourselves from his clutches. On the third day, the Drayhy shouted out that he would rather be dead than endure this uncertainty; and he sent for one of the ministers of Ebn Sihoud, named Abou el Sallem, to whom he spoke as follows:—"Go, and deliver these words to your master from me—

What you intend doing, do promptly; I will make you no reproaches; I shall only accuse myself for having fallen into your power."

El Sallem obeyed, but returned not, and the answer we got was twenty-five armed negroes, who drew up at our door. We were then beyond question prisoners! How I cursed the insane curiosity which had brought me into a peril so purely gratuitous! The Drayhy had no fears for death, but constraint was insupportable to him; he paced up and down the room with great strides, as a lion growling behind the bars of his cage. At length he addressed himself to me:—

"I will put an end to this; I will go to Ebn Sihoud, and reproach him with his perfidy. I see that good nature and patience are quite useless, so I will at least die with dignity."

He again demanded El Sallem; and as soon as he appeared, he said to him, "Return to your master, and inform him, that, upon the faith of the Bedouins, I claim a right to speak with him; he will have plenty of time to do as he likes afterwards."

The Wahabite having granted an audience, El Sallem ushered us before him; when in his presence, he never asked us to sit down, or responded to the usual greeting.

"What do you want?" said he gruffly.

The Drayhy, drawing himself up with dignity, replied in the following set speech:—

"I came to your place of abode, oh! son of Sihoud, on the faith of your promises, with a suite of only ten persons—I, who command myriads of warriors! We are without means of defence in your hands; you are in the very seat of your power, and you can grind us to the dust; but know, that from the frontier of India to the frontier of Negde, in Persia, Mesopotamia, Hemad, the two Syrias, Galilee, and Horan, every man who wears a café will ask an account of my blood, and seek vengeance for my death. If you are the king of the Bedouins, as you pretend, how come you to degrade yourself with treachery? Such is the vile calling of the Turks. Treachery is not the part of the powerful, but of the feeble and the poltroon. You, who boast of your virtues, and pretend to hold your power from God himself, if you wish your glory to be untarnished, restore me to my country, and fight me in the open field; for, in abusing my confidence, you render yourself an object of contempt to all, you are utterly dishonoured, and your kingdom will hasten to decay. I have spoken. Now do what you please; you will repent your conduct some day. I am only one of thousands; my death will not diminish my tribe, nor extinguish the race of Chahlan. My son, Saher, will take my place; he yet remains to lead on my Bedouins, and exact the uttermost vengeance for my slaughter. Be then admonished, and open your eyes to the truth."

During this discourse, the king played with his beard, and checked his rising anger. After a moment's silence he said to the Drayhy,

"Go in peace; nothing but good shall befall you."

We then retired, but we were still beset by guards.

This first success brought round the courtiers, who had listened with speechless terror to the bold words of the Drayhy, and were wonder-struck at the calmness with which the tyrant had supported the infliction. They now began to visit us, and Abou el Sallem even had us to dine with him. Nevertheless, I was very far from being at ease on my own account; I thought that Ebn Sihoud would certainly not dare push matters to extremity with the Drayhy, but I had considerable fears that he might throw all the blame on my counsels, and immolate me, a poor obscure glaiour, to his resentment. I communicated my apprehensions to the Drayhy, who reassured me, by swearing that they should only come at me by marching over his body, and that I should be the first to leave the gates of Darkisch.

On the following day, Ebn Sihoud caused us to be summoned to the presence, and he received us very graciously, and ordered coffee to be brought. He afterwards began to question the Drayhy as to the persons who accompanied him. "Now is my turn," thought I to myself, and my heart palpitated somewhat; but I took courage; and when the Drayhy named me, the king, turning towards me, said,

"Are you, then, Abdallah the Christian?"

On my answering in the affirmative, he resumed, "I see that your actions are much larger than your body."

"The ball of a rifle is a trifling object," said I in return, "yet it slays great men."

His majesty smiled. After a pause, he continued, "I have much difficulty in believing all that is said of you. I wish you would answer me frankly. Pray, what is the object of this alliance you have been labouring to effect for several years?"

"The object is a very simple one," I replied. "We have endeavoured to unite all the Bedouins of Syria, under the command of the Drayhy, to resist the Turks; and it must be evident to you, that we thus form an impenetrable barrier between you and your enemies."

"That is all very good," he said; "but if it be so, how come you to have sought the destruction of my armies before Hama?"

"Because you were an obstacle to our designs," I answered; "it was not for you, but the Drayhy, that we were at work. His power once established in Syria, Mesopotamia, and as far as Persia, we would have desired an alliance with you, so as to become, by such

means, invulnerable in the possession of our liberty. The children of the same nation, we have to defend the same cause; and it is with this view that we have come here to form an indissoluble union with you. You have received us in a most disagreeable manner, and the Drayhy has reproached you in terms not too pleasing to your ears; but our intentions are open, and we have given a good proof of it, by coming unarmed in reliance upon your good faith."

The countenance of the king grew brighter as I spoke; and when I had concluded, he said, "I am content."

Then, turning to his slaves, he ordered *three* courses of coffee. I internally thanked the Lord for having so happily inspired me. The rest of the interview was passed in the best understanding, and we retired in great satisfaction. In the evening we were invited to a grand supper at the house of one of the ministers, called Adramouti, who entertained us with a confidential relation of the cruelties of his master, and of the universal execration into which he had fallen. He spoke to us also of his immense riches; the wealth he got hold of on the pillage of Mecca was not to be reckoned. From the first years of the Hegira, the Mussulman monarchs, the caliphs, the sultans, and the kings of Persia, sent every year to the tomb of the prophet considerable gifts, in jewels, lamps, golden candelabras, precious stones, &c., besides the offerings of the faithful commonalty. The throne alone, the gift of a Persian king, of solid gold, encrusted with pearls and diamonds, was of inestimable value. Every prince sent a crown of gold, enriched with precious stones, to suspend in the vault of the chapel; there was a countless multitude of them when Ebn Sihoud plundered it. A single diamond, of the size of a walnut, which was placed on the tomb, was regarded as beyond all price. When we reflect upon all that successive ages had accumulated on this one spot, we need not be surprised that the king loaded forty camels with precious stones, in addition to massive articles of gold and silver. Upon estimating these prodigious treasures, and the tithes he exacts every year from his allies, I believe that he may be regarded as the richest potentate on earth, especially if we consider that he has no expenses to bear; that he forbids luxury under severe penalties; and that, in time of war, each tribe has to furnish subsistence to his armies, and support all the charges and losses, without ever obtaining the least return.

The next day, I felt so happy at having recovered my liberty, that I walked about the whole day, and visited Darkisch and its environs in detail. The town, built of white stone, contains 7000 inhabitants, almost all of whom are the relations, ministers, or generals, of Ebn Sihoud. I saw no artisans. The only trades which are exercised are those of armourers and farriers, and even they are in small number. There was nothing to buy, not even food. Each inhabitant lives on his own property, that is to say, on a plot of ground or a garden, which produces wheat, vegetables, and fruits, and supports a few chickens; their numerous flocks graze in the plain; and every Wednesday, the inhabitants of Yemen and Mecca come to exchange their merchandise for cattle. This sort of fair is the sole commerce of the country. The women go out without veils, but they throw a black mashla over their heads, which is extremely ungainly; in other respects, they are ugly enough, and tawny to a calamitous extent. The gardens, situated in a charming valley near the town, on the opposite side to that by which we arrived, produce the finest fruits in the world; bananas, oranges, pomegranates, figs, apples, melons, &c., interspersed with barley and maize. They are irrigated with great care.

The day following, the king, having summoned us afresh, received us in a marvellously agreeable manner, and put a number of questions to me upon the different sovereigns of Europe, especially upon Napoleon, for whom he had a great veneration. The tales of his victories were his chief delight; and fortunately, my frequent conversations with M. Lascaris enabled me to give him a variety of details on that subject. After each description of a battle, he exclaimed—

"Of a surety that man is an envoy of God; I am convinced that he is in close communion with his creator, since he is so highly favoured by him."

Afterwards, relaxing more and more into affability, and changing the subject, he said to me, "Abdallah, I am anxious for you to tell me the truth; what is the groundwork of Christianity?"

Knowing the prejudices of the Wababite, I shuddered at hearing this question, but, praying God to inspire me, I replied—

"The groundwork of all religion, oh, son of Sihoud, is a belief in God. The Christians believe like you, that there is only one God, the creator of the universe, who punishes the wicked, pardons the repentant, and rewards the good; that he alone is great, all-merciful, and all-powerful."

"That is good," said he; "but how do you pray?"

I repeated to him the Lord's Prayer; he made it be written down by his secretary to my dictation, then read it over, and put it in his vest; after which, resuming his interrogatory, he asked me on what side we turned to pray.

"We pray on all sides," I answered, "for God is every where."

"In that respect, I perfectly approve of your practice," said he; "but you must have precepts as well as prayers."

I recited the ten commandments given by God to his prophet Moses. He appeared to know them, and pursued his questions.

"And Jesus Christ, how do you consider him?"

"As the word of God made flesh, as the divine word."

"But he was crucified."

"As the word he could not die, but as man he suffered by the machinations of the wicked."

"It is wonderful! And the Holy Book which God has inspired Jesus Christ with, is it revered amongst you? Do you exactly follow its doctrines?"

"We preserve it with the greatest respect, and obey its precepts in all things."

"The Turks have made a god of their prophet, and pray upon his tomb like idolaters; may they be effectually cursed, who give the Creator an equal! May the sabre exterminate them!"

Thus, entering upon the topic of the Turks, he inveighed against them in unmeasured terms, as also against tobacco, wine, and unclean meats. I felt too happy to have adroitly parried his perilous questions, to venture any dispute with him on insignificant points, and I allowed him to believe that I abhorred the use of that evil weed, for it was thus he stigmatised tobacco; which caused the Drayhy to smile, as he knew that one of the greatest possible sacrifices for me was the privation of smoking, and that I eagerly availed myself of every instant that I could, without fear of discovery, draw my much-loved pipe from its hiding-place. This very day, at this very time, I felt an extreme itching for it, for I had talked much, and drunk very strong Mocha.

The king seemed highly gratified at our conversation, and he said to me—

"I see that we are always learning something. I believed, until now, that the Christians were the most superstitious of mortals, but I am convinced that they are much nearer the true religion than the Turks."

Taking him on the whole, Ebn Sihoud is a well-informed man, and of great power of speech, but a fanatic in his religious opinions. He has a legitimate wife, and one slave, two sons married, and a daughter still very young. He only eats of food prepared by his women, for fear of being poisoned. The guarding of his palace is entrusted to a troop of 1000 negroes, well armed. He can bring together, in his own dominions, a million and a half of Bedouins capable of bearing arms. When he intends nominating a governor of a province, he summons the person to whom he has destined the post, and invites him to eat with him. After the meal, they perform their ablutions and prayers together; and the king, then girding him with a sabre, says, "I have chosen you, by orders from God, to govern his slaves;

be humane and just. Collect the tithe to the uttermost, and cut off the heads of the Turks and infidels, who say that God has an equal; allow not one of them to tarry in your district. May the Lord give victory to those who believe in his unity!"

He delivers him afterwards a small piece of writing, which enjoins the inhabitants to obey the governor in all things, under pain of severe chastisement.

We visited the stables of the king. It would be impossible, I think, for an amateur in horse-flesh to find any sight more superb. There were eighty white mares, ranged in a single row, of an incomparable beauty, and so exactly alike, that I could not distinguish the one from the other; their hides, glittering like silver, dazzled the eyes. One hundred and twenty of different colours, but equally symmetrical in form, occupied another building. In spite of my antipathy for horses, since the accident which had so nearly cost me my life, I was seized with admiration whilst surveying the contents of these stables.

We supped one evening with the generalissimo Hedai, who was reconciled with the Drayhy. The famous Abou-Noctai, who was one of the guests, likewise treated him with the greatest politeness. For several days we were shut up in secret conclave with Ebn Sihoud, to treat upon affairs. The detail of the negotiation would be tedious. It is sufficient to say that an alliance was concluded between him and the Drayhy, to their mutual satisfaction, and the king declared that *their two bodies were directed by only one soul*. The treaty being arranged, he made us eat with him for the first time, and he tasted of every dish before offering it to us. As he had never seen any one eat except with the fingers, I made a spoon and fork with a piece of wood, spread out my handkerchief in the shape of a napkin, and commenced eating in the European fashion, which exhibition gave him a hearty laugh.

"Thanks be to God!" said he, moderating his hilarity, "every nation believes its own customs the best, and is thus contented with its lot."

Our departure being fixed for the following day, the king sent us, as presents, seven of his finest mares, led by as many slaves, mounted on camels; and when each of us had made his choice, we had sabres presented to us, the blades of which were very exquisite, but the scabbards were without ornament. He ordered our servants to receive more ordinary sabres, mashlas, and 100 tallaris. We took leave of Ebn Sihoud with the accustomed ceremonies, and were accompanied beyond the walls by all the officers of his court. When we reached the gates of the town, the Drayhy stopped, and, turning towards me, invited me to pass first, saying, with a smile, that he must keep his word. I confess, that notwithstanding the politeness that was shown to us at the end of our visit, the anguish I had suffered at the commencement had made such an impression upon me, that I cleared the gateway with a feeling of rapture.

We took the road towards the country of Heggias, sleeping each night among the tribes which covered the desert. On the fifth day, after passing the night under the tents of El Henadi, we arose with the sun, and went out to saddle our dromedaries, when we found, to our great surprise, that their heads were buried in the sand, and it was not possible for us to draw them out. We called the Bedouins of the tribe to our aid, who informed us that the instinct of the camels led them to conceal their heads thus, in order to escape the simoom; that their doing so was an infallible presage of that terrible tempest of the desert, which would not be long in breaking loose; and that we could not proceed on the journey without meeting a certain death. The camels, who perceive the approach of this fearful storm two or three hours before it bursts, turn themselves to the side opposed to the wind, and dig into the sand. It is impossible to make them stir from that position either to eat or drink, during the whole tempest, were it to last for several days. Providence has endowed them with this instinct of preservation, which never deceives them.

When we learnt with what we were threatened, we

partook the general consternation, and hastened to take all the precautions which they pointed out to us. It is not sufficient to put the horses under shelter; it is requisite also to cover their heads and stop up their ears, otherwise they will be suffocated by the whirlwinds of fine impalpable sand, which the storm sweeps furiously before it. The men collect under the tents, block up the crevices with the greatest care, and provide a supply of water, which they keep within reach; they then lie down on the ground, their heads covered with the mashlas, and thus remain all the time that the tornado continues.

The camp was thrown into the greatest tumult, each bent on providing safety for his cattle, and afterwards withdrawing precipitately under his tent. We had scarcely got our beautiful Negde mares under cover, than the tempest burst. Impetuous blasts of wind hurled clouds of red and burning sand in eddies, and overthrew all upon which their fury fell; or heaping up hills, they buried all that had strength to resist being carried away. If at this period any part of the body be exposed, the flesh is scorched as if a hot iron had touched it. The water, which was intended to cool us, began to boil, and the temperature of the tent exceeded that of a Turkish bath. The hurricane blew in all its fury for six hours, and gradually subsided during six more; an hour longer, and I believe we had been all stifled. When we ventured to leave the tents, a frightful spectacle presented itself; five children, two women, and a man, were lying dead upon the still burning sand, and several Bedouins had their faces blackened, and entirely calcined, as if by a blast from a fiery furnace. When the wind of the simoom strikes an unfortunate wretch on the head, the blood gushes in streams from his mouth and nostrils, his face swells, becomes black, and he shortly dies of suffocation. We returned thanks to the Lord for not having surprised us with this fearful scourge in the midst of the desert, and for having thus preserved us from so deplorable a death.

When the weather permitted us to quit the camp of Henadi, a twelve hours' march brought us to our own tribe, where I embraced Scheik Ibrahim with a truly filial love. We passed several days in recounting our adventures; and when I was completely recovered from my fatigues, M. Lascaris, taking me aside, addressed me as follows:—"My dear son, we have nothing more to do here. Glory be to God, all is terminated, and my enterprise has succeeded beyond my utmost hopes. We must now go and give an account of our mission."

We quitted our friends, in the hope of seeing them again shortly at the head of the expedition for which we had prepared the way, and smoothed the difficulties. Proceeding by Damascus, Aleppo, and Caramania, we arrived at Constantinople in the month of April, after a journey of twenty-six days, frequently through snows. In this fatiguing march I lost my beautiful Negde mare, the present of Ebn Sihoud, which I reckoned upon selling for at least 30,000 piastres; but this was only the forerunner of the misfortunes which were in wait for us. The plague was raging at Constantinople, and General Andreossi made us take up our quarters at Keghat-Kani, where we passed three months in quarantine. It was during this period that we learnt the dismal catastrophe of Moscow, and the retreat of the French army on Paris. M. Lascaris was at the height of despair, and knew not what step to take. After two months of uncertainty, he decided upon returning into Syria, to await the issue of events. We accordingly embarked on board a vessel loaded with wheat. A furious tempest drove us to Chios, where we again met the plague. M. de Bourville, French consul there, procured us a lodging, in which we remained shut up for two months longer.

Having lost almost all our effects in the storm, and being unable to hold communication outside, on account of the contagion, we found ourselves without clothes, and exposed to very great privations.

At length the quarantine was removed. M. Lascaris having received a letter from the consul-general at Smyrna, who invited him to a conference with the

Generals Lallemand and Savary, determined upon going there, and permitted me to pass some time with my poor mother, whom I had not seen for six years.

My travels possessing no further interest, I pass over the interval which elapsed between my separation from M. Lascaris and my return to Syria, to arrive at the sad conclusion.

Being at Latakia with my mother, and waiting for a vessel to transport me to Egypt, where M. Lascaris had ordered me to rejoin him, I saw a French brig of war arrive. I hastened on board to get my letters, and I learnt the melancholy intelligence of the death of my benefactor at Cairo. No words can give an idea of my despair. I felt the love of a son for M. Lascaris, and furthermore, I lost with him all my hopes for the future. M. Drovetti, French consul at Alexandria, wrote me to come to him with all possible dispatch. It was forty days before I could find an opportunity of embarking, and when I arrived at Alexandria, M. Drovetti had departed for Upper Egypt; I followed, and reached him at Asscut. He informed me that M. Lascaris having arrived in Egypt with an English passport, Mr Salt, English consul in Egypt, had taken possession of his effects. He instructed me to apply to him for payment of my salary (500 tallaris per annum), which was about six years in arrear, and recommended me strongly to insist upon restitution of the manuscript of M. Lascaris' travels, as it was a document of the highest importance.

I returned immediately to Cairo. Mr Salt received me very coldly, and told me that M. Lascaris having died under English protection, he had sent his effects and papers to England. All my remonstrances were useless. I remained a long time at Cairo, in the hope of getting my arrears of salary paid, and of obtaining the papers of M. Lascaris. At last Mr Salt threatened to have me arrested by the Egyptian authorities; and it was owing to the generous interference of M. Drovetti that I escaped that peril. Tired of this fruitless strife, I quitted Egypt, and returned to Latakia to my family, more unfortunate and impoverished than when I quitted it, on departing from Aleppo for the first time.

END OF THE STORY OF FATALLA SAYEGHIR.

[The translator of the present edition of Lamartine has considered that the translation of the poems of Antar would appear more appropriately immediately succeeding the relation of Fatalla Sayeghir's residence amongst the Bedouins of the desert, with whose manners these poems are intimately connected, than in an earlier part of the work. Their perusal will, it is conceived, be more relished, from the previous insight which Fatalla's story has given into the usages of those singular tribes.]

FRAGMENTS OF THE POEM OF ANTAR.

'FIRST FRAGMENT.

ONE day, Antar, having come to the tent of his uncle Mallek, was agreeably surprised at the favourable reception with which he was greeted. He owed this welcome, so novel to him, to the lively remonstrances of the King Zoheir, who that very morning had strongly urged Mallek to yield to the wishes of his nephew, by granting him his cousin Abba, whom he passionately loved. They spoke of preparations for the marriage; and Abba being anxious to know from her cousin what his projects were, he said to her, "I am ready to do every thing that is agreeable to you." "But," replied she, "I only ask for myself what has been accomplished for others, what Kaled-Ebn-Mohareb did before his marriage with his cousin Djida." "Fool!" exclaimed her father wrathfully, "who has told you of that? No, nephew," he added, turning to Antar, "we will not follow that example." But Antar, overjoyed at perceiving his uncle, for the first time, so amiable towards him, and desiring to give his cousin satisfaction, begged her to relate to him the details of this marriage. "Be-

hold then," said she, "what the women who came to compliment me on your return, have told me. Kaled, on the day of his marriage, slew a thousand camels and twenty lions, these last with his own hand. The camels belonged to Mulaeb-el-Assene, an emir renowned amid the most valiant warriors. He fed for three days three great tribes whom he had bid to the wedding. Each plate contained a piece of the flesh of lions. The daughter of the King Eben-el-Nazal held the halter of the naka* which Djida mounted." "What, then, is there so wonderful in all that?" said Antar. "By the king of Lanyam and Hattim, none other shall lead your naka but Djida herself, with the head of her husband hung in a sack about her neck."

Mallek scolded his daughter for having broached this subject, pretending to be much displeased with her, whilst it was he who had secretly incited the women to give all these details to Abba, in order to throw Antar into difficulty. Being satisfied with the oath of his nephew, and desirous of turning the conversation, he poured out wine for him, hoping he would become yet more bound to the demands of his daughter.

When the evening was over, as Antar was about to retire, Mallek begged him to forget the remarks of Abba, wishing thus indirectly to recall them to his mind. Having returned home, Antar told his brother Chaiboub to get ready his horse, El Abga, and he immediately departed, proceeding towards the mountain of Beni-Toualek. On the road he related to Chaiboub what had passed that very evening with Abba. "Cursed be your uncle!" exclaimed his brother; "what a wicked man! From whom has Abba learnt what she has recounted to you, but from her father, who wishes to get rid of you, by precipitating you into such great perils?" Antar, without paying the least attention to the words of Chaiboub, told him to hasten his steps, so as to arrive a day earlier, so eager was he to fulfil his engagement. He then recited the following verses:—

"I traverse rough paths in the darkness of night. I march through the desert full of the loftiest ardour, with no companion but my sabre, and numbering not my enemies. Lions, follow me! you will see the earth strewn with corpses to fatten the birds of the sky!

Kaled† is no longer rightly named, since I am seeking for him. Djida can exult no more!

Their lands are no longer in safety; tigers will soon be the only inhabitants.

Abba! Receive thus early my congratulations upon all those things that shall adorn your triumph!

Oh thou! whose glances, similar to arrows charged with death, have inflicted upon me such incurable wounds, thy presence is paradise, thy absence a devouring flame!

Oh Allan-el-Fandi! May thou be blessed by the all-powerful God!

I have drunk of wine sweeter than nectar, for it was poured out for me by the hand of beauty.

So long as I shall behold the sun, I will proclaim her merit, and if I die for her, my name will not perish."

When he had finished, the day commenced to appear. He continued his route towards the tribe of Beni-Zobaïd. Kaled, the hero of that tribe, enjoyed in it more consideration than the king himself. He was so formidable in war, that his name alone made the neighbouring tribes tremble. Behold his history, and that of his cousin Djida:—

Two emirs—Mohareb, father of Kaled, and Zaher, father of Djida—governed the Bedouins called Beni-Aumaya, renowned for their valour. They were brothers. The eldest, Mohareb, commanded in chief; Zaher served under his orders. One day, after a hot dispute, Mohareb raised his hand to his brother, who returned home with his heart full of resentment. His wife, being informed of the cause of the excited state in which she saw him, said to him, "You ought not to suffer such an affront, you, the most valiant warrior of the tribe, you, renowned for your strength and courage." He answered, "I must respect an elder brother."

* She-camel.

† Happy.

"Well, then, rejoined his wife, "quit him; go elsewhere and establish your residence; but remain not here in humiliation. Follow the precepts of a poet whose verses are as follow :—

'If you experience crosses or misfortunes in a place, remove from it, and let the house regret him who built it.

Your food is the same every where; but your soul once lost can never be recovered.

Never charge another with your affairs; you will always transact them best yourself.

Lions are fierce because they are free.

Sooner or later man must submit to his destiny; what signifies the place where he dies?

Follow, therefore, the counsels of experience."

These verses made Zaher resolve to forsake his home, with all that belonged to him; and when ready to depart, he recited the following verses :—

"I will go far from you, to a distance of a thousand years, each year a thousand leagues long. If you offered me, as an inducement to remain, a thousand Egypts, each watered by a thousand Niles, I would still remove from you and your lands, repeating, to justify our separation, a couplet which is without an equal : 'Man should fly the places where barbarity reigns.'"

Zaher, proceeding on his march, went to the tribe of Beni-Assac, where he was most favourably received, and chosen its chief. Zaher, being grateful, settled there. Some time afterwards he had a daughter, named Djida, whom he passed for a boy, and who grew up under the name of Giaudar. Her father made her accompany him on horseback, exercised her in combat, and thus drew out her natural disposition and courage. A scholar of the tribe learnt her the arts of reading and writing, in which she made rapid progress. She was perfect in itself, for she united to all these qualities an admirable beauty. Thus was it said on all sides, "Happy the woman who shall espouse the Emir Giaudar !"

Her father, having fallen dangerously ill, and believing himself on the point of death, called his wife and said to her, "I conjure you not to contract a fresh marriage after my death, which would separate you from your daughter; but contrive affairs so that she may continue to pass for a man. If, after I am gone, you do not here enjoy the same consideration, return to my brother; I am sure he will receive you well. Take good care of your riches. Money will make you everywhere respected. Be generous and affable, and you will find your reward; in a word, always continue to act as you do at present."

After an illness of a few days, Zaher got better. Giaudar never intermitted his warlike forays, and gave such undoubted tokens of valour in all circumstances, that it became a proverbial saying, "Take care how you approach the tribe of Giaudar."

As to Kaled, he accompanied his father, Mohareb, in his daily exercises, in which the most courageous warriors of the tribe took part. They were like a real battle, each day producing its wounded; Kaled caught in them the spirit of emulation to become a great hero, a spirit which the renown gained by his cousin for valour excited still more. He was actuated by a powerful desire to go and see his cousin, but durst not do so, as he was aware of the dissensions that prevailed between their parents. At the age of fifteen, Kaled had become the most valiant warrior of his tribe, when he had the misfortune to lose his father. He was chosen to fill his place; and as he exhibited the same virtues, he was not long in gaining general esteem and respect. Having one day proposed to his mother to go and see his uncle, they immediately departed, bearing with them rich presents in horses, caparisons, arms, &c. Zaher received them with unbounded joy, and lavished on his nephew all manner of kindnesses and attentions, for his reputation was well known to him. Kaled tenderly embraced his cousin Giaudar, and conceived for him a warm attachment during the time that he passed with his uncle. Every day he pursued with ardour his military exercises, and charmed Giaudar, who perceived him to be an accomplished warrior, full of

courage and generosity, affable, eloquent, and of masculine beauty. They consumed whole days, and even the greater part of the nights, together. At last Giaudar grew so fond of Kaled, that he entered his mother's tent one day, and said to her, "If my cousin returns to his tribe without me, I shall die of chagrin, for I am desperately in love with him." "I am far from disproving your passion," answered the parent; "you have good reason to love him, for he pleases every one; besides, he is your cousin, you are of the same blood, almost of the same age, and a more fitting match than you, Kaled could not find; but, in the first place let me speak to his mother, and apprise her of your sex. We will wait until to-morrow; when she comes to visit me as usual, I will inform her of all; we will arrange your nuptials, and depart all together."

The next day she set herself to comb her daughter's hair at the time that the mother of Kaled generally came to her; and when the latter entered the tent, she inquired who that beautiful girl might be; and then the mother of Djida related to her her daughter's history, and the will of her father to have her concealed under the garb of a man. "I make known to you this secret," added she, "because I wish to give her in marriage to your son." "I consent to that project most cordially," replied the mother of Kaled; "what an honour for my son to possess so glorious a beauty!" Then, going in search of Kaled, she communicated to him the whole history, affirming that there was no woman existing whose beauty was to be compared to that of his cousin. "Go, therefore," said she, "and ask her in marriage from your uncle; and if he is good enough to grant her to you, you will be the happiest of mortals."

"I was decided in my own mind," replied her son, "not to separate myself from my cousin Giaudar, so greatly was I attached to him; but since he is a girl, I will have nothing more in common with her; I prefer the society of warriors, the strifes of combat, the hunting of elephants and lions, to the possession of beauty; let there be therefore no more question of this marriage, for I am determined to depart this very instant." In fact, he ordered the preparations for departure, and went to take leave of his uncle, who asked him what put him in such a hurry, and begged him to remain a few days longer. "It is impossible," answered Kaled; "my tribe is without a chief; it is quite necessary I should return to it." With these words he set off on his route, accompanied by his mother, who had uttered her farewell to Djida's mother, apprising her at the same time of her conversation with her son.

On learning the refusal of her cousin, Djida abandoned herself to the bitterest grief, and refused to eat or drink, so powerful was her passion for Kaled. Her father, seeing her in this state, believed her afflicted with illness, and ceased to take her with him in his excursions. One day, when he was gone to a distance, to surprise an antagonist tribe, she said to her mother, "I will not die for a person who has treated me with so little regard; by the assistance of Providence, I will find out a means of making him also suffer various torments, even those of love." Then, rising with the rage of a lioness, she mounted on horseback, telling her mother that she was going to the chase, and departed for the tribe of her cousin, in the costume of a Bedouin of Kegiaz. She was lodged with one of the chiefs, who, taking her for a warrior, gave her a most hospitable reception. The next day, she presented herself for the military exercises under the command of her cousin, and commenced a combat with him, which lasted until noon. The struggle between these two heroes excited the admiration of all the spectators. Kaled, astonished beyond measure at encountering a warrior who could make head against himself, ordered that all possible civilities should be paid to him. The next day witnessed a similar strife, which continued the third and the fourth day. During all this time, Kaled exerted his ingenuity to learn who the stranger was, but without success. On the fourth day, the combat lasted until evening, without either being able to wound the other,

during the whole time. When it was over, Kaled said to his adversary, "In the name of that God who has gifted you with so stout a valour, let me know your country and your tribe." Then Djida, raising her mask, said to him, "I am she, who, though despised by you, yet wished to marry you, and whom you rejected, preferring, as you said, battles and hunts to the possession of a woman; I have come here to make you aware of the force and courage of her whom you cast from you."

After uttering these words, she resumed her mask, and returned home, leaving Kaled in sadness and irresolution, without strength or presence of mind, and so overwhelmed that he fell back in a swoon. When he came to himself, his ardour for war, and the hunting of wild beasts, had given place to love; he went to his mother, and communicated to her this sudden change, giving her likewise an account of his combat with Djida. "You deserve what has befallen you," she said to him; "you would not believe me formerly. Your cousin has acted as she ought, by punishing you for your pride towards her." Kaled remarked that he was not in a state to support her reproaches, and that he had more need of compassion, and he entreated her to go and ask his cousin for him. She immediately went off to the tribe of Djida, in great distress for her son, whom she left in a deplorable state.

As to Djida, after she made herself known to her cousin, she returned to her tribe. Her mother had been uneasy at her absence, and she related to her her adventure, which not a little surprised her, when she heard of so much courage. Three days after her return, the mother of Kaled arrived, who immediately addressed herself to Djida. She told her she was come on the part of her cousin to join them together, and intimated to her, at the same time, the mournful condition in which she had quitted him. "Such a marriage is now impossible," said Djida; "I will never espouse him who has refused me; I merely intended to teach him a lesson, and punish him for having made me suffer so cruelly." Her aunt, representing to her that if he had caused her some pain, he was, at this moment, more unfortunate than she. "If I were to die," cried Djida, "I never would be his wife!" Her father not having yet returned, the mother of Kaled could not speak with him. Finding that she got no satisfaction from Djida, she returned to her son, whom she found pining with love, and already much changed. She gave him an account of her mission, the result of which increased his despair and agony. "There is only one step left for you," said his mother; "take with you the chiefs of your tribe, and those of the tribes, your allies, and go to her father and ask her from him; if he says he has no daughter, relate to him your history, and he will deny you no longer, but feel himself compelled to grant her to you."

Kaled, that same instant, convoked the chiefs and the old men of the tribe, and made them privy to the circumstances that had befallen him. The recital struck them with astonishment. "It is a wondrous history!" said Mehdi-Karab, one of them; "it deserves to be written in letters of gold. We were ignorant that your uncle had a daughter; we knew only his son, named Giaudar; whence comes, then, this heroine? We will accompany you when you go to demand her hand, for no one is more worthy of it than yourself."

Kaled, being assured of his uncle's return, took his departure, escorted by twenty of the chief men of his tribe, and a hundred cavaliers. Rich presents followed in his train. Zaher welcomed them in his best style, without understanding the reason of his nephew's prompt return, as he was quite ignorant of his meeting with Djida. On the fourth day of his arrival, Kaled, kissing his uncle's hand, demanded his cousin in marriage, and prayed him to return and dwell with him. Zaher affirmed that he had only a boy, named Giaudar, the sole child whom God had granted him; but Kaled related to him all that had happened to him with his cousin. At this information Zaher was troubled, and, after an interval of silence, he said, "I did not think

this secret would ever be discovered; but since it is otherwise, none can have better pretensions to the hand of your cousin than you, and I therefore yield her to you." The price, or dowry, of Djida, was afterwards fixed before witnesses at 1000 red-haired camels, loaded with the choicest productions of Yemen. Then Zaher, entering his daughter's apartment, informed her of the engagement he had come under with Kaled. "I will subscribe it," answered she, "on condition that, on the day of my marriage, my cousin shall slay a thousand camels chosen from amongst those of Melaeb El Assené, of the tribe Beni Hamer." Her father, smiling at this request, bound his nephew to obey it. The latter having prevailed on his uncle, with many prayers, to return with him, they all set out together the next day. Zaher was received in his ancient tribe with all possible affection and respect, and was raised to the first station in it.

The day following his arrival, Kaled, at the head of 1000 chosen warriors, went forth to surprise the tribe of Beni-Hamer, gave it battle, and dangerously wounded Melaeb, from whom he took a greater number of camels than was demanded by Djida, and then returned in triumph to his camp. A few days after that, as he was begging his uncle to hasten the nuptials, his cousin said to him that she would never see him again under her tent, if he brought not to her the wife or the daughter of one of the most valiant emirs of Kail, to hold the halter of her camel, on the day of her marriage; "for I am determined," added she, "that all the young girls shall envy me." To satisfy this fresh demand, Kaled, at the head of a numerous army, attacked the tribe of Nihama Eben-el-Nazal, and, after several battles, he succeeded in capturing Aniamé, the daughter of Nihama, whom he took with him. Djida having no further request to make, he began, of his own accord, a hunt after lions. The day before that fixed for the wedding, as he was following the chase, he encountered a warrior, who, advancing towards him, cried out to him to surrender, and descend from his horse that very instant, upon pain of immediate death. Kaled replied to the summons by a vigorous attack upon this unknown enemy. A terrible combat ensued, and continued more than an hour; at length, fatigued by the resistance of an adversary whom he could not subdue, Kaled exclaimed, "Oh, son of a cursed race!—who are you?—what is your tribe?—and why come you to prevent me from continuing a chase which is of importance to me? May maledictions fall on you! Let me know at least whether I am fighting against an emir, or against a slave." Then his adversary, lifting the visor of his helmet, replied to him, with a smile, "How can a warrior talk in that strain to a young maiden?" Kaled, recognising his cousin, durst not answer her, so much was he overpowered with shame. "I thought," continued Djida, "that you might meet with obstacles in your chase, and I am come to assist you." "By the all-powerful God!" exclaimed Kaled, "I know no warrior so valiant as you, oh queen of beauty!" They then separated, agreeing to meet in the evening on the same spot, which they accordingly did, Kaled having slain one lion, and Djida a male and a female. They parted, more and more charmed with each other.

The nuptials lasted three days, with rejoicings of all sorts. More than 1000 camels and twenty lions were killed, the last by Kaled's own hand, with the exception of the two resulting from the hunt of his bride. Aniamé led by the halter the naka which Djida mounted. The two lovers were at the height of bliss.

Zaher died some time after this marriage, leaving the supreme command to his two children, Kaled and Djida. This heroic couple shortly became the terror of the desert.

Let us return to Antar and his brother. When they had arrived in the neighbourhood of the tribe, Antar sent forward his brother, to observe the nature of the ground, and the situation of Kaled's tent, so that he might take measures to attack it. Chaiboub returned to him the next day, with the information that his good fortune surpassed the wickedness of his uncle, as

Kaled was absent. He added, "There are only 100 horsemen in the tribe with Djida. Her husband has departed with Mehdi-Karab, and she is appointed to watch over the common safety. She mounts on horseback every night to make her rounds, followed by a score of troopers, and often goes to a distance, according to the account given me by the slaves." Antar, delighted at this news, told his brother that he hoped to make Djida a prisoner that very evening; that his duty would be to block the passage to her companions, in order that none of them might be able to warn the tribe, which would then start in pursuit. "If you allow a single man of them to escape," he added, "I will cut off your right hand." "I will do all you require," replied Chaiboub, "since I am here to assist you." They remained in concealment the whole day, and drew near the tribe after the sun had gone down. They soon saw several cavaliers coming towards them. Djida was at their head, singing the following verses:—

"The dust from the horses' feet is well scattered—war is my province.

The hunting of lions is a glory and triumph to other warriors, but none to me.

The stars know that my valour has eclipsed that of my fathers.

Who dares approach me when I traverse at night the mountains and the plain?

More than all others have I acquired renown in the discomfiture of the most formidable warriors."

Antar, hearing these verses, told his brother to keep on the left; and he himself, darting to the right, uttered his war-cry in a voice so powerful, that he struck terror into the twenty horsemen in the suite of Djida. Antar, losing no time, dashed upon her, struck down her horse with a blow of his sabre, and gave her so violent a stroke on the head that she lost all consciousness. He left her in order to pursue her companions, slew a dozen of them in a short time, and put the others to flight. Chaiboub, who awaited them in the rear, pierced six of them with his arrows, and Antar, flying to his assistance, disposed of the other two. He then told his brother to hasten to Djida and bind her, before she recovered her senses, and to take for her one of the horses of the cavaliers whom they had just slain. But Djida, after remaining an hour without sense, had come to herself, and, finding a horse without a rider, had taken possession of it. Hearing the voice of Antar, she drew her sabre, and cried out to him, "Do not flatter yourself, son of an accursed race, that you will see Djida in your power. I am here to make you bite the dust, and never should you have seen me on the ground, had you not had the fortune to kill my horse."

At these words she precipitated herself upon Antar with the fury of a lioness robbed of its cubs. He boldly sustained the shock, and a most terrific combat ensued between them. It continued for three entire hours, without any marked advantage on either side. Both were exhausted with fatigue. Chaiboub kept guard at a distance, that no succour might arrive to Djida, who, although weakened by her fall, and wounded in several places, still made an obstinate defence, in the vain hope of being assisted. At last, Antar, falling desperately upon her, seized her by the throat, and she once more swooned away. He took advantage of that to take away her weapons, and to bind her arms. Then Chaiboub urged his brother to depart, before the events of the night came to the knowledge of Djida's tribe and of her allies, who would put themselves in pursuit. But Antar refused, being unwilling to return to Beni-Abdess without plunder. "We cannot," said he, "thus abandon the fine flocks of this tribe, for we must then return a second time at the period of Aba's marriage. Let us wait for daylight; when they go to pasture, we will seize upon them, and then return to Beni-Abdess."

In the morning, the flocks being led to graze, Antar took possession of a thousand nakas, and a thousand camels, with their conductors, entrusted them to Chaiboub to convey them away, and remained to fight the guards, of whom he made a great carnage. Those who were able to escape ran to the tribe, crying out, that a

single negro warrior had seized upon all their flocks, slain a great number of them, and remained upon the field of battle, waiting for them to come and attack him. "We believe," they added, "that he has killed or taken Djida." "Is there in the world a warrior who can make head against Djida, and, still more, conquer her?" asked Giabe, one of the most distinguished chiefs. The others, knowing that she had issued forth the previous evening, and not seeing her return, thought that she was perhaps at the chase. They agreed, however, in all circumstances, to depart instantly to recover their flocks. They marched in troops of twenty and thirty, and soon came up to Antar, who calmly awaited the combat on his horse, and leaning his head on his lance. All cried out at the same time, "Fool! who are you that thus come in search of instant death?"

Without deigning any answer, Antar attacked them with impetuosity, and, in spite of their numbers (there were eighty of them), he easily put them to rout, after inflicting wounds upon several. He afterwards thought it expedient to rejoin his brother, for fear the herds had made away with him; but, as he was setting off, he saw a great cloud of dust arise out of the middle of the desert, and conceiving it to be the enemy, "This is the day," cried he, "that the man must show himself." He continued his route, when he met Chaiboub, who was returning towards him. He asked him what he had done with Djida and the flocks. "When the herds perceived that dust," answered his brother, "they revolted, and refused to continue the march, saying, it was Kaled returning with his army. I slew three of them, but knowing you to be alone against a multitude, I have come to your succour. It were better to die together than separated." "Wretch!" exclaimed Antar, "you were afraid, and have abandoned Djida and the flocks; but I swear by the All-powerful! I will this day perform prodigies that will be celebrated in ages to come!" Having thus spoken, he flew after Djida, whom the herds had unloosed after the departure of Chaiboub. She was on horseback, but wounded, and without arms. Antar, having slain four of the herds, the rest being out of his reach, pursued Djida, who endeavoured to join the army, which was advancing, believing it to be her tribe. But when she was in the middle of the horsemen, she heard them chanting these words: "Antar, most valiant hero, we come to aid you, although you have no need of our assistance."

It was, in fact, the army of Beni-Abdess, commanded by the King Zoheir in person. This prince missing Antar, and fearing that his uncle had engaged him, according to custom, in some perilous enterprise, had sent to Chidad, his father, to gain intelligence of him. Being unable to obtain any from him, he had caused Mallek to be interrogated, who feigned to be no better informed. Chidad had then inquired of Aba, whose candour he knew; and having learnt all from her, he gave information to the king, whose sons, exasperated at Mallek, had taken an immediate resolution to go in search of Antar, saying, that if they found him in safety and in health, they would celebrate his marriage on their return; and that, if he were dead, they would put Mallek to death, on account of the loss of the hero so precious to his tribe. Informed of the project of his sons, Chass and Maalek, the king had determined to put himself at the head of his most valiant warriors, and had quitted the tribe, followed by 4000 cavaliers, in the number of whom was Mallek. During the march, the latter having asked the king what his purpose was: "I wish," answered Zoheir, "to go and extricate Antar from the fatal expedition in which you have involved him." "I assure you," replied Mallek, "that I know nothing about it. Aba alone is culpable; to put an end to the matter, I will return home, and cut off her head." Chass, taking up the conversation, said, "Upon my honour, Mallek, it were better that you were dead; if I were not moved by respect for my father, and friendship for Antar, I would make your head fly from your shoulders." Saying these words, he struck him a violent blow with his courbash, commanding him to be gone, he and his.

On returning from the tribe, Mallek, having collected his relations and friends together, departed, followed by 700 of his own people. The Rabek, one of the most renowned chiefs, and Herone Eben El Wuard, accompanied him with 100 chosen troopers. They marched all the day, and in the evening they pitched their tents, to hold a council, and decide where they were to go, and with what tribe they could unite themselves. "We are," said the Rabek, "more than 700. Let us wait here for news of Antar; if he escapes the danger, and returns to Beni-Abbess, Zoheir will certainly come in search of us; if he perishes, we will migrate, and establish ourselves farther off." This opinion having prevailed, they remained in that place. As to Zoheir, he had continued his march to the assistance of Antar, whom he at last met pursuing Djida. This latter, having obtained the promise of her life, was bound afresh, and given in charge to Chaiboub.

As soon as Antar perceived the king, he got off horseback, and advanced to kiss his sandal, saying, "My lord, you do too much for your slave! why take so much trouble for me?" "Do you wish me, then," said Zoheir, "to leave a hero such as you alone in an enemy's country? You should have communicated to me the demands of your uncle; I would either have satisfied him by giving him my own flocks, or accompanied you in your enterprise."

Antar, having thanked him, went to salute the two sons of the king, Chass and Maalek, and his father Chidad, who told him what had happened to the father of Abia. "My uncle," said Antar, "knows my love for his daughter, and takes an improper advantage of it; but thanks to God, and the terror which our king Zoheir inspires, I have succeeded in my design, and if I had only had fifty horsemen with me, I would have rendered myself master of all the flocks of the three tribes, which were almost without defence; but since I find you here, we will proceed and seize upon them. It shall not be said that the king has taken the field without profit. It is better for him to rest here for a day or two, whilst we march and despoil these tribes."

Zoheir, approving this scheme, caused the tents to be pitched at that very spot, recommending to the warriors who composed the expedition, above all things to respect the women. They remained three days absent, in the course of which they captured, almost without opposition, a booty so considerable that the king was quite astonished at its extent.

On the following day, the order for departure having been given, the army retook the route to the tribe, to the satisfaction of all except Djida, who, surrounded by several cavaliers, performed the journey on a camel led by a negro. When three days' march from the tribe, they encamped in a vast plain. Antar, observing that it was admirably adapted for a field of battle, the king remarked that it was equally propitious for the chase. Antar replied, "But I only love war, and I am ill at ease when I remain any length of time without fighting." A few hours afterwards, they descried a thick cloud of dust which seemed advancing towards the camp. Shortly the steel of the lances was seen glittering, and weeping and shouts of woe were heard. Zoheir, thinking that it was the army of Kaled who had been attacking the tribe of Beni-Amar, and was returning with his prisoners, told Antar to prepare himself for the combat. "Don't be uneasy," replied the hero; "in a short time all those warriors will be in your power." He instantly ordered the necessary preparations, appointing ten troopers, and several negroes, to guard the booty. He burned with desire to measure strength with his foe.

Before going farther, it is expedient to make known to the reader what army was advancing. Kaled, having departed with 5000 warriors and the two chiefs, Kaissa-Ebn-Moucheik, and Mehdi-Karab, to attack Beni-Amar, had found the country deserted. The inhabitants, being apprised of his design, had retired into the mountains with their possessions. He had therefore taken no plunder; and as he was returning without the capture of a solitary camel, his companions had urged him to go and surprise the tribe Beni-Abbess, the richest

in the land. Kaled having turned towards that tribe, had fallen in with the camp of Abia's father, which he attacked; and, after a whole day's fighting, had taken prisoners all the warriors who composed it, as well as the women and the flocks. Abia, having thus fallen into the power of Kaled, rejoiced at a misfortune which preserved her from a marriage, which her father strove to force her to contract with one of his relations, named Amara, as she preferred being captive rather than the wife of any other man than Antar. She never ceased calling upon his name, saying, "Dear Antar, where are you? Would that you could behold to what position I am reduced!"

Kaled having asked one of his prisoners, who that woman was who was incessantly repeating the same name, he being a sworn enemy to Antar, answered, that she was called Abia, and that she had demanded of her cousin to bring Djida to hold the halter of her naka, on her wedding-day. "We have separated from our tribe," he added, "being unwilling to accompany the King Zoheir in that enterprise, to effect which, he departed with all his warriors, except 300 left to guard Beni-Abbess, under the command of Warka, one of his sons." At this intelligence, Kaled kindled into fury, sent Mehdi-Karab, at the head of 1000 warriors, to seize the women and flocks of Beni-Abbess, with orders to massacre all the men whom he met with. He himself continued his route to rejoin his tribe, treating his prisoners with cruelty, and in great alarm for Djida. To beguile the tedium, he sang the following verses:—

"I have led horses armed with iron, and bearing warriors more formidable than lions.

I have been in the country of Beni-Kannab, of Beni-Amar, and of Beni-Kelal. At my approach the inhabitants have fled into the mountains.

Beni-Abbess is in imminent peril; its people shall weep night and day.

All those who have escaped from slaughter have fallen into my hands.

How many are the maidens whose bright eyes shed tears! They call Beni-Abbess to their succour, but Beni-Abbess is in chains.

Zoheir is gone with his warriors, to find death in a country where the women are more valiant than the men. Evil betide him if they have told me the truth! He has abandoned the certain for the uncertain.

The day of battle will prove which of us two has deceived himself.

My sword rejoices in my victorious hand. The steel of my enemy sheds tears of blood.

The most fearful warriors tremble at my aspect.

My name disturbs their sleep, if terror permits them any repose.

If I did not fear being accused of too much pride, I would assert that my arm alone is sufficient to overturn the universe!"

Kaled, thus pursuing his route, found himself at length in presence of the army of Beni-Abbess. The tears and shouts of the prisoners having reached the ears of Antar and of his warriors, they believed they heard the voices of friends, and apprised Zoheir thereof, who instantly dispatched a trooper named Absi, to reconnoitre the enemy. Kaled perceiving him from afar, exclaimed, "Behold an envoy of Beni-Abbess, who comes to make me propositions; but I will listen to none. I shall make it a war of extermination, and all the prisoners shall be slaves. But whence comes the booty which I perceive? Doubtless they have gained possession of it when Djida was hunting lions." He thereupon dispatched Zebaïde, one of his warriors, to meet the envoy of Zoheir, with orders to gain a knowledge of his mission, and inform himself of the fate of Djida. When they came together, Zebaïde, taking the word, said, "Oft you who come here to meet death, hasten to say what brings you, before your head rolls in the dust." "I despise your vain threats," replied Absi; "we shall soon meet in the field of battle. I come here for three things; to give you news, to warn you, and to get information. First, I announce to you that we have seized upon your women and your flocks.

Secondly, I warn you that we are about to give you battle, under the conduct of the valiant Antar. Thirdly, I come to take note of the booty you have made, for we know that you have attacked the three tribes Beni-Kannab, Beni-Amar, and Beni-Kelal. I have spoken. Answer!" "Our booty," said Zebaïde, "has come to us without trouble; terror for the name of Kaled has sufficed." He then related what has been before mentioned concerning the father of Abba, and added, that 1000 warriors had been dispatched to surprise Beni-Abbess. "In my turn," he concluded, "I demand from you news of Djida." "She is a prisoner," replied Absi, "and suffering from her wounds." "Who then has been able to vanquish her—her, who is brave as her husband?" asked the envoy of Kaled. "A hero whom none can resist," said Absi; "Antar, the son of Chidad."

The two envoys having fulfilled their missions, returned to give an account to their respective chiefs. Absi, upon arriving, shouted out, "Oh, Beni-Abbess! fly to arms to wash out the affront inflicted on you by Beni Zobaïde." Then, addressing himself to Zoheir, he sang the following verses:—

"Beni-Abbess, surprised by the enemy, lies desolate. A destroying wind has swept the place; the echo alone remains.

They have despoiled you of your goods; the men have been massacred; your wives and children are in the power of the enemy. Hear their cries of distress; they call for your aid. Beni Zobaïde is triumphant, hasten to vengeance!

Oh, Antar, if you saw the despair of Abba, how it exceeds that of her companions!

Her garments are steeped in tears; the very earth is swimming with them!

Abba, the most beautiful amongst the beautiful!

Fly then to arms! the day of victory or death is come! May death follow the blows of your redoubtable arms!"

At this recital, Zoheir could not prevent himself from weeping. His affliction was shared by all the chiefs who surrounded him. Antar, alone, experienced some degree of satisfaction, on learning the sad fate of his uncle, who had been the cause of all his misfortunes; but his love soon drove all pleasurable sensations from his heart.

The envoy of Kaled, when arrived in his presence, tore his clothes, and repeated the following verses:—

"Oh, Beni Zobaïde, you have been surprised by the warriors of Beni-Abbess, borne upon horses fleet as the wind!

Your most precious possessions have been plundered.

Will you be merciful to those who have carried off even your wives?

Oh, Kaled! if you could see Djida, with her eyes bathed in tears!

Oh you, the most potent of warriors, hasten to attack your enemies sword in hand!

Death is preferred by the brave to a life without honour.

Let not the wicked brand you with the name of coward!"

Upon hearing these things, Kaled was excited to rage, and gave orders to march to the combat. Zoheir, perceiving this movement, likewise advanced, followed by his soldiers. The plain and the mountains trembled at the approach of the two armies. Zoheir, addressing Antar, said, "The enemy is numerous; this day will be terrible!" "My lord," answered Antar, "man can but die once. Behold the day is come at last, which I have so long desired! If Kaled has with him Caesar and the king of Persia, I will deliver our women and children, or I will perish." He then recited the following verses:—

"Man, whatever may be his condition, can never support contempt.

The man, generous towards his guests, owes them the succour of his arm.

He ought to know how to bear misfortune, when valour fails to give him the victory.

He ought to protect his friends, and redden his lance with the blood of his foes.

The man who possesses not these virtues, deserves to be held in no estimation.

I wish to make head against the enemy by myself alone.

What has been plundered from us, I will this day recapture.

The battle which I am about to give, shall make the highest mountains quake.

Let Abba rejoice, her captivity shall soon be ended."

On hearing these verses, Chass exclaimed, "How you make your voice heard above the clamour—you, who surpass all the learned in eloquence, and all warriors in valour!"

Kaled, before coming to blows, gave orders to make as many prisoners as possible.

Antar went in the direction of the captives to endeavour to deliver Abba, but he found them guarded by a considerable number of horsemen. Kaled, in the same manner, drew near the place where Djida was kept, flattering himself that Beni-Abbess would not stand an hour before him. He commenced by attacking the warriors who encompassed Zoheir, and succeeded in wounding Chass. His father defended him like a lion, and the combat lasted till the close of day. Darkness alone separated the two armies, which retired into their respective camps. After prodigies of valour, Antar returned, and learnt from the king that Kaled had wounded his son. "By the All-powerful!" cried Antar, "I will commence to-morrow by vanquishing Kaled! I would have done so to-day, but I sought to deliver Abba, and have not succeeded. When Kaled is slain, or made prisoner, his army will promptly disperse, and we shall be able to save our unfortunate friends. Beni-Zobaïde shall learn that we surpass it in bravery."

"Oh, bravest of the brave!" exclaimed Zoheir, "I do not doubt our success, but I cannot avoid shuddering, when I think that Mehdi-Karah, at the head of numerous warriors, has gone to surprise our tribe, guarded only by my son Warka, and a small number of our men. I fear he will obtain possession of our women and children. What will become of us if we are not the conquerors to-morrow?" Antar, having promised to bring the affair to a conclusion the next day, they took a light repast, and retired into their tents to enjoy a little rest. Instead of reposing like the others, Antar, taking a fresh horse, set off to make his rounds, accompanied by Chaïbouh, to whom, as they proceeded on the way, he recounted his fruitless efforts to deliver Abba. "I was more fortunate than you," said Chaïbouh, "for, after many endeavours, I succeeded in seeing her to-day, and I will tell you how. When I saw battle joined in the plain, I took a long circuit by traversing the desert, and I reached the place where the prisoners were detained. I saw the Rabek, his brother Herone Ebn-el-Wuard, your uncle Mallek, his son, and the other warriors of our tribe, bound across the backs of camels. Near them were the women, and amongst them Abba, whose beautiful eyes were pouring torrents of tears. She stretched her arms towards our camp, exclaiming, 'Oh, Beni-Abbess, is there not one of thy sons who will come and deliver us?—not one who will tell Antar of the sad condition in which I languish?' One hundred warriors surrounded the captives, as a ring encircles the finger. I endeavoured, however, to carry off Abba, but I was recognised and pursued. In retreating, I let fly my arrows at them. Thus I passed the whole day, ever returning to the charge, and always pursued. I slew more than fifteen of their soldiers. But you see how sad is the fate of Abba." This recital drew tears from Antar, who was choked with rage. After making a considerable circuit, they at last arrived at their destination.

At the dawn of the day, the two armies drew up in order for the combat, and were only waiting the signals of their chiefs to fall upon each other, when a rumour was spread through the ranks of Beni-Abbess, that Antar had disappeared. This disastrous intelligence discouraged the warriors of Zoheir, who already considered themselves vanquished. The king was about to demand a suspension of arms, to wait until the re-

turn of Antar, when he saw from afar a thick dust arise, which grew greater as it advanced. At length were heard cries of despair and pain. This third army fixed the attention of the two others. Shortly they perceived warriors supple as saplings, all cased in steel, advancing joyously to the combat. At their head marched a veteran, tall as a cedar, firm as a rock; the earth trembled beneath his tread. Before him were men bound upon camels, and surrounded by troopers leading several unmounted horses. These troopers shouted out, "Beni-Zobaïde!" and their voices echoed through the desert. It was Mehdi-Karab, who had been sent by Kaled to despoil Beni-Abbess. He was returning, after happily accomplishing his mission. Having arrived at that tribe as the sun was rising, he had gained instant possession of all the horses, of the best camels, and of several maidens, daughters of the first families. But Warka, having collected in haste the few warriors that were with him, had set off in pursuit. When Mehdi-Karab saw him follow, he sent the plunder forward, under an escort of 200 cavaliers, and attacked the squadron of Warka, which, though very inferior in numbers, sustained the fight with obstinacy till the fall of day. Then Beni-Abbess, having lost half its troops, and Warka being captured, the remainder dispersed. Mehdi-Karab, after this affair, resumed his route; and hastening forward, he arrived in time to take part in the action about to commence. He immediately ranged his force in battle-array. At this sight Zoheir exclaimed, "Behold my fears realised! but, no matter, let the sabre decide between us! Any fate is preferable to the shame of witnessing our women reduced to slavery, and rendered bodies without souls."

Mehdi-Karab was received by his comrades with transports of joy; and after relating the events of his expedition, he inquired after Kaled, and learnt with dismay, that, having mounted his horse the previous evening to keep guard, he had not returned. Concealing his disquietude, he fell with impetuosity upon Beni-Abbess, followed by the whole army uttering their war-cry. The warriors of Zoheir sustained the terrible shock like men in despair, determined to die rather than live apart from those they loved. Streams of blood flooded the field of battle. At noon the victory was still undecided, but Beni-Abbess began to grow faint. The foe made a frightful carnage in its ranks. Zoheir, who was in the left wing, with his sons and chief men, seeing the centre and right wing yielding, was in the greatest distress, not knowing how to prevent the dispersion of his army, when he perceived, behind the enemy, a squadron of 1000 picked warriors, shouting aloud, "Beni-Abbess!"

It was commanded by Antar, who, like a tower of brass, was advancing with all speed, preceded by Chaïboub crying with stentorian voice, "Evil betide you, ye children of Beni-Zobaïde! Seek safety in flight! Hide yourselves from the death which is hovering above you. If you do not believe me, open your eyes, and behold at the point of my lance the head of your chief, Kaled-Ebn-Mohareb!"

SECOND FRAGMENT.

Antar, during his captivity in Persia, having rendered the king of that country important services, that monarch granted him his liberty, and dismissed him, loaded with rich presents in silver, horses, slaves, flocks, and arms of all sorts. Antar, encountering on his route a warrior renowned for his valour, who had seized upon Aba, slew him and took his cousin with him. When near his tribe, he sent to give his parents notice, as they believed him dead long ago; the announcement of his return filled them with joy, and they set off to meet him, accompanied by the principal chiefs, and the King Zoheir himself. On perceiving them, Antar, intoxicated with gladness, sprang to the earth to kiss the stirrup of the king, who embraced him with affection. The other chiefs, delighted to see him again, pressed him in their arms. Amara, his despicable rival, was alone discontented.

To do honour to his king, Antar continued the march by his side, entrusting the guard of his bride to ten negroes, who during the night fell asleep on their camels. Aba, having done the same thing in her haudag, was alarmed when she awoke at finding herself far from the rest of the troop. Her cries awakened the negroes, who then perceived that the camels had strayed from the right path. Whilst they dispersed to endeavour to find out the road again, Aba descended from her haudag, and was immediately seized by a cavalier, who lifted her in his arms and placed her behind him on his horse. It was Amara, who, rendered furious at the honours paid to his rival, had separated from the tribe, and meeting his cousin alone, had taken the resolution to possess himself of her person. When she reproached him for his treachery, so unworthy of an emir, he said to her, "I prefer carrying you off, to dying of chagrin by seeing you marry Antar." Then continuing his journey, he proceeded to seek refuge in a powerful tribe, the enemy of Beni-Abbess. In the meantime, the negroes having discovered the road, had returned to take the haudag, ignorant that Aba had quitted it. Antar, having accompanied the king as far as his tent, turned back to meet his bride, whom, to his great surprise, he found no longer in her haudag. The information given by the negroes as to her disappearance being unsatisfactory, he mounted his horse and flew off to seek Aba, holding his course for several days, with lamentations for her loss, and singing the following verses:—

"Sleep flies my eyelids; tears have furrowed my cheeks.

My constancy causes my agony, and leaves me no rest.

We saw each other for so short a time, that my sufferings are augmented in consequence.

This removal, these continual separations, tear my heart. Ah! how I regret your tents, Beni-Abbess!

How many useless tears I shed far from my beloved!

To be happy, I only asked to remain near you as long as a miser would allow a sight of his treasure."

Antar returned after long and fruitless searches, and he determined to dispatch his brother Chaïboub in disguise. After a long absence, Chaïboub came back, and informed him that he had discovered Aba with Mafarey-Ebn-Hammarn, who had wrested her from Amara, with the intention of marrying her; but that she, unwilling to form the union, had pretended madness, and her abductor, to punish her, had made her work like a slave, in which capacity she was exposed to bad usage on the part of Mafarey's mother, who employed her in the roughest labour. "I heard her call upon you," added Chaïboub, "singing the following verses:—

"Come and deliver me, oh, my cousins! or at least inform Antar of my woeful state.

My sufferings have exhausted my strength; nothing but misfortune has befallen me since I quitted the lion.

A slight breeze sufficed to make me ill, so judge what I endure from the hardships to which I am reduced.

My patience is at an end. My enemies may be satisfied; how many are my humiliations, since I lost the hero of my heart!

Ah! if it be possible, bring Antar to me; the lion alone can protect the gazelle!

My misfortunes would melt rocks!"

Antar, refusing to hear more, departed on the instant, and, after long and bloody fights, he delivered Aba.

REFLECTIONS OF ANTAR.

Let your enemies stand in awe of your sword; remain not where you are despised.

Settle amongst the witnesses of your triumphs, or die gloriously with arms in your hands.

Be a despot with despots, a wicked man amongst the wicked.

If your friend forsakes you, seek not to bring him back, but close your ears to the calumnies of his rivals.

There is no shelter against death.

It is better to die fighting than to live in slavery.

Whilst I was counted in the number of slaves, my thoughts traversed the clouds.

I owe my renown to my sword, not to the nobility of my birth.

My great deeds will make my birth respected by the warriors of Beni-Abdess, who are tempted to despise it.

The warriors and the steeds themselves are there to attest the victories of my arm.

I have darted my horse into the midst of the enemy, into the dust of the combat, during the heat of action; I have brought it out spotted with blood, suffering from my matchless activity; at the end of the fight it had only one colour.

I have slain their fiercest warriors; Rabiha-Hafrebar, Giaber-Ebn-Mehalka, and the son of Rabiha-Zabkan, have remained upon the field of battle.

Zabiba* blames me for exposing myself at night, she fears I may fall by the weight of numbers; she would wish to scare me with death, as if it were not to be endured some day.

Death, said I to her, is a fountain at which we must drink sooner or later.

Cease then to torment yourself, for if I do not die, I must be slain.

I will conquer all the kings who are already at my feet, trembling for the blows of my redoubtable arm.

Tigers and lions even have submitted to me.

The chargers remain mournful, as if they had lost their masters.

I am the son of a woman with a black forehead, the limbs of an ostrich, and hair like grains of pepper.

Oh, you who return from the tribe, what is passing there?

Bear my salute to her whose love has preserved me from death.

My enemies desire my humiliation; cruel fate!—my degradation is their triumph.

Tell them that their slave deplores their absence.

If your laws permit you to kill me, satisfy your desire; no one will ask an account of my blood.

Antar, precipitating himself into the midst of the foe, disappeared from the eyes of his comrades, who, fearing for his life, were about to carry succour to him, when he reappeared holding the head of the enemy's chief in his hand. He sang the following verses:—

"If I slake not my sabre in the blood of the enemy, if it flows not at its stroke, may my eyes enjoy no sleep, and I will renounce the happiness of seeing Abba in my dreams.

I am more active than death itself, for I burn with desire to destroy those for whom it consents to wait.

Death, on witnessing my exploits, respects my person. The arms of the Bedouins are not long enough to reach me, the most terrible of warriors—me, the furious lion—me, whose sword and lance give souls their liberty.

When I shall see death, I will make it a turban with my sabre, the blood of which will increase its lustre.

I am the lion who protects all that belongs to him.

My actions will be crowned with immortality.

My black complexion becomes white when the heat of combat inflames my heart; my love becomes extreme; persuasion then has no empire over me.

May my neighbour be always triumphant, my enemy humiliated, cowed, and without asylum.

By the All-powerful, who has created the seven heavens, and who knows the future, I will not cease to fight until I destroy my enemy, for I am the lion of the earth, always ready for war!

My refuge is in the dust of the field of battle.

I have put the opposing warriors to flight, throwing on the ground the corpse of their chief. See his blood which trickles down my sabre!

Oh, Beni-Abdess! make ready your triumphs, and be proud of a negro who has a throne in the heavens.

Ask my name from sabres and lances, they will tell you that I am called Antar.†

* Antar's mother.

† Courageous.

The father of Abba, unwilling to give his daughter to Antar, had quitted the tribe during his absence. On his return, the hero, not finding his cousin, spoke the following verses:—

"How shall I deny the love I bear to Abba, when my tears testify to the grief that her absence causes me! When at a distance from her, the fire which devours me becomes every day more ardent. I cannot conceal sufferings which are unceasingly renewed.

My patience diminishes, whilst my desire to see her again augments.

To God alone I complain of my uncle's tyranny, for none comes to my aid.

My friends! love is killing me; me, so vigorous and formidable!

Oh, daughter of Mallek! I banish sleep from my exhausted body; besides, how could I yield myself to it, when on a bed of burning coal?

I weep so much that the birds even will recognise my grief, and weep with me.

I kiss the earth which you touched; perhaps its freshness may cool the fire of my heart.

Oh, beautiful Abba! my spirit and my heart wander, whilst your flocks are in safety under my guard.

Have pity on my sad state; I will be faithful to you to all eternity.

In vain my rivals rejoice; my body will taste no repose."

FRAGMENTS OF ARAB POETRY.

A caliph, being at the chase, wandered, after losing his suite, and arrived near a spring, where three young Bedouin maids were drawing water; having asked them to let him drink, they all three hastened eagerly to present him with water. Charmed with their kindness, the caliph wished to reward them; but finding himself without money, he broke some of his arrows, which were of gold, and distributed the pieces among them. Each returned him thanks in verse.

The first said: "If your arrows are of gold, it is to show your generosity, even for the enemy. You thus give the wounded wherewithal to get well tended, and the dead means to pay for their burial."

The second said: "In battle, your too liberal hand extends its largesses even to your enemies; your arrows are of a precious metal, in order to prove that war prevents you not from bestowing favours."

The third said: "In days of battle he throws his foes arrows of massive gold, so that the wounded may not be abandoned, and the dead may purchase their winding-sheets."

An Arab, having made a young girl blush by looking at her, said, "My glances have sown roses upon your cheeks, wherefore forbid me from plucking them! The law permits him who plants to reap."

Tanbé-Eben-Homager made a great number of verses for his mistress, Lailla-el-Akeatall; amongst others, those which follow: "When I am dead, if Lailla-el-Akeatall comes to the place where I am at rest to speak to me, in order to answer her, my voice will clear the earth and the stones that cover me, or the echo of my tomb will make itself heard."

The passion of Tanbé was so violent, that he died. Not long after, Lailla, having married, passed not far from the tomb of Tanbé, accompanied by her husband, who told her to go and speak to that fool, to see if he would answer her, as he had proclaimed in his verses. When she wished to excuse herself, her husband repeated the order with fury. Forced to obey, she turned the head of her camel towards the tomb, and on arriving at it, she exclaimed, "Tanbé, are you there?"

At these words, a huge bird flew from a bush close by, and alarmed her camel, which, bounding back, threw Lailla to the ground. She was killed by the fall, and was interred by the side of Tanbé.

Ehnassondi said to me: "I have known you shed tears of blood, so great was your fidelity; why, then, are your tears become white?"

I answered: "It is no proof either of my forgetfulness or inconstancy; but from weeping so much, time itself has whitened my tears."

NOTE OF THE AUTHOR.

I entertained a design of adding here a translation of some modern Arab poems, to give at least an idea of them; but I learn that an able hand, and one more versed than mine, has been already occupied on the task. A volume, entitled *Melanges de Littérature, Orientale et Française* (Scraps of French and Oriental Literature), by J. Agoub, is to appear in a few days. I knew the author, a young poet, of the highest hopes, removed prematurely from his family and glory. He was born in Egypt, and had been educated in France. We discover in the original fragments that he has left behind him, and we will doubtless find in his translations, the heated and deep colouring of his country, joined to the purity of the French taste. His works, published by his widow, are the sole heritage that he has left his family and his country.

I have placed here some fragments taken from the publication which I speak of; they will excite, I am sure, a desire to know more of them.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

15th April, 1835.

MAOULAS,

OR VULGAR ROMANCES OF THE MODERN ARABS.

Extracted from the Collection entitled "Melanges de Littérature, Orientale et Française."

By J. AGOUB.

Now that thy figure, like a shooting twig, is so slim and graceful, grant me thy caresses, oh my beloved, and let us use time, which is flying. Close no longer against love the secret door of thy favours. Believe me, beauty is fleeting, and its empire is not long in duration.

They have compared thee to the star of night, but how greatly are they deceived in their language! Has the moon those beautiful black eyes or bright pupils? Reeds bend and incline to the least breath of the zephyr; thou, who resemblest them in thy slight form, seest all men bow before thee.

If the torment of my heart renders thee happy, torment me; for my happiness is thine, if it be not that thine is still more sweet to me. If thou wishest to deprive me of life, if that sacrifice is necessary to thee, take my life, oh, thou who art my only life, and be not angry with me.

What harm would there be, young beauty, if thou treatedst me with more justice? Thou wouldst cure my painful malady by a remedy which would preclude the necessity of applying to the Kanon of Avicene.* Every time that I contemplate thy lovely eye-brows, I believe I perceive the graceful outline of the noun;† and thy voice is more sweet to my ear than the sounds of the harp and the senhir.‡

When my beloved passes, the bough of the willow is jealous of her upright figure; the rose bends with shame, when it sees the carnation of her cheek, and I exclaim, "Oh, thou who hast captivated my soul without return, thy glances have laid open a wound in my breast, which will not be cured all my life!"

I love, I love a youth, and my passion burns like a flame in the depths of my heart. When love glided

into my bosom, a slight down scarcely shaded the cheeks of my lover. Yes, I am in love; and it is for thee, my beloved, that my tears flow; but I swear by him who created love, that my heart never felt emotion for any but thee. I offer thee my first love.

When the night closes in with its darkness, it is like the blackness of thy plaited hair; when the day glows with its purest light, it recalls the lustre of thy dazzling visage; the aloës, with its gentle exhalations, scatters only thy own perfume, and the enamoured lover of thy charms shall pass his life in singing thy praises.

The beloved advances, but her face is veiled, and the sight of her disturbs and confounds all minds. The light stem of the tulip is jealous of her flexible and attractive form. Suddenly she raises with her hand the envious veil which conceals her, and the people utter cries of surprise. "Is it a flash of lightning," they exclaim, "which has glittered on our dwellings? or have the Arabs lighted fires in the desert?"

AUTHOR'S POLITICAL SUMMARY.

In the vicissitudes and leisure moments of eighteen months of travels, the mind thinks almost involuntarily. The different aspects under which human affairs present themselves to it, group and illumine them; in history, philosophy, and religion, a man reasons instinctively upon what he has seen, felt, and inferred; truths are impressed upon him, and when he questions himself, he discovers that in various respects he is another man. The world has spoken to him, and he has understood its language; if it were otherwise, of what use to the traveller would be the pain, the peril, or the prolonged tedium of separation, of absence from his friends and country? Travels would be a brilliant deception. They give, on the contrary, structure to the thought, through nature and mankind. But, nevertheless, a man whilst travelling parts not from himself; the ideas which preoccupied his age and country, when he quitted the paternal roof, still pursue and engage his mind, when he moves onwards. Politics being the exciting topic for Europe, and especially for France, I reflected much upon them whilst in the East. In them, as in history, as also in philosophy and religion, conceptions more just, extended, and accurate, have resulted to me from the examination and impression of facts and places, in a political sense. Some things have been concentrated in my mind, and I now give the produce. It is the only page of these travelling notes that I would wish to display to Europe, for it contains correct views applicable to the present time, which are necessary to be understood whilst they are clear and apposite, and whilst they may tend to render the future fruitful in results. If they are understood and acted upon, they may save Europe and Asia, they may multiply and improve the human race. They may produce an epoch in the laborious and progressive career of humanity; if they are contemned and rejected as impracticable dreamings, on account of some slight difficulties in their execution, the good or evil passions of Europe will explode upon itself, and Asia will remain as it is, a dead and sterile member of the human family.

Theories have carried Europe to one of those great organic crises, of which history has preserved but one or two instances in its memoir; epochs in which an emasculated civilisation gives place to another in which the past has no longer any influence, in which the future presents itself to the masses in all the uncertainty and darkness of the unknown; epochs terrible in their consequences when they are not fertile of good; they are the critical convulsions of the human mind, which plunge it into annihilation for ages, or invigorate it for a new and lengthened existence. The French revolution has been the tocsin to the world. Many of its phases are accomplished, but it is not yet concluded; nothing is finished in these slow, internal,

* The celebrated treatise on medicine by Ebn Sina.

† An Arab letter, the form of which is arched.

‡ A stringed instrument.

and everlasting movements, of the moral life of man. There are intervals of inertness ; but during these very periods thought ripens, capabilities accumulate, and all is prepared for fresh action. In the progress of societies and ideas, the end is ever but a new starting point. The French Revolution, which will hereafter be called the European Revolution—for ideas find their level like water—was not only a political revolution, a change of power, one dynasty set up in place of another, a republic substituted for a monarchy—all these things were but accidents, symptoms, instruments, or means. The operation was so much the more grave and portentous, that it could have been worked out under all the forms of political power, and that an individual might have been a monarchist or a republican, attached to one dynasty or to another, the partizan of this or that constitutional combination, without being the less sincerely or deeply a man of the revolution. He might have preferred one instrument to another by which to move the world, and change its position, and that was all. But the idea of a revolution, that is to say, of a fundamental alteration and improvement, did not the less brighten his mind, or the less warm his heart. Where is amongst us the thinking man, the man of feeling and reason, the man of religion and hope, who, putting his hand upon his heart, and questioning himself before God, and in sight of institutions which crumbled because they were anomalous and antiquated, will not answer, “I was a revolutionist?” The age carries forward those who resist it, as well as those who go before and urge it. Time is a current so rapid and resistless, that those who row the most vigorously, and who strive to mount or stem the flow of its waters, find themselves insensibly borne very far from the spot they clung to in their hearts, and are astounded some day when they measure the way they have involuntarily made. There soon comes a mid-way era, when the revolution, ripened in the mind, bursts into facts. It is at first but a combat, then a ruin ; the dust of that struggle and ruin obscures all for a long time ; men know not wherefore, or upon what ground, or under what banners, they fight. They draw, as if in darkness, upon their friends and brothers ; re-actions follow the first movement, excesses sully all parties ; and men retire with horror from a cause which crime is called in to serve, and which it injures as it does invariably. They pass from one excess to another ; they no longer understand the tumultuous struggles or the vicissitudes of the strife, or, in other words, the confusion and disorder, the triumph and discomfiture, the enthusiasm and dismay.

At the present day, we begin to comprehend the providential plan of that great contest between ideas and men. The dust has settled, the prospect is cleared. We perceive the positions taken up and lost, the ideas remaining on the field of battle, those which are mortally wounded, those which still survive, those which triumph, or are destined to triumph. We understand the past, we understand the era, and we lift up a corner of the future. It is a glorious and rare moment for the human mind. Man gains a knowledge of himself, and the work which he effects ; he almost opens up the horizon of his future. When a revolution is at length understood, it is accomplished ; success may be deferred, but it is no longer doubtful. The new system, if it has not perfected its conquest, has at least gained an infallible weapon. This weapon is the press : that daily and universal revelation from all to all, is to the spirit of innovation and amelioration what gunpowder was to those who first understood its use ; it assures the victory by a superior capability. For political philosophers there is no longer any question of fighting, but only of moderating and directing the invincible weapon of the new civilisation. The past is extinguished, the soil is free, the field is empty ; equality of rights is admitted as a principle ; liberty of discussion is consecrated in the governing forms, and power carried back to its source ; the interest and reason of all are engaged in institutions, which have weakness to fear more than tyranny ; speech, spoken and written, has the right of

making, at all times and places, its appeal to the general intelligence. This great tribunal of reason controls, and will more and more control, all the other powers that emanate from it ; it stirs, and will stir, all the social, religious, political, and national questions, with the force which opinion lends to it, according to its temporary convictions, until human reason, illumined by the ray which it pleases God to shed upon it, has entered upon possession of the whole social world, and when, satisfied with its intellectual achievement, it says, like the Creator, “What I have done is good,” and rests itself for some days, if repose be at any time in heaven and upon earth.

But the social questions are complicated. The solution of those relative to internal policy requires a solution, in the same spirit, of those which are without. All things have a mutual dependence in the world, and one operation always re-acts upon another. Let us see, then, with regard to the East, what should be logically the plan and action of the European political systems ; I say European, for although the constitutional, or, better named, the rational system, prevails in its forms only in France, England, Spain, and Portugal, it prevails throughout in spirit ; the thinkers are everywhere its partizans ; the people are imbued with its idea ; and a revolution, when commenced or perfected in the mind, is soon brought about in fact ; an opportunity only is wanting, it is a mere affair of time. Europe has various forms of polity, but already it has but one soul, that for renovation, and the government of men according to reason. France and England are the two countries of experience, charged, in these latter times, to promulgate and test theories. Glorious and fatal mission ! France, the boldest, has taken the initiative ; she is at present far in advance. Let us first speak of her.

France has a glorious career and great dangers before her ; she leads the nations, but she tries the route, and she may stumble on the abyss whilst seeking the social track. The hatred of all who cling to the past is aroused against her. In religion, philosophy, and politics, all who have a horror of reason have a horror of France ; the secret prayers of men who are for retrograding, enamoured of the past, are for her ruin ; she is for them the symptom of their own fall, the living proof of their powerlessness, and the mendacity of their forebodings. If she prospers, she belies their doctrines ; if she crumbles, she verifies them ; all experiments for the amelioration of human institutions, and with her downfall ; a shout of applause is raised, and the world remains the prey of tyranny and prejudice. The fanatics of tyranny and prejudice, therefore, ardently desire her subversion. At every movement that she makes, they proclaim its approach ; on every occasion they look forward to it with hope ; but France is powerful, much more by the active spirit which animates her, than by the number of her soldiers. She alone has faith, and a clear and generous instinct of the great cause for which she struggles ; they oppose to her warlike machines, and she throws martyrs into the arena. Determination is more vigorous than an army ; France, divided, ruined, tyrannised, flooded with blood within by executioners, attacked from without by her own sons, and the arms of entire Europe, has shown to the world that dangers from abroad fail to peril her safety ; intestine strife is more serious, but it results from the novelty of her position ; a transition is always a crisis ; and the foreseen or unforeseen consequences of a new principle, inevitably bring about unexpected phenomena in the social existence of a great people. The immediate consequences of the revolution in France, and the accidental circumstances of the convulsion she has just passed through, are numerous ; I speak only of the main ones.

Equality of rights has produced an equality in the pretensions and ambition of all classes, the desire of power, the general struggle for all employments, impediments to advancement in all careers, rivalry, jealousy, envy, amongst so many men pressing all at once upon the same outlets ; a perpetual squeezing of men of capacity, cupidity, and self-love, at the entrance

to all public functions, and a crowd of rejected and envenomed minds thrown back upon society, and ready to seek revenge by embroiling it.

Liberty of discussion and examination, as established in a free press, has produced a spirit for contest and dispute, without good faith, an opposition in calling and attitude, a cynicism in words and logic, which affrights truth and moderation, which misleads and inflames ignorance, and draws contempt upon government, that first necessity of nations, in whatever hands it may be vested. Honest but timid men are alarmed, and weapons are given to all the most evil passions of the age and the country.

Education, spread amongst the masses, although the primary want of populations, which have been kept so long apart from it, yet produces upon them at the first moment a sort of confusion of ideas, the full comprehension of which is still far from them, and a giddiness of mind from the light glaring too powerfully and too suddenly upon it. They are like a man who is drawn from darkness, in which he has long languished, and whose return to the sunbeams is too precipitately forced; like a famished man to whom too much food is thrown at once; the first is dazzled, and remains blind for a period; the other perishes, perhaps from the very ailment which was to restore him to life. It does not follow, however, that food and the light of the sun are baneful; it is the sudden transition which is mischievous. It is the same with the education of the masses; it produces at first a superabundance of capacity, eager for social employment, a want of level between capabilities and occupations, which may, and which must create, for a time, a serious disturbance in political harmony, until the equilibrium on a higher scale is re-established, and the multitudes of instructed minds plan out for themselves their fitting modes of action.

As to the industrial movement; it tears the people from their family manners and habits, from the peaceable and virtuous labours of the land; it over-induces work by the gain which it suddenly proffers, and which is as suddenly withdrawn; it inures to the luxury and vices of towns, men who can no longer return to the simplicity and moderation of the rural life; hence are populations, to-day too few for the demand, to-morrow thrown out of employment, whom want renders a prey to disorder and sedition.

The prolétaires;* a numerous class, imperceptible in despotic, ecclesiastical, and aristocratic governments, in which they live under the wing of one of the powers which possess the soil, and have, at least, their existence guaranteed by their patrons; a class which, at present left to itself by the suppression of their superiors, and by *individualism*, is in a worse condition than it has ever been; it has gained barren rights without the means of subsistence, and will disturb society, until *socialism* has succeeded to this odious individualism.

It is from the situation of the prolétaires that the question of property, which is now a universal topic, has sprung; a question which would be resolved by battle and partition, if it were not shortly settled by reason, policy, and *social charity*. Charity is *socialism*; selfishness is *individualism*. Charity, acting in concert with good policy, commands man not to abandon man to himself, but to come to his aid, to form a sort of mutual assurance, on equitable conditions, between the classes possessing and those not possessing. It says to the proprietor, "Thou shalt preserve thy estate;" for, in spite of the brilliant dream of a community of goods, attempted in vain by Christianity and philanthropy, the right of property is to this day the *sine qua non* of all society; without it there are no family ties, labour, or civilisation. But it says also, "Thou wilt not forget that the right of property is not solely instituted for thee, but for all humanity; thou art entitled to it only on

conditions of justice and utility, of sharing it with, and rendering it available to all; thou wilt furnish therefore to thy brethren, from the superfluity of thy possessions, the means and elements of labour, which are necessary for them to gain their part in return; thou wilt recognise a right as superior to that of property—the rights of humanity!" Here justice and policy are the same.

From all these facts in the new system, a palpable want has resulted to France and Europe—the want of more room. There is an absolute necessity that the expansion without should be in proportion to the immense expansion within, which has been produced by the revolution in affairs. Without this extension abroad, how are the perils to be obviated that I have just pointed out, how is equality in rights to be secured, when it is denied in fact? How can free discussion be permitted, and reason, and its organ the press, resisted? How can instruction be disseminated, and the minds pressed down which it multiplies? how can industry be put in motion, and provision be made for the agglomerations of masses, and the sudden cessations of work and wages, which result from it? How are those multitudes of prolétaires to be restrained, who are continually increasing, and who are armed, although undisciplined, struggling between misery and a rising to pillage? How is property to be saved from the theoretical and practical attacks, which it will have more and more to sustain?—and if this corner-stone of all society should give way, how is society itself to be saved? and where will security be found against a second barbarism? These perils are such that if the foresight of the governments of Europe does not find palliatives, the ruin of the social world is inevitable within a given time.

Now, by an admirable provision of Providence, who never creates new wants without presenting at the same time means to satisfy them, there is occurring at this very moment, when the great civilising crisis is progressing in Europe, and when the fresh necessities which result from it are becoming known to governments and people, a grand crisis of a contrary nature in the East and in Asia, and a boundless stage is opened to the populations and resources of Europe. The exuberance of life which threatens to break bounds with us, may and ought to be poured upon that part of the world; the excess of productive power which torments us might be employed in those countries where vigour is exhausted and laid asleep, where the inhabitants are stationary or diminish, and where the vital energy of the human race is defunct. The Turkish empire crumbles, and leaves from day to day a void for anarchy and disorganised barbarity, territories without people, and populations without guides or masters; and this ruin of the Ottoman empire requires no provoking or pushing; it is accomplished of itself, providentially, by its own action, by its very nature; it is accomplished like events decreed by fate, without its being possible to accuse any one of it, or for the Turks, or Europe, to prevent it. The population sinking on itself, is expiring from its own incapability of living, or rather it is no more. The Moslem race is reduced to nothing in the 60,000 square leagues of which its fertile dominion is composed; except in one or two capitals, there are scarcely any more Turks. Let us cast our eye over those rich and admirable countries, and seek the Ottoman empire; we find it no where. The stupid administration, or rather the destructive inertness, of the conquering race of Osman, has made a desert on all sides, or has allowed the conquered races to multiply and increase, whilst it was diminishing and perishing daily itself.

Africa and its sea-coast no longer regard the Turkish sway. The Barbary regencies are independent in fact, and have not even that fraternity, that sympathy of religion and manners, which constitutes a shadow of nationality. The blow struck at Navarino was disregarded at Tunis; the blow struck at Algiers was heeded not at Constantinople; the branch is severed from the trunk; the sea-coast of Africa is neither Turkish nor Arabian—it is a collection of brigand colonies, usurping the land without rooting themselves in it, without title

* [The *prolétaires* is a new designation introduced into French political economy. The term may be said to comprise those who, having no actual property, live by the exercise of labour. M. de Lamartine seems to limit it to the class that we call farmers, or persons employed in agricultural pursuits, apart from the landlords.]

or right, or name amongst the nations, but holding only by force of arms. They are as a vessel without a flag, upon which all the world may fire; Turkey is not there.

Egypt, peopled with Arabs, commanded by all the alternate masters of Syria, has just detached itself in reality from the empire. Mehemet-Ali attempts the resurrection of the kingdom of the caliphs; but the fanaticism of a new dogma, which glowed around their sabre, is wanting to him. Arabia, divided into tribes, without cohesion, without uniformity in manners and laws, accustomed for many ages to the yoke of the pachas, is far from regarding Mehemet-Ali as a liberator; it does not consider him even as a civiliser, who summons it from barbarity and helplessness to discipline and independence; it sees in him but a fortunate and rebellious slave, who strives to increase the portion that fortune has given him, to enrich himself with the produce of Egypt and Syria, and to die without a master. After he is gone, it knows that it will fall again under some yoke, and it matters little whose.

Bagdad, on the confines of the desert of Syria, contains a population of Jews, Christians, Persians, and Arabs; a few thousands of Turks, commanded by a pacha, who is driven away, or who revolts every three or four years, are not sufficient to constitute a Turkish nationality in a town of 200,000 souls. Bagdad is from its position a free town, a caravanserai belonging to the whole of Asia, as a dépôt for its internal commerce; it is another Palmyra in the desert. Between Bagdad and Damascus, reign the vast deserts of Syria and Mesopotamia, traversed by the Euphrates. There are in them no kingdoms, towns, or dominations; there are only the tents which unknown and independent tribes move to and fro on these plains; tribes who have nothing in common but their caprices, who recognise no country or master; children of the desert, who have for enemies all those who strive to subject them to control—yesterday the Turks, to-day the Egyptians. The Turks are not there.

Damascus, a large and magnificent city, a holy city, where the Moslem fanaticism still prevails, has a population of 100,000 to 150,000 souls; of this number 30,000 are Christians, 7000 or 8000 are Jews, and more than 100,000 are Arabs. A handful of Turks still reign, from the spirit of conquest and identity of religion, in the country; but Damascus, unsettled and independent, revolts at every moment, massacres its pacha, and chases away the Turks. It is the same in Aleppo, a town infinitely less important, whence commerce is departing, and which is sinking under the devastations of its earthquakes. The towns of Syria, properly so called, from Gaza as far as Alexandretta, comprising in the list Hama and Hama, are in the same manner peopled by Arabs, Syrian Greeks, Jews, and Armenians. The total number of Turks in this fine and vast territory does not exceed 30,000 or 40,000. The Maronites, a sound, vigorous, intellectual, warlike, and commercial nation, occupy Lebanon, and despise or defy the Turks. The Druzes and Metualis, independent and courageous tribes, will form, with the Maronites, under the federal government of the Emir Beschir, the predominant population of Syria, and even of Damascus, when all shall be dismembered, and abandoned to nature. In them is the germ of a great people, fresh, and fit for civilisation; Europe has but to give a favourable glance, and cry to them "Arise!"

Then come Mount Taurus, and that immense Carmania (Asia Minor) the provinces of which were seven kingdoms, and on its shores were independent towns, or flourishing Greek and Roman colonies. I have traversed all its coasts, I have entered into all its gulfs, from Tarson to Techesné, and I have seen nothing but fertile and deserted plains, and a few miserable hamlets, inhabited by Greeks. The interior contains the unconquerable tribe of the Turcomans, who graze their flocks on the mountains, and encamp on the plains in the winter. Adana, Konia, Kutaya, and Angora, its chief towns, are each inhabited by some thousands of Turks. Smyrna alone is the centre of a vast population, containing about 100,000 souls, but more than the half are

Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. If we skirt the shores of Asia Minor, we find the beautiful Greek isles of Scio, Rhodes, and Cyprus. Cyprus of itself is a kingdom; it is eighty leagues long, and twenty broad; it has fed, and would again feed, several millions of inhabitants. It has the sky of Asia, and the soil of the tropics; it is peopled by about 30,000 Greeks; and sixty Turks, shut up in a ruinous fort, represent the Ottoman nationality—the same in Rhodes, Stanchio, Samos, Scio, and Mitylene. Where, then, are the Turks? We have now gone over the fairest half of the empire.

The banks of the Sea of Marmora, and the channel of the Dardanelles, are spotted also with some small towns, half Turkish, half Greek, a scarce and impoverished population, disseminated at great distances, on coasts without any back country. We cannot raise the whole Turkish population in these countries at more than 100,000 souls, comprising Broussa.

Constantinople, like all the capitals of a people in decay, alone offers an appearance of throng and life; in proportion as the vitality of empires departs from the extremities, it is concentrated at the heart. There was also a day when the whole Greek empire was in Constantinople; and when the city was taken, there was no longer an empire. Authorities are not agreed upon the population of Constantinople; they range from 300,000 to a million of souls; there is no census taken, and each judges from particular premises. My ideas upon the subject are formed merely from the glance cast over the immense extent of the city, comprising within it Scutari, the shores of the Golden Horn, the Sea of Marmora, and the coasts of Asia and Europe. I comprehend all these under the name of Constantinople, for there is no interruption in the houses. Denominations of quarters, towns, and villages, are arbitrary; it is but a single mass of a city, a single concentration of people; the uninterrupted continuation of houses, kiosks, palaces, or villages, over a depth sometimes considerable, at others of one or two houses only, stretches for fourteen French leagues. I am of opinion that the whole of this population may be carried as high as 600,000 or 700,000 souls. A third only, however, is Turkish; the rest is Armenian, Jewish, Christian, Frank, Greek, and Bulgarian. The Turkish population of Constantinople, therefore, according to my computation, would be from 200,000 to 300,000 souls. I have not visited the banks of the Black Sea, but according to the excellent and faithful travels of M. Fontanier, published in 1834, the indigenous populations predominate, and the Turks are reduced in numbers there, as in the parts of the empire I have already surveyed.

In Turkey in Europe, the only great town is Adrianople; 30,000 or 40,000 Turks may be reckoned there. In Philippopolis, Sophia, Nissa, Belgrade, and the small intermediate towns, as many more. I add 200,000 Turks for the districts of Turkey that I have not visited, raising them in the whole to about 300,000. In Servia and Bulgaria there is scarcely one Turk for each village, and I suppose that it is the same in the other provinces of Turkey in Europe. Making allowance for any errors on my part, and attributing to the interior of Asia Minor a Turkish population much superior to what the appearance and state of the country would cause to be inferred, I do not think that, in reality, the sum total of the Turkish population exceeds at present two or three millions; I am far from believing that it reaches that point. This, then, is the conquering race, sprung from the borders of the Caspian Sea, and melted under the sun of the Mediterranean! This is Turkey, possessed by so small a number of men, or rather already lost by them; for whilst the dogma of fatalism, the inertness resulting from it, the immobility of institutions, and the barbarism of the administration, have reduced almost to nothing the conquerors and lords of Asia, the Slavonic and Christian races in the north and south of the empire, the Armenian, Greek, and Maronite races, and the subject Arabs, have increased and multiplied, in consequence of their manners, creeds, and activity. The number of the slaves prodigiously exceeds the number of the oppressors. The Greeks of the Morea, a weak

and wretched population, have, in a moment of energy, by themselves purged the Peloponnese of the Turks; Moldavia and Wallachia have thrown off the yoke; the isles would have been all free, but for the European treaty which still guarantees them to the sultan; the whole of Arabia is cut up into families unknown to each other, and made use of by the Turks and Egyptians alternately, whilst the most vigorous portion of the country is a prey to the great schism of the Wahabites. Two-thirds of the Armenians have been torn from the Turkish domination, by the Russians and Persians; the Georgians are Russians, the Maronites and Druzes will be masters of Syria and Damascus whenever they set seriously about it; the Bulgarians are a numerous and healthy population, still tributary, but who, being more capable of organisation than the Turks, and exceeding them in numbers, can enfranchise themselves at a word; this word the Servians have uttered, and their magnificent forests begin to be pierced by roads, and covered with towns and villages; Prince Milosch, their chief, admits a few Turks at Belgrade, only as allies and not as masters. The spirit of conquest, the fire of the Osmanlis, has burnt out; the zeal of armed proselytism has long ago vanished from amongst them; their impelling force has no existence; and their conservative capability, which in a uniform administration would be enlightened and progressive, is only in the head of Mahmoud; the popular fanaticism was extinguished with the janissaries, and if the janissaries were to revive, barbarism would revive with them; a miracle of genius is required to resuscitate the empire; Mahmoud is only a man of feeling, genius is no property of his; he promotes himself his own ruin, and encounters obstacles on all sides, where a mind more capacious and firm would find instruments; he is thus reduced to lean for support upon the Russians, his immediate enemies. This political despair and weakness injures him in the opinion of his people; he is nothing more than the shadow of a sultan, taking part in the successive dismemberment of the empire. Hemmed in between Europe which protects him, and Mehmet-Ali who threatens him; if he resists the humiliating protection of the Russians, Ibrahim will arrive, and overthrow him by mere appearance; if he fights Ibrahim, France and England will seize his fleets, and cast anchor in the Dardanelles; if he forms an alliance with Ibrahim, he becomes the slave of his slave, and finds a prison or death in his own seraglio. A heroic energy and a burst of sublime despair can alone save him, and sustain for a time the Ottoman glory, by shutting up on both sides the Dardanelles and the Black Sea, making an appeal to southern Europe, and to what remains of Islamism, and marching in person on Ibrahim and the Russians; but supposing him to be successful, the empire, after a momentary blaze of glory, would be decomposed immediately afterwards; only its fall would be brightened with a ray of heroism, and the race of Othman would finish as it commenced, in a triumph.

Now that we have seen the state of Europe, and that of the Ottoman empire, what should be done by political foresight and humanity, cleared of all blind and stupid selfishness? What ought Europe to do? The routine of diplomacy, which repeats its once received axioms after they have lost their application, and which trembles at having a grave and real question to treat, because it has neither the intelligence nor the energy to resolve it, says that it is necessary to support the Ottoman empire, on all sides, as a necessary counterpoise in the East to the Russian sway. If there were an Ottoman empire, and Turks capable of creating and organising, not only armies, but a state which might keep watch upon the frontier of the Russian empire, and give it serious disquietude, whilst southern Europe was combating it, this policy might possibly be conservative. It would require a very bold or foolish man to say to Europe; "Erase from the map an existing and flourishing empire; remove one of the large weights from the balance, so unequally poised, of the political world; the world will not perceive it." But the Ottoman empire exists only in name; its vitality is worn out, its

weight is no longer felt; it is but a vast empty space which your anti-human policy would leave a void instead of occupying it, instead of filling it with sound and vigorous populations which nature has already fixed there, and which you yourselves will bring and cause to multiply. Do not precipitate the ruin of the Ottoman empire, assume not the part of destiny, or the responsibility of Providence; but maintain not by an illusory and culpable policy, a phantom to which you can never give any thing but the mere aspect and attitude of life, for it is dead. Make not yourselves the auxiliaries of barbarism and Islamism, against civilisation, reason, and a more improving religion, which they would keep down. Be not the accomplices in the servitude and depopulation of the fairest provinces in the world. Let destiny accomplish its fiat; look on, wait, and be prepared.

When the empire shall fall of itself, sapped by Ibrahim or by some other pacha, and tumble to pieces from the north to the south, you will have a very simple question to decide:—Must war be made on Russia, to prevent her inheriting the borders of the Black Sea and Constantinople? Must war be made on Austria, to prevent it inheriting the half of European Turkey? Must war be made on England, to prevent it inheriting Egypt, and its route to the Indies by the Red Sea? On France, to prevent her colonising Syria and the Isle of Cyprus? On Greece, to prevent it completing itself by the coast of the Mediterranean, and the beautiful islands which bear its own people and name? On all the world, in fine, lest any one should profit from these magnificent wrecks? Or is it better to come to an understanding, and partition them amongst the human race, under the patronage of Europe, in order that mankind may there increase and multiply, and civilisation spread its sway? Such are the two questions which a congress of the powers of Europe will have to weigh. Surely the decision is not doubtful.

If you make war, you will have war with all the ills and devastations which it brings with it; you will cause misfortune to Europe, to Asia, and to yourselves; and when the war is at an end, from exhaustion, nothing of what you have been fighting to prevent will be prevented; the force of circumstances, the irresistible inclination of events, the influence of national sympathies and religions, the potency of territorial position, will have their inevitable effect. Russia will occupy the shores of the Black Sea and Constantinople; the Black Sea is a Russian lake, the key to which is Constantinople. Austria will spread over Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia, to progress in the same extent as Russia; and France, England, and Greece, after disputing for a long time about the mode, will occupy Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, and the isles. The end will be the same; only floods of blood will have been shed on sea and land. Forced and arbitrary divisions, made by the accidents of battles, will have been substituted for rational divisions of territory; useful colonisations will be prorogued for years; and during these years, perhaps they may be many, Turkey in Europe and Asia will have been a prey to anarchy and incalculable calamities. You will find there more deserts than the Turks left on their disappearance. Europe will have retarded instead of following up its accelerated movement of civilisation and prosperity, and Asia will be kept in its sepulchre much longer. If reason presides over the deliberations of Europe, can it hesitate? If it does hesitate, what will history say of its governments and its leaders? It will say, that the political affairs of the nineteenth century were conducted by suicidal folly and selfishness, and that cabinets and people rejected the most magnificent present that Providence ever offered to the necessities of an age, and to the advancement of mankind.

This is what ought to be done. To assemble a congress of the principal powers that abut on the Ottoman empire, or have interests in the Mediterranean; to establish both the principle and the practice, that Europe withdraws from all direct action or influence in the internal affairs of Turkey, and abandons it to its own resources, and the chances of its own destinies,

and agree beforehand, that, on the event of the fall of that empire, either by a revolution at Constantinople, or by a succession of dismemberments, the European powers will each take, under the title of protectors, that part of the empire assigned to it by the stipulations of the congress; that these protectorates, being defined and limited as to territories, according to neighbourhoods, the security of frontiers, and the similitude of religions, manners, and interests, shall not interfere with the rights of local sovereignties, pre-existing in the protected provinces, but shall secure only the feudal superiority of the powers. This sort of sovereignty, thus defined and consecrated as a part of the European code, will principally consist in the right of occupying particular portions of the territory or the coasts, for the purpose of founding either free towns or European colonies, or ports and depôts for commerce. The different divisions of nations, the classifications of tribes, existing rights of all sorts, will be recognised and maintained by the protecting power. It will be an armed and civilising guardianship that each power will exercise; the existence and elements of nationality will be guaranteed under its protectorate, and under a more powerful flag; invasions, dismemberments, discords, and anarchy, will be averted, whilst all pacific means of developing commerce and industry will be abundantly furnished.

These positions assumed, the modes in which the protectorates will act upon and influence the provinces of the East assigned to them, will vary according to localities and manners, and will be directed according to peculiar circumstances; let us see how things will go on.

They will found, at first, one or several free European towns, upon a part of the coast or territory, the most favoured by nature and circumstances. These towns, open, as well as the country around, to all the protected populations, will be governed by the legislation of the mother-country, or by colonial legislations; on entering them, the protected will acquire the right of citizenship, and shortly afterwards of nationality; they will cease to be subject to the oppressive and barbarous government of their tribe or prince; they will enjoy, in all its sacredness, the right of property and transmission to heirs, which is now almost universally denied to them; and which is the first lever of all civilisation; they will possess such immunities as to commerce, industry, and arms, as the protecting state, in its wisdom, shall see fitting to confer upon them. The commercial relations, with these concentrations of liberty, property, and civilisation, will inevitably extend from point to point; towns, villages, and tribes, will not be long before they solicit, in a body, the nationality and the social rights which result from it. The protected country will pass, in a few years, altogether into the system of the protecting nation. Uniformity in laws, and in political and social advantages, will be promptly and liberally extended to them; all these advantages are already appreciated, and ardently desired. Weary of the tyranny, and of the barbarous and oppressive administration which weighs upon them, eager above all things for individual liberty, and the rights of property and commerce, there is no doubt that the first opened towns will be immediately filled. The influence of example, and the secure prosperity which these towns and their lands will enjoy, will draw, by little and little, entire populations. There are but two things to humour and respect, religion and manners, and this is very easy, for tolerance is the law of good sense and of Europe, and the ineffaceable custom of the East. All the creeds should continue to live side by side, in all their mutual freedom and independence. Some conditions of a purely civil nature can be imposed, only gradually, however, on those who shall establish themselves in the European towns, and in what concerns legislation, and not creed, their usages may be modified. The municipal and supreme law will sanction neither the plurality of wives nor slavery, but it will interdict nothing of what is simply the private concerns of family or conscience.

There will be two sorts of legislation in each protec-

torate, a general, and, in some degree, a feudal legislation, which will regulate the general relations of the protected races and tribes, amongst themselves, and with the protecting nation, such as the contributions to taxes, to the militia, and the limitations of territories; and a European legislation of the free European towns, analogous to the spirit of the protecting nation, affording a model as an incessant example and stimulant to the backward and barbarous legislation of the neighbouring tribes. It is indispensable that these should, both in theory and in practice, be permitted to continue separate. It will be merely requisite to oblige these men of distinct nations, tribes, religions, and manners, in the common compact, to live at peace under the guardianship of the protectorate; to accustom them to understand a community of interest, and to collect them into deliberative assemblies by nations, and by tribes, for certain objects; then to make them name deputies, chosen from the most enlightened amongst them, who will deliberate with the deputies of the other tribes and nations, upon the common interests of the whole protectorate, so as to habituate them by degrees to friendly intercourse, and to amalgamate them insensibly, not by the force of laws, but by that of manners. The East is so prepared by its municipal habits, and by the great diversity of its races, to this state of things, that the protecting nation will experience no difficulty, except in one or two large capitals, like Damascus, Bagdad, Cairo, and Constantinople. These difficulties will never be solved by force, but solely by a temporary exclusion from communication with the rest of the protected territories. In the East, the cessation of commerce is the cessation of life. Repentance will soon bring about a reconciliation.

The possibility, I will even say the extreme facility, of a similar organisation, is clear to every one who journeys in these countries. The absolute slavery, ruin, and depopulation, the absence of all rights of property and legal transmission, the arbitrary will of a pacha, who ceaselessly threatens both fortune and life, have so denationalised these glorious countries, that any flag that shall be unfurled with these conditions, would soon unite the major part of the populations under its shade. The greater part of these people, ripe for this great change; all the nations of Turkey in Europe, and all the Greek, Armenian, Maronite, and Jewish populations, are laborious, agricultural, and commercial, and require nothing but security and liberty to multiply and cover the islands and the two continents. In twenty years, the measure which I propose will have created prosperous nations and millions of men, marching under the protecting shield of Europe, to new developments of civilisation.

But I am asked, "What will you do with the Turks?" I answer by another question, "Where will be the Turks?" When the empire has once fallen, been divided and dismembered, the Turks, pressed by all the insurgent populations, will either be confounded with them, or will fly to Constantinople, and into some parts of Asia Minor, where they will be the majority. They will be too few, too hemmed in by implacable foes, too disheartened by the blow of fate, to reconquer their vast possessions. They will themselves form one of those nations, guaranteed and protected by the European power, which shall accept the sovereignty of the Bosphorus, of Constantinople, or of Asia Minor; and they will be too happy to have such an ægis, to cover them from the vengeance and attacks of the people who were subject to them. They will preserve their laws, manners, and religion, until contact with a more advanced civilisation leads them insensibly to labour and commerce, and all the social benefits which flow from them. Their territory, their relative independence, and their nationality, will remain under the guardianship of Europe, until their complete amalgamation with the other free nations of Asia. If the plan which I conceive, and which I propose, should draw down outrage on, or compel the expatriation and dispossession of, the wreck of a great and generous nation, I would regard the plan itself as criminal. The Turks,

by the irremediable viciousness of their administration and habits, are incapable of governing Europe and Asia, either the one or the other of these divisions. They have despoiled them of inhabitants, and have committed suicide on themselves by the destructive tardiness of their government. But as a race of men, or as a nation, they are still, in my opinion, the first, and the most worthy, amongst the tribes of their vast empire. There is a grandeur and nobility in their character, joined to undoubted courage, and great religious, civil, and domestic virtues, calculated to inspire every impartial mind with esteem and admiration. Their nobility is impressed on their foreheads, and in their actions; if they had better laws, and a more enlightened government, they would be one of the first nations on the earth. All their instincts are generous. They are a patriarchal, contemplative, pious, and philosophical people; and when excited by religious enthusiasm, they can be heroes and martyrs. God forbid that I should urge the extermination of such a race of men, which I think does honour to the human species. But they are no longer, or will very soon be no longer, a nation. It behoves us to save them as a race and people, whilst also saving those whom they oppress and hinder from propagating, by assuming, at the decisive moment, the protection of their destiny, and of that of Asia. "By what right?" will be asked. By the right of humanity and civilisation. It is not the right of the strong that I invoke; force confers no right, but it affords facility in action. Europe, united in a design tending to the advantage and the civilisation of the human race, has incontestibly the power to decide the fate of Asia. It is for her to question, and ask herself, if this power does not also give a right, and if it does not even impose a duty. For my own part, I give my voice in the affirmative. There needs not a cannon to be fired, not an outrage, a confiscation, a displacing of population, or a violence to religion or manners, to be permitted. There is but a resolution to take, a protection to declare, a flag to unfurl; and if it be not done, Europe will have twenty years of useless wars, and Asia an interminable anarchy, ruin, stagnation, and depopulation. Has God offered to man this magnificent domain in the fairest region of the globe, to leave it barren, untilled, or ravaged by an everlasting barbarism?

As to Europe herself, her convulsive and revolutionary state, her exuberance of population, industry, and unemployed intellectual capacity, should make her bless Providence, which opens so opportunely this great career for mind, activity, noble ambition, civilising proselytism, manufacturing and agricultural labour, occupations and returns of all kinds; fleets and armies to conduct, ports and towns to create, interior colonies to found, new modes of industry to organise, new hands to tutor, roads to form, alliances to negotiate, sound and youthful populations to instruct, codes to study and test, religions to search into and digest, amalgamations of manners and races to consummate, Africa, Asia, and Europe, to draw nearer, and unite by new mediums of communication, which may bring the Indies within a month of Marseilles, and Cairo in relation with Calcutta. The finest climates in the universe; the rivers and plains of Mesopotamia, offering their waters or their routes to the multiplied activity of universal commerce; the mountains of Syria, furnishing an inexhaustible supply of coal, on the edge of the sea, to the innumerable steam-vessels; the Mediterranean, rendered the lake of southern Europe, as the Black Sea becomes a Russian lake, as the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf become English lakes; nations without territory, country, rights, laws, or security, dividing amongst themselves, under the shelter of European legislation, the regions where they are now encamped, and covering Asia Minor, Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Turkey in Europe, and the isles, with people disposed to labour, and eager for the enlightenment and products of Europe. What a picture, what a future, for the three continents! What a boundless sphere for fresh activity opened to the wants which are gnawing us! What an element of pacification, of internal order, and of regular progres-

sion, for our stormy epoch! And this picture is only the truth, the infallible, sure, and positive truth. Europe needs but a just conception, and a generous sentiment, to realise it; she has but a word to speak, and she saves herself, whilst opening up an extensive future to humanity.

I will not enter here into a discussion as to the limits of the European and Asiatic protectorates, and as to the compensations which such appointments might render necessary in Europe itself; that is the work of a secret congress of the agents of the principal powers. Established nationalities are in some degree the individuality of the people. They must be as little touched upon in the negotiations as possible; war alone affects them, and it is quite sufficient. These compensations would therefore be easily arranged; they would not produce those interminable discussions, and multiplied quarrels, which are stated in objection. I would say at once, that in certain cases power is right. The small states of Europe ought not to embarrass the great ones, which have, in fact, the preponderating voice, without appeal, in the great European council. When Russia, Austria, England, and France, shall come to an understanding, and promulgate a firm and unanimous decision, who will gainsay the execution of what their dignity, their interests, and the well-being of the world, have called upon them to resolve? No one. Diplomatic mannikins may murmur, intrigue, exclaim, but the work will be achieved, and the vigour of Europe renewed.

[NOTE TO THE FOREGOING POLITICAL SUMMARY BY THE TRANSLATOR.]

The views promulgated by M. de Lamartine, in this concluding portion of his work, are characterised by a want of practicability usual to him in all his political ideas. They are much more the dreamings of a poet than the reasonings of a statesman. They proceed upon the two main assumptions, that France—for he speaks only of France—is too crowded with restless spirits seeking employment and distinction; and that the Turkish empire, both in Europe and Asia, is in the last stage of existence, and ought to be immediately seized upon as a fitting outlet for this western exuberance. But with these two premises, which are doubtless partially correct, he mixes up a great deal of what is false, both in political ethics and in fact.

He is, on the alleged ground of humanity, the advocate of the maxim that force gives right. Europe, or the four great powers of Europe, France, England, Russia, and Austria, have the power, by mutual agreement, to portion out the possessions of the Turks, and therefore they are justified in doing so. In the limits of a note, it is impossible to discuss all the startling results to which the acknowledgment of such a principle must ultimately lead. But supposing it carried into effect in this instance, supposing, what is really beyond all probability, that these four powers, by previous arrangement, took simultaneous possession of all the Turkish provinces, is it to be supposed that such settlements would be quietly submitted to by the inhabitants, or that a war almost of extermination would not be required to make them good? And when those various races were reduced to submission, or were destroyed, would not the mutual jealousies of the European powers be sure to lead to interminable wars among themselves, when brought into such close contact with each other, when, even at their present distance, their attitudes are hostile and venomous? The history of the human race too surely answers these questions, so as to overthrow the *humanity* of Lamartine's views.

But in his estimation of the resources of the Turkish empire, and of the numbers of the Turkish population, he is extremely erroneous. The idea that the Turks do not muster above two or three millions, is one so utterly preposterous, as to need not a single word in refutation. The exertions of the present Sultan of Turkey to meliorate the condition of his people, and to infuse vigour into the state, have been partially thwarted by the Russian and Egyptian invasions, and have not yet

had time to produce their due end possible to say that such exertions are. On the contrary, there is every ground for most satisfactory results. The bigotry of the 11. given place to an enlightened toleration, with m. facility, and in a shorter space of time, than has ever been recorded of any other nation. An amalgamation with Europeans in the military and civil services, and in the extensive ramifications of commerce, is leading the whole population to a correct appreciation of the value of discipline, subordination, and social relations. The regeneration of those fair districts of the earth, is much more feasible under its present prospects, if allowed fair scope for development, than the covering them with Cossacks, to keep impatient populations in the necessary subjection. Because, let M. de Lamartine disguise the matter as he may, it would be Russia that would be mainly aggrandised, and it is Russia only that could keep permanent hold of what might be assigned to her. And is her despotism less grinding than the Turkish? Is there any thing so agreeable to humanity in the authentic accounts of the massacres and devastations that have marked the Russian "protectorate" (to use M. de Lamartine's beguiling term) of the Crimea, Georgia, Armenia, or, more latterly, Poland, as to induce very delightful anticipations of her mildness and benignity to the unfortunate Osmanlis? Or, in a word, is there any thing more gratifying to the Christian mind, in the superstitious degradation of the Russians, than in the creed of the Mahometans, who grant to all a full and effective tolerance, and under whom true religion has more prospect of being propagated, than if smothered and degraded in the wretched ceremonies of the Greek church, and its adoration of human corpses?

M. de Lamartine presents Syria and Cyprus to France, and Egypt to England. But where are Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha? They would not be easily disposed of. Austria would have the easiest task perhaps in seizing upon Servia and Macedonia; but has M. de Lamartine forgotten, that in his own account of Servia he expresses his deep regret that he could not remain amongst its natives, to give them the benefit of his sword in achieving their independence?

Upon the whole, it is scarcely to be credited, notwithstanding his own apparent conviction of the wisdom of his views, that Lamartine ever thought they could be acted upon; but it is almost to be inferred that he has given them vent, rather because they were novel and startling, than because they were sage or practical. It is the besetting sin of the majority of French literary men.]

APPENDIX.

LETTER FROM THE VISCOUNT DE MARCELLUS TO
M. DE LAMARTINE.

Of your travels in the East, my dear Lamartine, I have only read some extracts, inserted in different journals, but I can no longer resist my desire to tell you how deeply I am indebted to you for reviving past enjoyments. You have given fresh life to my old impressions; I have refound in you, if there be not too much pride in saying so, those great and powerful emotions, which agitated me twelve years earlier, on beholding the same places. I then gave myself up to the contemplation of those majestic scenes; the desert and Lebanon appeared to me under those sublime aspects that your pencil has recalled; I saw the same ruins, I scaled the same mountains, and the same dust stuck to my pilgrim-sandals; and I am not wrong in believing that this identity in travel and thought adds an additional link to our friendship.

You have mentioned Lady Hester Stanhope, and I have unceasingly read and reread your delightful episode regarding her; I have meditated upon it as upon a page of my own remembrances, written in characters of fire; you have transported me again to the feet of that woman, whose portrait I dared not

na.
I am
simple
the wind,
so many of
attempted are.

Nevertheless, m.
to Louis XVIII., who
from myself persons
hope for that kind
some of my advent
promenades, aft.
maidens of Sc.
thus the particula.
removal of the Venus of
ancient sculpture, which my country, I say it with some
vanity, owes to my exertions; thus other episodes in
my travels then obtained some degree of favour, from
connection with the name of my hostess on Lebanon;
and if I made no endeavour to communicate to the
public my admiration for her, it was because my jour-
ney had reference to a political mission. You will
approve of my motives, on considering that, with a due
regard to the obligations of our common career, I
thought that they imposed upon me a rigorous silence.
Since torn from that career, the main study of my life,
by storms in which so many far more precious interests
have been wrecked, I still found myself bound to obey
its injunctions, even when I hesitated not to abandon
it, and thus my silence has survived my functions.

At the present moment, in describing better than I
could what I might relate apart from political concerns,
you have awakened my recollections; you will your-
self judge if a few features that I had preserved are
worthy of being added to your brilliant pictures.

When I had the honour of seeing Lady Hester Stan-
hope, she was more connected with Europe and its
politics, and had not yet forgotten the world, although
she held it in contempt. She had not then acquired,
from some contemplative characters in Syria, the art of
linking the destinies of our hemisphere to the influence
of the stars or the firmament; she could still hang
their chain from a higher point. Disgusted with the
creeds of Europe, with which she was imperfectly
acquainted, rejecting the numerous sects of the desert,
whose mysteries she had fathomed, she had created for
herself a peculiar deism, preserving of the Christian
religion only the practice of doing good, and the precept
of charity.

The niece of Pitt had mingled from her youth in the
struggles of the British Parliament. At a later date,
in her travels, she had studied and thoroughly investi-
gated the views of the European cabinets. Thus it was
that in our interview she gave vent to such severe
judgments upon the men who have ruled the world for
the last thirty years; of those men, several have fallen
from power, some still exercise a sway, and the greatest
number has succumbed to time. Lady Stanhope char-
acterised them by a phrase, stigmatised them by an
epithet, and almost all have justified her fearful prophe-
cies. The colouring of her sketches, her revelations,
or her hatreds, which she said she inherited from her
uncle, I do not consider it proper to make known, but
her antipathies against Europe I am not prevented from
repeating.

"Will you return to England?" I asked her. "No,
never," she replied with energy; "your Europe is so
stale! Leave me my desert; what should I do in
Europe? To look at nations that deserve their chains,
and at kings unfit to reign! Before long, your old con-
tinent will be shaken to its very base. You have seen
Athens; you are going to see Tyre. See what remains
of those noble republics, the protectors of the arts, the
queens of industry, and the seas! Such will Europe
be! All is worn out there. There is no longer a race

...an attempt to
 ...event, Balbek can-
 ...be my guide.' He left
 ...s, and disappeared with his
 ...alone for about an hour, without
 ...panion than my mare, or other protection
 ...oiguard, when a cloud of dust arose at the
 ...on. Some horsemen came forward at full gallop,
 ...and in a few minutes Nasel was at my side. 'Honour
 ...to the cid, my lady!' he exclaimed, 'he carries a war-
 ...rior's heart! What I told you was only to try your
 ...courage; come, my father is waiting for you!' I fol-
 ...lowed him. I was received in the camp with all the
 ...ceremonies of the desert; gazelles and young camels
 ...were furnished for the repast; poets celebrated the
 ...exploits of past times. I made an alliance with that
 ...tribe, which from that time loves and respects me."
 ...Thanks, my dear Lamartine, thanks for these recol-
 ...lections of my old travels. I yield myself up to the
 ...charms they have for me, and I can no more finish
 ...them than the Arab story-tellers of the khans of Ptole-
 ...mais, who repeat the great deeds of Antar.
 ...In writing to you I think of that sun which was dis-
 ...appearing behind the mountains of Cyprus, and casting
 ...its last tints on the peaks of Anti-Lebanon; I think of
 ...that sea, with its blue waves, dying foamlessly away and
 ...scarcely breaking on the shores of Sidon. None better
 ...than you can understand how strongly the imagination
 ...and memory are seized, and how quick the heart beats,
 ...when, in the bosom of such an amphitheatre, an English
 ...woman, whom the Arabs, disregarding her sex, have
 ...named *the Lord*, hid under the Bedouin garb, lets fall
 ...such words in the silence of the desert.
 ...Adieu! I leave you to read you again, and to indulge
 ...in my remembrances afresh. If you should ever send
 ...your work to Lady Stanhope, mention to her the name
 ...of a man full of her recollection, and proud of being one
 ...of those few travellers who have visited her on her
 ...adopted mountains, and at the same time of being one
 ...of those numerous friends who have admired you in
 ...your native valley, so near to my own retreat.

THE VISCOUNT DE MARCELLUS.

APRIL 12, 1835.

END OF TRAVELS OF LAMARTINE.

